

ALL SEPTEMBER ON
PROPERTY.
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COSMOPOLITAN

TEN CENTS





QUICK!
and Effective

SAPOLIO
CLEANS SCOURS POLISHES

The picture-base is an enlargement of an actual photograph taken July 17, 1905, at Lake Cobboscontee, Winthrop, Me., by Mr. Lewis C. James, Cambridge, Mass.

Learning by Doing

By Elbert Hubbard

I WONDER if there is a more preposterous admonition than that which has been dinned into the ears of innocence for centuries, "Children should be seen and not heard"? The healthy, active child is full of impressions, and that he should express himself is just as natural as for a bird to sing. It is nature's way of giving growth—no one knows a thing for sure until he tells it to some one else. We deepen our impressions by recounting them, and habitually to suppress and repress the child when he wants to tell of the curious things he has seen is to display slight acumen.

Last summer, while on a horseback ride of a hundred miles or so, I came to an out-of-the-way "Deestrick School," one of the numberless such that our country boasts. This particular schoolhouse would not have attracted my attention especially had I not noticed that nearly half the school-lot was taken up with a garden and flower-beds. No house was near, and it was apparent that this was the work of the teacher and the scholars.

Straightway I dismounted, tied my horse, and walked into the schoolhouse.

The teacher was a man of middle age—a hunchback, and one of the rarest, gentlest spirits I ever met. (Have you ever noticed what an alert, receptive, and beautiful soul is often housed in a misshapen body?) This man was as modest and shy as a woman, and when I spoke of the flower-beds he half apologized for them and tried to change the subject. But when he realized that my interest in his garden was something deeper than mere curiosity, he offered to go out with me and show me what had been done. So we walked out, and out, too, behind us trooped the whole school of just fifteen scholars.

"In the winter we have sixty or more pupils," said the master, "but you see the school is small now. I thought I would try the plan of teaching out-of-doors half the time, and to keep the girls and boys busy I have let each one have a patch of ground. Some wanted to raise vegetables, and of course I let them plant any seeds they wished. When the weather is fine we are out here most of the time, just working and talking."

And that is the way this man taught—letting the children do things and talk. He explained to me that he was not an "educated" man, and as I contradicted him my eyes filled with tears. Not educated? I wonder how many of us who call ourselves educated have a disciplined mind, and can call by name the forest birds in our vicinity? Do we know the bird notes when we hear them? Can we with pencil so outline the leaves of the different trees, that others, familiar with them, can recognize them? Do we know by name or on sight insects that fill the summer nights with melody? Do we know whether the katydid, cricket, and locust "sing" with mouth, wings, or feet? Do we know what they feed upon and how long they live? Do we know what becomes of the tree-frog in winter? Do we know for sure how much a bushel of wheat weighs?

I wonder what it is to be educated. Here was a man seemingly sore smitten by the hand of fate, and whose heart was yet filled with sympathy and love. He had no quarrel with either the world or destiny. He was childless that he might love all children, and that his heart might belong to every living thing. The trustees of the school did not take much interest in the curriculum, I found, so they let the teacher have his way; and I have since been told that the best schools are those in which the trustees or directors take no interest.

A collection of birds' eggs, fungi, and forest leaves had been made, and I was shown outline drawings of all the leaves in the garden. This drawing a picture of the object led to a much closer observation, the teacher thought, and when I learned that the whole school took a semiweekly ramble through the woods, and made close studies of the wild birds, as well as insects, it came to me that this man, afar from any "intellectual center," was working out a pedagogic system that science could never improve upon. Whether the little man realized this or not I cannot say, but I do not think that he guessed the greatness of his work and methods. It was all so simple. He did the thing he liked to do and let the children out, and they followed because they loved the man and the things that he loved.

Science seeks to simplify. This country school-teacher, doing his own little work in his own little way, was a true scientist. In the presence of such a man should we not uncover?



Drawn by W. Herbert Danton

"THE STAMPEDE TO BUY HANDKERCHIEFS AN' B'ILED SHIRTS, AFTER THE ROSE GETS THAR, IS WITHOUT PREECEDENT IN LOCAL COMMERCE"

("The Rose of Wolfville." page 478)

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THE PRINCE ROYAL OF SPAIN IN THE ARMS OF
THE COUNTESS DEL PUERTO, ONE OF
THE LADIES IN WAITING

Strange Lineage of a Royal Baby

By Charles Edward Russell



HE cannons banged, the bells clamored, the bands played, the fires flared, the rockets soared, the streets blazed, the flags waved, the people danced and shouted and laughed and cried for joy. So much happiness had not been in Spain, poor, old, plundered, decrepit, pauper Spain, no, not in the memory of man.

Alfonso Pio Christine Eduardo Francisco Guillermo Carlos Enrique Eugene Ferdinand Antonio, Prince of the Asturias and future sovereign, had come to earth and been born. Spain was assured of another king, the lovely monarchy would be perpetuated. And the traditional visitor from Mars or New Zealand or what place else is supposed to afford us travelers of wisdom and philosophy would have shrieked aloud with inextinguishable laughter.

Because, are there not kings enough?

Strange Lineage of a Royal Baby

Why should anyone care to rejoice at another addition to the world's great overstore? Kings! Europe is alive with them, kings in fact and in possibility. Except for France and Switzerland, in hardly a corner of the Continent can you throw a club without hitting one of the sacred breed; they swarm and idle and dally and lollop and consume about every capital and court, the Prince of This, the Grand Duke of That, the Count of Something Else, their veins full of royal blood, their pockets full of taxpayers' money, a worthless, useless, profitless lot, the ideal parasites, the perfect symbols of a decayed and diseased system. For any vacant throne these could furnish five hundred available candidates, all of the precious stock, all descended impeccably from some old butcher or frump of the dark ages of earth. In the event of such a calamity as the childless end of the present dynasty, possible kings of Spain would be as plentiful as blackberries: England or Germany alone could furnish a score that the people of either would be rejoiced indeed to spare. Every Spaniard that knows history knows quite well how easily vacant thrones are filled from among this brood, and in Spain what else could be but the permanence of royalty and the perpetuity of medievalism?

"And yet the people rejoice!" says the Martian, and rolls on the ground in his mirth.

Ah yes, but remember! In the case of the choosing of an alien monarch risk would be incurred. We might get one whose blood is tinged with red, whose mind is in some ways tolerably normal, whose ancestry has some stain or blemish of the unkingly herd. Alfonso Pio Christine Eduardo Francisco and the rest of it bears upon us no such peril. He is pure bred, he is of genuine Bourbon blood—absolutely, incontestably, admittedly, incomparably the worst in the world.

There's for you, Martian. Fine old Bourbon stock (and some others) of which no member ever did anything or knew anything or influenced anything—except for sole evil; the line that, besides the absolutist or blockish rulers of France, produced the monster, Ferdinand II of Sicily, and more lunatics, idiots, imbeciles, degenerates, madmen, and madwomen than even any other royal house in the history of all the world. Now will you laugh? Now will you think it any wonder that the people rejoice?

It is a curious story of the little prince's family, marked, if you go far enough back,

with careers both famous and infamous, commonplace, and unmentionable. So far as the Bourbons, only are concerned, they date in Spain from that dull and vascular person, the Duke of Anjou, who was the cause of the bloody wars of the Spanish Succession, and came to the throne in 1700 as Philip V. He was a grandson of Louis XIV of France, and his claim to the crown (which had been solemnly renounced for him by his grandparents) lay in the fact that his grandmother was a sister of Charles II of Spain and a great-great-great-granddaughter of the Ferdinand of Columbus's time. Hence in the veins of Alfonso Pio Christine Eduardo and so on runs some of the blood of men that were kings when Spain was the dominant world power and the greatest empire that ever stretched itself beneath the sun.

Compared with that dazzling sovereignty, it is but a barren scepter this baby's hand will hold, if he live; a dying nation, stripped of the last remnants of its glory, reduced to the last stages of inefficiency, eighteen millions of people, one-quarter of them in the lowest depths of poverty, beggars everywhere, victims of famine in the remote regions, a fatal curse of ineptitude upon everything, the languor of approaching dissolution paralyzing effort and assassinating progress.

But Spain has changed not more than its rulers. Where are the strength of character and the mental energy that made Ferdinand and Isabella the foremost monarchs of their time? To that sagacious couple succeeded a long line of the most hopeless and impossible creatures that ever ruled anything: in these four hundred years there has been among their descendants scarcely a gleam of the original good minds. Is heredity limited to bad qualities and barred from good? And then again, Ferdinand and Isabella gave to Spain the New World as the crowning triumph of their successful reign, and it was the New World that, plundered and debauched for years upon years, reached out its hands and with gold, much gold, slowly strangled its discoverer. Let cynical philosophy feed fat upon this matter, for the voyage of Columbus gave to Ferdinand and Isabella immortal fame, and it were a million times better for Spain if it had never heard of Columbus. Sane and genuine lovers were this king and queen. They had a romantic courtship, they lived happily and ruled successfully; and yet in

other ways than through America they left a curse upon their country. They had a mad daughter, and through her was transmitted the taint of that terrible insanity that

was irrational; but this Joanna introduced psychoneurosis into the race, and from that time it was never long without fearful manifestations.



From a painting by Titian in the Prado Gallery, Madrid

EMPEROR CHARLES V, THE MAD SON OF THE MAD JOANNA

has made the royal history of Spain one long record of disease. Something doubtless lay back of her, for Isabella was descended from Pedro the Cruel, and her own mother

Charles V was the son of Joanna, who had married Philip, son of the Emperor Maximilian. So this is where the Hapsburg came in, the strain of a family also tainted

and also strangely doomed to perennial and terrible misfortune. Charles was really Charles I of Spain, inheriting from his grandparents, but history has elected to know him only as Charles V, his title as emperor—which was well enough because, as he remarked with satisfaction some time before his death, he visited Spain only six times in his life. He escaped the madhouse, this Charles, and in an age when alienism was unknown died without public stigma; but he was a madman. In him the hereditary insanity showed in many ways, and being, of course, progressive it wholly mastered his closing years. There be of the tribe of dusty-kneed historians those that have called him great; but his greatness lay chiefly in paranoia and in traits that in a more enlightened age would have insured his hanging. Yet, measured by the ignoble standards of history, he had a measure of success, and certainly the territory that called him master was stupendous. Leave out Russia, France, and England, and he was lord of Europe. As emperor he governed Austria, Bohemia, Hungary, Transylvania, Tyrol, Lombardy, Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, the Netherlands, Spain, and some other odds and ends of land, and in the Americas he could claim anything he had happened ever to hear of. The flood of gold and silver was pouring from Mexico and Peru straight into his treasury (except when the pirates got it), and as it came in he pumped it out and used it in those wars wherein he soaked with blood the soil of Europe. His was a most repulsive person to look upon, with a face that in these days would be held to certify degeneracy, a long heavy jaw, a drooping mouth always open, and an expression brutish and cruel. He fought almost constantly, and often for no motive except some prompting of the brute spirit within. His long, costly, and sanguine wars in Europe, Asia, America, and even for a time in Africa, exhausted his people and wasted the golden flood. The idea of government he inaugurated was that the people existed to furnish soldiers and money for their sovereigns' war games, and that idea he pursued with assiduity and success. Europe rang with his praises, and history, which is always written in the interest of reaction, long echoed the laudation. But it is plain enough that he was a beast.

Perhaps his greatness lay chiefly in the

fact that he kept other wolves of his breed from snatching any of the territory that he could not govern and did not need. He fought battles and won victories, he beat Francis I and oppressed the Netherlands, he drained out the gold, killed many people, impoverished and distressed millions, established autocracy, saw his dominions extended by his adventures, lived in the sunlight of the admiration of foolish persons, planted in Spain the seeds of her ruin, fooled Europe, and was a madman through it all.

Aside from killing people and devastating territories, the chief delights of this maniac lay in gluttony and going to funerals. For funerals he had an insatiable passion, whether he caused them or otherwise; he would travel miles to attend one if the corpse were of a person of any note. He made it a point to attend the funerals of all his nobles and court people, and he would sit rapt with obvious pleasure as he drank in every word of the discourse. He was a connoisseur in funeral sermons, holding some divines in especial regard for their ability and ingenuity in conducting obsequies. After he had resigned his various crowns and retired to the monastery of Yuste he used to entertain himself by sitting in his own coffin while he listened to his own funeral. Ostensibly he sought Yuste for purposes of devotion and to have ease from the cares of the world, but the real motive seems to have been to get a chance to eat all he wanted and to attend funerals without being bothered by courtiers and ambassadors; for it is certain that from the cloisters he continued to direct affairs and carried on international intrigues just as before. When he died the gape-mouthed world received with touching credulity the stories of his devout life and pious sufferings; and certain blood-stained whips with which he was supposed to have scourged his glutton's body were long treasured as holy relics. Later investigations blew but icily upon all these warm fabrications and showed that if he suffered scourging it must have been vicariously. His was a queer kind of insanity. At twenty-one he was still a boy without a sign of a beard, and at thirty-six he was an old man. At forty he was a hopeless victim of gout, and at fifty he had to be carried on a litter when he went to battle. When he died at fifty-eight it was of old age—premature. He had epilepsy, gout,

asthma, dyspepsia, gravel, and an eruptive skin disease that he inherited from his mother and transmitted to his son; and his neck, arms, hands, and knees were drawn out of shape. Yet he continued to gorge

himself even after his abnormal stomach had grown so weak that it could not digest his food. He ate four meals a day, beginning at five o'clock with a breakfast of a fowl seethed in milk and dressed with sugar and spices. After that he went to sleep again. At twelve he dined on sodden beef first, then roast mutton, a baked hare, and a course of capon, about twenty dishes in all, drinking monstrously of beer and wine and swelling visibly as he hurled into himself vast masses of indigestible food. Supper he had at vespers, and he dined again at midnight, making then the heaviest repast of the day—more beef, more mutton, more hares, more capons,

more floods of drink, and finally great wedges of pastry and sweetmeats, which he thrust greedily into his mouth, making strange noises the while and looking about for more. Roger Ascham, the learned Eng-

lishman, once had a chance to observe these feats, and left of them an account that has amazed nearly four centuries of readers. Ascham said that at the table the Emperor drank five times as much as any other

person, while the quantities of food he consumed filled all beholders with astonishment and awe.

He had other vices than gluttony, for his private life was abominable, and of choice he preferred and delighted in the society of abandoned and depraved women. His record reveals not a single redeeming trait: the people might reasonably have rung bells and fired cannons when he died. As to his great reputation, it appears on impartial review that he had phenomenal luck. His contemporaries and only rivals were Henry VIII of England, a very dull ox with a head of almost incomparable thickness, and Francis I, who was foolish and fantastical. As



From a painting by Titian in the Prado Gallery

THE MELANCHOLY AND CRUEL PHILIP II

at that time barriers more or less kept down the people that might have brains, it was quite easy for even a madman in the extraordinary position of Charles to hold his own and have the full meed of syc-

phantic adulation from paid scribes and other hirelings.

This stomach-stuffing person died in 1558, leaving Spain to his son, Philip II. Charles was a religious and crapulent maniac. Philip was a gloomy, homicidal crank. He never laughed once in all his life, seldom relaxed his demeanor of cold and savage melancholy, and never seemed to derive pleasure from anything except his vices and the fires of the Inquisition, which he figuratively lighted and actually watched with manifest joy. It was a great Spain that this lunatic ruled. On the death of his father the imperial domain, Austria, Hungary, Bohemia, and so on, had, of course, lapsed to the next emperor; but Philip had so much else that all the empire looked as nothing in comparison. Portugal was now added to Spain, and with it came over all the great Portuguese possessions in India and South America. From the equator in the New World north and south to the temperate zones Spain was lord paramount. In Asia she had all the Philippine Archipelago. In Europe she had all the Netherlands, Alsace and Lorraine, Sicily, Sardinia, great parts of Italy. She had the mightiest army the world had ever seen, and the greatest navy. She dominated all the affairs of Europe; she wallowed in the tide of gold that came unceasingly from the New World. She was immensely rich: the annual revenues of her government were at least eight times the annual revenues of England. She was the mistress of the world; she sat upon the throne of Rome and looked forth upon an empire far greater than any Roman despot had known.

She was great in many ways; she was the land of literature and statesmanship as well as the land of soldiers. Spanish diplomacy

was viewed with awe by the rest of Europe and ascribed to a kind of devilish and abnormal cunning. In the New World the deeds of the Spanish adventurers, though often marred by the most fiendish cruelty, were always distinguished also by great daring and marvelous skill. There were no Braddocks among the Spanish commanders in America, but these thrust single-handed into vast hostile populations and won uniformly if bloodily. The great men of Spanish arms and Spanish discovery sprang from the only source of greatness, which is

the people that labor with their hands, and in those days a few avenues of possible ascent were still open, to be closed again when the cold absolutism of Philip had a little further worked its way. No other country presented such a list of contemporaneous men famous in literature and art. Spain led the intellectual life of the civilized world. Almost every writer was also a gallant soldier. Lope fought in the Armada; Cervantes was wounded at the battle of Lepanto. Even the masses of the people had some share in the general welfare



THE DISEASED AND PARTLY DEMENTED
PHILIP III

and progress. They had many good manufactures, in which they were skilled; their products had fame in all the marts of Europe. To be a Spaniard then was to be like a Roman in the greatest times of the Republic; and the traditional Spanish pride had some foundation in the days when the galleons lumbered in "fit to sink with gold."

Then from her seat upon the world's throne this great power fell, and the first push came from a handful of Dutch democrats fighting among their dikes for liberty.

All the certain signs of degeneracy that disfigured Charles and made him hideous were repeated and intensified in his son. He had a still uglier face, a still longer jaw, a



From a painting by Velasquez in the Prado Gallery

ELIZABETH OF BOURBON, WIFE OF PHILIP IV AND GREAT-GRANDMOTHER OF PHILIP V

still heavier and more drooping under lip, and a mouth so huge that it constituted a deformity. He was a little man, with thin little legs, a narrow chest and chronic invalidism, embracing, with other complaints, epilepsy and asthma. His father and mother were first cousins, both insane, and two of his brothers died in infancy of epilepsy. In good sooth, it was hard luck for Spain and the rest of the world when Philip survived. Charles did not love baked hares so well as Philip loved cruelty, of which a finely seasoned dish must always be ready. He liked Alva because Alva was a fine cook in the cruelty line, knew many strange dishes and could prepare them handily. When Alva boasted that he had butchered in cold blood eighteen thousand unarmed, defense-

less people in the Netherlands, Philip glowed with an inexpressible satisfaction. Next to cruelty he loved licentiousness. All his life he was accustomed to disguise himself at night and frequent the lowest haunts of vice in his capitals. In the midst of the most pressing affairs of state, when the Dutch were beating his armies, or the remnants of the Armada were staggering home, he would leave the council-table to go forth thus and prey on garbage. He was so ignorant that he knew only Spanish and very little of that, expressing himself clumsily and with great difficulty; and as a husband and father he was an unutterable brute. Such historians as have striven to acquit him of murdering his own son have had chiefly their labor for their pains. Don

Strange Lineage of a Royal Baby

Carlos was certainly hated by his father and certainly killed; and with a murderous lunatic like Philip at large the likelihood of his sharing in the deed is too strong for judicious incredulity.

Don Carlos, by the way, if he had lived, would have been another pleasant ruler. He was epileptic, semi-imbecile, monstrously vicious, and deformed in body as in mind. One shoulder was higher than the other; one leg was longer than the other. When he was a student at the University of Alcalá he went one night upon a secret and disreputable excursion, like those vicious assignations his father was wont to make, and in a fall his skull was fractured. An Italian surgeon ended the resulting paralysis by removing the piece of bone that pressed upon the prince's brain, but Don Carlos was intermittently thereafter a raving maniac with strong homicidal tendencies. One of his tricks was to pass many days without eating and then to swallow inedible things, bits of wood or stone, a practice he derived straight from his great-grandmother, the mad Joanna. At other times he would gorge monstrously like Charles. On one occasion he ate sixteen pounds of fruit at a sitting and came near dying in consequence. Yet he was as thin as a wafer, and weighed only seventy pounds. Several times he tried to kill himself. Once he filled his bed with ice, hoping that thereby he might catch a fatal cold; and once he went eleven days

without food, intending to starve. He died finally of poison administered, according to credible testimony, by order of his amiable parent.

This was by no means the only assassination Philip achieved; records discovered three hundred years later revealed more of his horrible skill and delight in murder. Like father, like son. This Don Carlos, of whom Schiller made a hero of such surpassing sweetness and worth, was

wont to amuse himself by cutting the throats of hares and watching their dying agonies, and by roasting animals alive. Once when a pet snake of his bit him on the finger he responded by biting the snake's head off. All the money he could come by he spent upon the lowest courtesans, and when his money was gone he gave them his jewelry and the clothes from his back. He delighted to walk along the streets grossly insulting decent women. Whomsoever

he sentenced to death. Once when some drops of water fell from a house window upon his head he ordered the house to be burned and all its inmates to be killed. On another occasion when some new boots he was trying on proved too tight he ordered them to be cut to pieces, seasoned, stewed, and fed to the shoemaker. Only one good thing is recorded of him in all his life. He once tried to kill the Duke of Alva. If he had killed Alva and Alva had killed him it would have been a precious dispensation.



From a painting by Velasquez in the Prado Gallery

PHILIP IV, WHOSE DESCENDANTS CONNECT THE HAPSBURG AND BOURBON DYNASTIES



ALFONSO XIII, THE PRESENT RULER
OF SPAIN



CHARLES II, THE LAST OF THE SPANISH
HAPSBURGS

THE PECULIAR HAPSBURG JAW IS CHARACTERISTIC OF THE RULERS OF BOTH DYNASTIES

So this lunatic died, and Philip II was succeeded by his other son, Philip III, a sickly, anemic, worthless youth, afflicted with scrofula and stunted in body and mind. He was partly under the dominion of his wife, Margaret of Austria, and partly possessed of religious dementia. His children were all marked degenerates, with big mumbling jaws and lack-luster eyes. His son, Philip IV, one of Spain's premier incompetents, married, first, Elizabeth of Bourbon. Of their two children, Balthazar died of licentiousness in his seventeenth year, and the other, Maria Theresa, a person little if at all above imbecility, was married to Louis XIV of France. When Elizabeth of Bourbon died Philip IV married Mary Anne of Austria, who, by the way, was his own niece, and of their two children, Prosper, the elder, was a degenerate lunatic, and Charles, afterward Charles II, was an imbecile.

These madmen, coming one after another, had meantime nearly ruined Spain in Europe. The country was impoverished, the people were starving, the taxes were heart-breaking, agriculture dwindled, trade ceased. But in Madrid the taxes wrung from the hard fists of peasants were lavished upon huge entertainments to please and divert the lunatics. Such shows, such pageants, such

gorgeous displays, were not to be seen elsewhere in the world. Indeed, conditions in Spain almost duplicated conditions in France previous to 1789, but whereas the French revolted and saved themselves, the Spanish, fast in the monarchical superstition, endured all and sank to the bottom. Meantime the old Spanish military prestige was gone; European soldiers laughed at the handful of untrained levies that the lunatic kings sent forth. The Spanish navy was a reminiscence; the Spanish possessions in Europe and elsewhere had been clipped; Portugal was gone again with all her great territories; the golden tide from the New World dwindled. Its net results had been to teach habits of monstrous luxury and arrogance to the fortunate, and these, as the supplies diminished, turned to and robbed the less fortunate. Vast numbers of idle men lived on the enforced contributions of a working population that steadily got poorer and poorer while the whole concern plunged down the abyss.

Nature itself seemed to revolt against the Charles II lunatic, and he had no children, although he was married twice. His first wife, Marie Louise of Orleans, died of the dreariness and gloom that pervaded the royal asylum, and the other, Marie Anne of Neuberg, was a bouncing shrew and termina-



ELIZABETH FARNESE



PHILIP V

THE FOUNDERS OF THE SPANISH HOUSE OF BOURBON

gant and nearly scared the king to death. He used to consult sorcerers about his diseases and accuse persons of bewitching him, and once he was exorcised for evil spirits. But his particular mania was for digging up the coffins of the dead and gazing upon the bones therein, and in these pursuits coming upon the body of his first wife, still well preserved, the shock destroyed the last vestiges of his mind, and he died. He had lived long enough to endow France with Alsace and Lorraine, and he is otherwise gratefully remembered because he ended the direct Hapsburg line in Spain. He had all the traits of his race. He was small and

puny, with one leg shorter than the other, so that he staggered when he walked. His face was very long, ghastly, and of a brutish

expression, while the under jaw was so deformed that it projected far beyond the upper, and it was impossible for him to bite food or to masticate it, or to speak distinctly. He had queer yellow hair that, according to all accounts, must have been like Sir Andrew Aguecheek's, and his eyes were weak, vague, and watery. He reproduced the abnormal appetite of Charles V, but not being able to masticate he swallowed his food whole. He was young when he died, and yet he looked hideously old and worn. In his



CHARLES III, MOST INTELLIGENT RULER OF SPAIN SINCE FERDINAND OF ARAGON

last years he was paralyzed and epileptic and had lost both hair and eyebrows and must have been not less than horrible to look upon. When at his best he was so ignorant that he did not know the names of the cities or provinces of his own kingdom. Even this scarecrow received the adulation of the Spanish people, and was mourned in due form when he obliged the world by dying. There may be more instructive facts in history, but I do not know what they are.

After this singular maniac came the precious Bourbon branch of the family, and with some vicissitudes, due to an occasional spasm of good sense on the part of the Spanish, or to the appearance of a real man like Napoleon, they have stuck ever since and are there now. Philip V, the progenitor of this line, was feeble-minded when he came to the throne and presently became insane. In the wars that accompanied his accession



From the painting by Winterhalter

MARIA CHRISTINA, WIFE OF FERDINAND VII

the dismemberment of the once great empire went on apace, great slices of territory being hewed off with every treaty. At the end Spain had lost Naples, Sicily, Sardinia, Lombardy, what the canny Dutch had left her of the Netherlands, and above all she had lost Gibraltar and must needs undergo the humiliation of a foreign garrison in her greatest stronghold. The dull princeling of Bourbon stock for whom all these sacrifices were made seemed to regard them with indiffer-

ence so long as he was allowed to have his wife and his food and his sleep. Of his seven children, five by his first wife and two by his second, all but two were crazy, and one of these died young. The other became Charles III, and the fact that he was of fairly normal mind was held to be so strange that a story got abroad of his illegitimacy. Crazy? Of course they were crazy. You will find, Martian, if you ever investi-



CHARLES IV



FERDINAND VII

gate the subject, that there is insanity in almost all the royal families of Europe, and that for centuries upon centuries the wise European world has submitted to the control of its affairs, and the shaping of its destinies by a succession of madmen.

Charles III never disinterred dead bodies nor sat in his coffin nor practised homicide; hence he is the brighter spot in these sinister chronicles. But while the fatal ancestral dowry may miss one generation it is certain to reappear in another. Charles III married Amelia of Saxony, and of their four children all showed plain signs of mental disorder. One, Ferdinand, became king of Naples, in whose annals he has an unpleasant place; another was an imbecile, and another, the successor to the throne as Charles IV, was feeble-minded. He married his own cousin, of whose life and morals it is best to say as little as possible. Their son, Ferdinand VII, proved his birthright by marrying his own niece. The daughter of Ferdinand, Isabella II, married her cousin, Francis d' Assisi. They were the parents of Alfonso XII, who died young of consumption, and at last from this catalogue of diseases we emerge upon present times, for Alfonso XII was the father of Alfonso XIII and the grandfather of the baby for whom the other day the bells pealed, the cannons banged, and the cathedrals rang with the *Te Deum*.

As an indication of family traits I should mention here that Isabella, a sister of the Ferdinand that married his niece, was married to Francis I of Sicily, one of the most frightful beasts that ever lived, and that one of the children of this union was that Ferdinand II of Sicily upon whose death Swinburne wrote the terrific sonnet called "A Dead King," beginning:

Go down to hell. This end is good to see,—
and ending the most exact, comprehensive,
and vitriolic curse in the language with these
lines,

Time lays his finger on thee, saying, "Cease;
Here is no room for thee: go down to hell!"

The cruelties of Ferdinand II caused his wife's death; he revived medieval tortures for the Italian patriots that were aiding Garibaldi; his reign was like a hideous chapter from the story of the darkest ages of mankind; he had scarcely a human trait, and Swinburne was quite right when he said that the whole world breathed easier when it knew that this vile creature was

dead. He was of the precious family whose blood flows in the veins of this baby: the mother of Ferdinand II was the great-great-aunt of the present King of Spain.

How think you, Martian? A right pleasant royal tribe, is it not? From Ferdinand and Isabella to the present time its record is hardly once relieved by a gleam of intelligence or the sign of a decent attribute. In its descent from age to age its men that were not too mad to be at large were cruel tyrants and bigots or else weak-minded, and of many of the women one writing for a mixed audience can do no more than intimate their character by observing that they were among the most profligate creatures of whom history makes mention. Alfonso XII was doubtless a well-meaning little man, but of feeble constitution and without force of character. I stood in Paris one day and saw him rotten-egged by a mob because he was believed to have made a secret treaty with Germany, and if ever a frenzy of fear was stamped upon any man's face it was writ large upon the countenance of the poor little king.

The original impulse to the greatness of Spain was contained in the popular institutions of Aragon and Castile, which provided for an extraordinary amount of liberty and free government. Under these institutions was bred a race of sturdy, active, and aspiring people. The mad kings, one after another, abolished all these institutions and firmly established absolutism and superstition, under which twin burdens the Spanish spirit withered away until the country that had been first in Europe became last. There is no parallel to this national record.

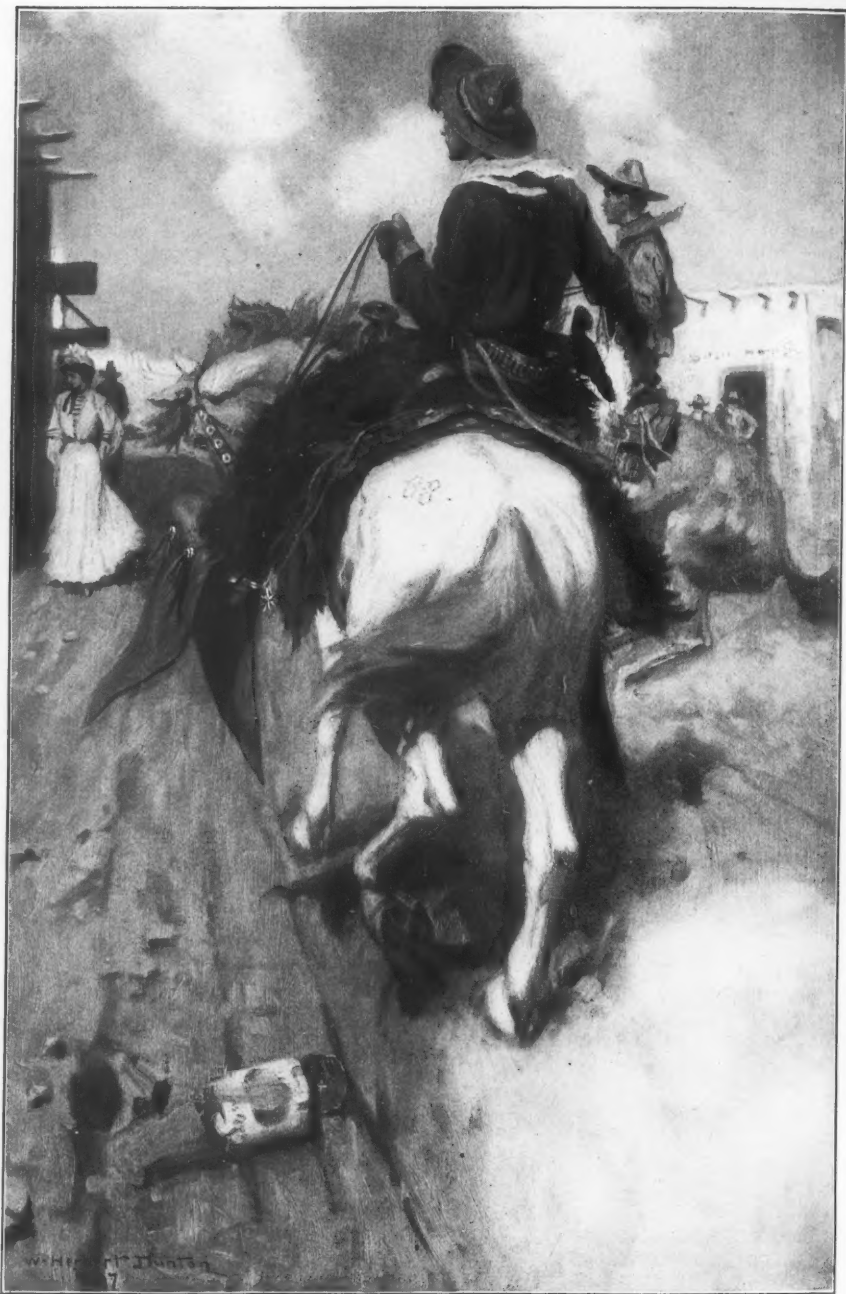
It was to a descendant of this interesting family that the King of England, amid the rejoicings of a dutiful and well-trained press, gave his niece, who, for the sake of such an alliance, surrendered her religion. And now she has offspring, and the continuance of the line is happily assured. Ring, bells; bang, cannons; play, bands; soar, rockets; sing, chorus; shout, people! It is indeed a great occasion. Unto us a king is born, and if he escape the madhouse, the imbecile asylum, and the tuberculosis ward, doubtless he will show his subjects just what to do to keep Spain down at the bottom of the list among the moribund nations.

Come, Martian, bestir yourself. Have part in all these reasonable festivities. Shout aloud. Long live the kings! What should the world do without them?



"AND WOMAN WAITS"

DETAIL OF DECORATIVE FRIEZE PHOTOGRAPHED FROM LIVING MODELS BY DR. F. BENEDICT HERZOG
SECOND OF THE SERIES TO BE REPRODUCED IN THE COSMOPOLITAN



"AS THEY GOES CURVIN' ABOUT, THEY GETS SIMULTANEOUS EYES ON THE ROSE"

(*"The Rose of Wolfville"*)

The Rose of Wolfville

By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton



HER real name is Sarah Jane McElleney," observed the Old Cattleman, rapping the ashes from his brier-root; "I knows, because Cherokee Hall says he sees her former over in Silver

City, when he's temp'rarily turnin' faro-bank for that camp. Of course, when Cherokee gives the lady's name, it's regyarded, to use the expression of Doc Peets—who's shore the soonest sharp!—as '*res adjudicata*.' As a historian, Cherokee is frequent ackerate, sometimes peevish, an' allers firm, an' to go dispootin' about his facts mighty likely leads to onhealthful complications. When she's in Silver City—accordin' to Cherokee—she's workin' in the Palace Emporium, sellin' two-dollar shirts for ten. As to them prices, I can well believe it, for she's certainly the guilefullest saleslady that ever slams furnishin' goods or wheedles a gent acrost a counter.

"It's Peets who hails her as the 'Rose of Wolfville'; for, aside from bein' the best educated gent in the Southwest, he's also the most poetic. Bein' she's as pretty as a heart flush, the camp adopts his deescriptif. Subsequently we adheres to said title on account of the thorns. Which as an outfit we shore does prick our fingers on the Rose, to say nothin' of 'Gene Stevens an' Eldorado Bob prickin' theirs speshul!

"These yere sev'ral happenin's I'm borderin' on bobs up when Tutt an' Tucson Jennie's

been married a year, an' that transcendent infant, Enright Peets Tutt, is mebbly goin' on a month. An' I allers lays the part Peets takes in this embroglio, wharof the Rose is the bloomin' but onsatisfactory center, to the inflootence of little Enright Peets. Followin' the awful sityooation



"ICICLES IS FEVERISH TO HER"



"THOSE OF US WHO AIN'T INVOLVED CROUCHES BEHIND BAR'LS AN' DUCKS BACK OF THE COUNTER"

he precipitates in bringin' on Abilene's wife that time, Peets gets mighty tame an' conducts himse'f a heap proodent an' conserv'tive. It's the comin' of Tucson Jennie's baby which ag'in sets him to ghost-dancin'; for in his exhilaration he feels, to the chubby extent of little Enright Peets, like Wolfville is on velvet, an' as a troo gambler he's for stickin' to the system which prodooces that infant, an' doublin' the stakes.

"It's some prob'ble, too, that when it comes to fomentin' wedlock for other people, Peets—like all doctors—is prematoorly prone, not to say profession'y overeager, that a-way. I says this of Peets advised; for Wolfville, in its domestic expressions,

don't wholly jestify his onflaggin' zeal in cappin' wedlock to win. However, to rec-turn to the Rose of Wolfville, whom we leaves bloomin' alone.

"Wolfville has no notice preev'ous of the comin' of the Rose. She deescends upon us like a fallin' star, an' goes to clerkin' in the New York Store. It shore shows that Armstrong, who owns said mart, knows his business; for the stampede to buy handkerchiefs an' b'iled shirts, after the Rose gets thar, is without preecedent in local commerce. Also, it's a blow at the Red Light, which public reesort don't sell half the rum of yeretofore. I don't exaggerate; thar's never no sech prior rush of custom

in the territory as sets in ag'inst the New York Store after the Rose appears. I knows folks that never until then owns four shirts contemp'aneous, who instantly acquires forty.

"Which it's the Rose's smile does it," explains Boggs, who's gone broke on neckties an' sim'lar frivol'ties. 'She certainly does leer at a gent a heap tender, when he's buyin' things.'

"At that the Rose's amiability is wholly confined to business hours; when any of us cuts her trail outside, she's as formal as a foeneral, an' never as a roole notices our existence more'n if we're ground-owls. Now an' then, to be shore, when some dead-game gent takes off his sombrero, she bows; but the bow is as short an' cold as a winter's day. It's her system, I reckon. Meet her behind the counter, an' she's as warmly beamin' as the August sun at noon; cross up with her at the post-office, or Missis Rucker's, or in the street, an' icicles is feverish to her.

"The Rose has been breakin' trade records for Armstrong mebbly it's a month, when Peets—excited, as stated, by the sight of little Enright Peets—begins agitatin' 'round about some gent marryin' her an' settlin' down.

"Don't go ropin' at me none to assist, Doc,' reemonstrates Old Man Enright, to whom Peets is allowin' what a setback to Wolfville it is for the Rose to continyoo single that a-way; 'I don't figger I care for kyards in any more fam'ly-foundin' plays. That fool bluff we runs, in bringin' on Abilene's wife, lets me out complete. I never thinks of the eediotic plot we formyoo-lates that time, without goin' outdoors to blush.'

"You'll pardon me, Sam,' says Peets, plenty dignified, 'if I protests ag'inst your pose of cool indifference. Thar's a debt, let me reemind you, which you owes to Wolfville. Emigration, as a element of commonal growth, is excellent up to a certain p'int; but all authorities on nation-buildin' agrees that you-all can't put your swell bet on it. Folks is a heap too itinerant. They comes and goes like the old woman's soap; they're yere to-day an' thar to-morrow. What Wolfville needs is natif increases to the soil—same as that wonder of the centuries, little Enright Peets. Think whatever for a boast it would be if Wolfville could p'int to a home-grown herd of children, big enough to

stock a school! Marriage is the way to bring sech proud conditions to pass. Assoomin' the Rose to be linked in lovin' marriage to some trusty sport like Dan yere, who shall say that, led along by the glorious example of Tutt an' Tucson Jennie, they won't go romancin' off in exploits sim'lar to little Enright Peets? Whatever do you say yourse'f, Dan?' concloods Peets, turnin' to Boggs, who's been listenin' some impressed. 'What's the matter of you gettin' chips, pullin' a cha'r up to the sityooation, an', for the advancement of a Wolfville footure, winnin' out this Rose lady? Jest consider how, in seech eevents, we puts it all over Red Dog.'

"Which we've got that deboshed hamlet jumpin' sideways as it is,' returns Boggs. 'As for me marryin' the Rose, while I'd shore admire to make the dulcet trip, it would be playin' it a heap too low down on any lady to go sawin' off on her, matrimonially, sech a longhorn as me. Now if I'm some corn-fed tenderfoot, it would most likely be different a whole lot.'

"Dan,' interjects Peets, 'this yere hoomility, while it does you credit, likewise does you wrong.'

"But, Doc,' persists Boggs, 'I ain't seedentary enough for a husband. I've lived too much in the cow-camps, too little in a house. I knows my deefects; an', while I'm not oncap'ble of frauds, when it comes to goin' in on a cold collar an' deloodin' some innocent lady into leadin' me to the altar, you bet it's a play too neefarious for my moral nacher.'

"Dan,' warns Texas Thompson, who's drawn up in time to hear the last, 'don't you go leadin' no ladies to the altar. Ladies is a brace game. I never reeflects upon that Laredo wife of mine, who gets the divorce, but it shore gives me cold feet. It's the wise gent who, in this yere matter of wedlock, holds himse'f onwaverin'ly in abeyance.'

"Texas,' reemonstrates Peets, 'sech heresies is plumb mortifyin' to your friends. Likewise they p'int to a selfish narrowness on your part that's far from doin' you credit. You're altogether illogical. You go pesterin' 'round a bee-tree, an' get all stung up a lot; an' then you passes the rest of your carpin' days declar'in' thar's no honey in the world!'

"Onderstand, gents all,' exclaims Texas, for, as backin' up Peets's reproaches, he

The Rose of Wolfville

notes disapproval in Enright's eye; 'understand I ain't aimin' none to head Dan off. What I says is that, accordin' to my experience, matrimony works out a good deal like eatin' off the same plate with a grizzly b'ar. Sho'!'—an' Texas can't repress a shudder—'I'd as soon think of pettin' a wolf! The mere idee brings on a attack of the fantods!'

"'Aside from any Wolfville interest,' observes Peets, disregyardin' the last remarks of Texas, whom he looks on as a hopeless pess'mist, 'I don't consider it's publicly safe for the Rose to go trackin' 'round without a husband. It's too much like havin' some onauthorized six-shooter lyin' 'round, loaded to the brim; it opens too wide a chance for accidents. I'd a lot sooner some gent would come meanderin' along an' own it; in which case, if harm ensoos, we has a place to start from in fixin' reesponsibil'ties.'

"'Doc,' says Faro Nell, speakin' acrost the layout to Peets, for the talk comes off in the Red Light, where Cherokee is dealin' bank, 'why don't you cull this yere Rose yourse'f? What's the matter of thar bein' a Missis Peets?'

"'It wouldn't do at all, Nellie,' returns Peets, shakin' his head. 'I'm a medicine-man; wedlock is plumb forbid by the ethics of my game.'

"'Me bein' a bachelor,' continued the Old Cattleman, after pausing to relight the brier-root, 'ladies, if not a sealed book to me, at least is writ in a furrin' tongue; I can't make nothin' of 'em, an' never could. Wharfore, it's beyond me to go layin' b'ar the motives which onderlies the conduct of the Rose from this time for'ard. All I can do is reelete what happens, in the order it develope, an' leave it to you-all to read the brands on eevens as they troops by.

"'Followin' the powwow reeleted, Peets does nothin' in partic'lar. Not but what he has the will; only no openin' occurs to cut in for action. I reckons, also, that Enright an' Boggs layin' down on the game like they do, sort o' daunts him; to say nothin' of them loogobrious reefections of Texas. For all that, this yere enterprise of marryin' off the Rose don't go to sleep. Only it breaks forth in new an' unexpected forms.

"'It's this a-way: 'Gene Stevens an' Eldorado Bob are riders on Enright's Bar-B-8 ranch, an' belongs at one of his sign camps over by the Tres Hermanas.

They're young, smooth, handsome boys, straight as lances, slim an' limber as panthers, an' to see either of 'em in the saddle is like hearin' a toone of music. Up to this yere eepock, they eats out o' the same bake-kettle, sleeps onder the same blankets, an' in all reespecks gets along together as peaceful an' friendly as two pups in a basket.

"'One bright mornin', mebbly it's a week after Peets makes that talk, these young an' boundin' sports rides into Wolfville. As they goes curvin' about, they gets simultaneous eyes on the Rose. Which it's the beginnin' of the end; from that moment their infatchooation is obv'ous. That lady simply goes over their ontried sensib'il'ties like a landslide.

Aimin' to remain for a day when they rides in, they stays a week; an' doorin' said period you can't drive 'em out o' the New York Store with a gun. Absolootely, they becomes sort o' spell-bound about this Rose, to a degree where Enright begins to notice. Poss'bly it's the boys' overdrawin' their pay, months in advance, which first attracts Enright's attention. By that time, however, neglectful of Bar-B-8 interests utter, they've, as stated, been hankerin' 'round town for mighty nigh a week.

"'Enright, when he learns, is plumb scandalized. 'Whatever would you think, Doc,' says Enright; 'them two cimarrons ain't rode a mile of my lines for seven days! That means a shore thousand head of Bar-B-8 cattle has done drifted across into Mexico! You can gamble them Greasers over about Casa Grande is havin' a beef picnic all right.'

"'Never mind,' observes Peets, a heap soothin'—Peets sees what's afoot from the jump, but don't say nothin' for fear Enright drives 'Gene an' Eldorado back on the range—'never mind, Sam. Let 'em play around a while, until the Rose picks one of 'em out. It would shore be a time ag'inst the body pol'tic, to go sp'ilin' nuptials which I now perceives is not only certain but clost. Ain't it wonderful how, jest as I'm settin' down in deespair, this yere marital trick begins to up an' turn itse'f?'

"'Close-herded by Peets, who won't let any of us so much as bat a eye or wag a y'ear lest we disconcerts the love-makin', we-all lays mighty low an' quiet. The eyes of the camp is riveted on the Rose, to see when she commences to thaw, an' towards which gent. So far, it looks like 'Gene an'

Eldorado is splittin' about even. Nacher'ly with both of 'em hangin' 'round the New York Store from the time Armstrong on-locks the doors in the mornin' until he locks 'em up at night, they arrives at a closer acquaintance with the Rose than does the rest of us. However, that virgin, as between 'em, in no wise evinces partiality. If she capers over to the O. K. Restauraw for her noonday chuck with Eldorado, she prances back to the store ag'in with 'Gene; an' thar you be. The tangle shore does keep us shiftin' our stacks an' guessin'.

"Which I'll bet a hatful of bloo chips it's 'Gene," says Boggs, banterin' Texas for a wager.

"Not with me," returns Texas, a heap solemn. 'I'm some heartless as a sport, but I'd no more spekyoolate on a gent gettin' married than on a gent gettin' lynched. Thar's places, even in my gamblin', where I draws the dark an' gloomy line."

"This lovin' seesaw between 'Gene an' Eldorado goes on for a fortnight, by which time they've ceased to drink together, an' glowers plenty fierce when they meets.

"The plot is thickenin'," says Peets, rubbin' his hands. 'In less'n another month that lady 'll declar' herse'f."

"They'll take to shootin', them boys will, long ere that," says Enright. 'Which I don't so much mind them lovers abandonin' my cattle, Doc,' he continyoos, his manner plenty nervous; 'but I'm in hourly fear of 'em lowerin' their horns at each other. My y'ears is expectin' the crack of a Colt's 45 any minute!"

"How would it be," asks Jack Moore, 'for me, in my capac'ty as kettle-tender for the Stranglers, to denoode 'em of their hardware?"

"That wouldn't seem preecisely the thing neither," returns Enright. 'With the rest of us packin' our guns, it would shore appear invidious to go strippin' them boys of their bric-a-brac. Besides, Jack, bein' in love that a-way most likely makes 'em fretful, an' they'd t'ar into you for war. Which is what we're tryin' to dodge."

"I'm a fair jedge of bloodshed in its approach," says Peets, 'an' I don't see no signs as yet. S'ppose we stands pat, an' keeps a sharp watch. At the first symptoms of trouble, we'll be down upon 'em like a passel of possums on a couple of persimmons. To move now would be to queer the play;

whereas, if we gives the Rose time, it's a cinch she'll make up her mind."

"Well, I shore wishes she would!" reemarks Enright, plenty fervent. 'I certainly don't hone none to have two of my best riders go to shootin' each other in two over this damsel."

"Thar ain't a chance!" reesponds Peets.

"Doc," breaks in Texas, dark an' savage, 'them coquettes revels in bein' the cause of bloodshed, an' regyards murder in the light of compliments."

"Reelly, Texas," says Peets, his tones hard an' severe, 'you oversteps the bounds, even for a gent who's been made the victim of a lady's crooelty. This Rose ain't no coquette; her cirklin' in an' out about 'Gene an' Eldorado, first with one an' then the other, is nothin' more'n the gentle hesitancy of a dove about to light."

"That may be, Doc," observes Enright; 'an' yet I can't avoid wishin' she'd pick out her perch. Or, should she consider sech a perch-pickin' move as ongirlish, if this maiden would up an' confide in some discreet gent private, as to which she'd ruther have, it might do. In sech case, we deevotes ourselves to gettin' the wrong boy out o' camp. Between us, Doc, havin' regyard to our p'sition in the commoonity, an' in the interests of peace an' to save life, I thinks it our dooty to approach her on that p'int."

"I ain't none shore but you're right," reeturns Peets, sort o' ponderin'. 'Leastwise, for that an' sundry other reasons, I won't say I ain't in favor of smokin' her out. A little gentle interference might be the winnin' play; ladies likes to have their hands crowded. Sam, if you'll come with me an' back the game, I'll go an' offer the Rose her choice between 'Gene an' Eldorado right now. That's it; we'll shore make her take to a tree or go into a hole! The Rose, too, will be grateful for us thus bringin' things to a head. While she'll blush, an' mebbly pout some, she'll thank us in her heart."

"Although Enright ain't none entranced with the su'gestion to see the Rose at once, he believes the prospecks is crit'cle, an' tharfore yields. Wharupon Peets an' him goes pirootin' off on their embassy of love an' peace, with Peets, game as pheasants, in the lead. Boggs, who's allers plumb inquis'tive, follows teeterin' along in the r'ar, to size up the play."

The Rose of Wolfville

"This yere is how Boggs reports them proceedin's:

"Peets opens,' says Boggs, 'an' offers a line of argyment about the rectitood of his intentions, the same makin' no impression as far as I can jedge. Then he deemands to know whichever she's goin' to tie down, 'Gene or Eldorado.

"Thar's nothin' goin' on in the store at the time, an' the Rose is over on the grocery side, eatin' a ginger cooky. As the Doc is talkin' I can see her color mount, an' I half allows she's goin' to la'nch some pound weights, that's lyin' loose an' handy on the counter, at the Doc's head. She does have some sech idee, but puts it aside; final, she stands glarin' like a wronged lioness. You bet, gents, I wouldn't have been in their moccasins for a herd of cattle!

"While the Rose stands thar, glarin' an' pantin', Enright breaks in all soft an' persuasif. "What I fears, miss," says he, "is that these yere boys 'll take to pawin' for trouble with each other. You-all shore don't want the young male persons of this village to go shootin' each other all up?" The Rose still stands thar sayin' nothin', but lookin' that f'rocious she could eat the sights off a Winchester. "Which if you reelly knows these yooths, miss," goes on Enright, "an' how their hearts is as soft that a-way as two goose-ha'r pillows, you'd certainly pity 'em a lot."

"It's then,' continyoos Boggs, 'I sees the Rose beginnin' to pull herse'f together for a verbal spring. Which I won't attempt her words none; the burnin' eloquence of that gifted lady is beyond me. As a deebater she shore lays over a quartet of kings an' a ace! An' say! the way she does t'ar into the Doc an' Enright is a lesson to bobcats! I don't overstate, gents, when I says that she gets enough of their hides to make a saddle-cover. At the close, she stamps her foot like a buck antelope; an' all with a proud high look that reeminds me a mighty sight of a goddess. It's the only time I ever sees the Doc wholly discouraged. As for Enright, I feels sorry for the old silver tip, he's that abashed."

"We-all has to content ourselves with Boggs's story, for Enright an' Peets, when they comes weavin' back to the Red Light, don't say nothin'. They jest stands at the bar, consoomin' Old Jordan with a pree-ockepied air, like they're mentally countin' up the pot to see who's shy.

"Finally it's Enright who speaks. 'Which I begins to wonder less'n less,' says he, 'at the morose attitood of Texas to'ards ladies.'

"That Rose is some fiery, an' that's a fact,' reemarks Peets musingly.

"Sayin' which, the two closes up as mum an' moote as a basket of clams. Their looks is enough, though—bein' that glum they'd frighten children or sour milk.

"It's second drink-time in the evenin', an' a soft quiet, broken only by the muffled flutter of a stack of chips, preevails. We're most of us in the Red Light, when all of a sudden the brisk tones of 'Gene breaks on the y'ear.

"Which I've nothin',' says he, 'but my love an' my gun; an' the one's for the Rose, an' tother's for reeveenge. Eldorado, it's up to you to fill your hand!'

"The artillery starts to bark an' buck-jump with the last word, an' riots on for about four shots a side. Bein' not without experience, those of us who ain't involved crouches behind bar'ls an' ducks back of the counter, so's to be out of the way of the flyin' lead. Thar ain't much resk; with two cool hands like 'Gene an' Eldorado workin' the batteries we-all is safe enough.

"When the shootin's over, we begins to count up the casyooal'ties. We gropes about in the smoke an' finds 'Gene, hit some hard in the shoulder; an' next we locates Eldorado, rollin' 'round on the floor, a mighty commodious hole in his side. Peets, who accompanies 'em to Missis Rucker's to bandage 'em an' bed 'em down, gives it as his professional opinion later that they'll live; which said assoorance rolls aside our apprehensions.

"An' yet,' says Enright, drawin' a deep breath, 'yere we be, an' nothin' adjusted! Thar's all this shootin' an' blood-lettin', an' the camp ail torn up, an' most likely the whole deal to go over ag'in! That's one of the disturbin' elements, Doc, about an even break.'

"It's the next day when a fresh feachure is added to the sityooation; the Rose, harnessed in her best bib an' tucker, takes the stage for Tucson. As she departs, she never expresses the least sollicitood touchin' them lovers lyin' all shot up.

"An' some mavericks thinks ladies is tender!' comments Texas.

"You don't onderstand, Texas,' says Peets, almost losin' his temper. 'With both

boys creased, it wouldn't be delicate for the Rose to go expressin' preferences. Wait till she gets back; then if she don't go driftin' round the neck of whichever is her sweetheart, I'm a Mexican!"

"Shore!" exclaims Boggs. "I strings my money with the Doc's! It's perfec'ly cl'ar to me that the Rose has only gone squanderin' off to pick out her trooseau. I hopes she makes it bloo; bloo's my fav'rite tint."

"Armstrong, in response to pop'lar eagerness, allows that the Rose will be back in a month.

"By which period," says Peets, "I'll have them cavaliers on their pins, ready for the Rose to make her selection. You'll see, Sam"—addressin' Enright, who's takin' a morbid view—"that this yere'll come winner on the turn."

"Next evenin' about sundown, Old Monte, wrapped in a dust cloud, is seen bringin' in the stage on the lope.

"The same bein' a bad omen," declar's Boggs. "Whenever that old drunkard's the b'arer of bad news, he allers hurries."

"It's all over!" shouts Old Monte, never waitin' to kick free the mail-bags or tumble off the express-box. "That Rose girl, the instant the stage stops last night in front of the Oriental S'loon, grabs off a Tucson sport who's lyin' in wait for her, an' sashays off to be married. Gents, I couldn't believe my eyes! It's plumb troo, however; an' the barkeep at the Oriental gives me his word that said outcast who gets her has been engaged to the Rose for months. Figger on my feelin's, when I recalls how 'Gene an' Eldorado is lyin' he'pless, while their rights is bein' thus heartlessly trifled away! I'm for takin' the express shotgun, an' maimin' the preacher or mowin' down the bridegroom. But the Tucson marshal wouldn't have it, gents; he cuts in between me an' them two kidnapers, an' stan's me off. I couldn't he'p it none; that Rose girl is lost to 'Gene an' Eldorado an' the rest of us for good!"

"At the finish, Old Monte gives a deeper groan than ever, an' havin' told his bad news, seizes on the affair to go on what Boggs calls a 'public drunk,' to show how bad he feels.

"Thar's nothin' spoke for a while. Ever sober an' sympathetic, Black Jack makes a row of bottles the len'th of the Red Light counter; bein' a astoot barkeep, he saveys

The next "Wolfville" story, "*The Heir of the Broken-O*," will appear in the October issue.

what the occasion reequires. At last Enright breaks the silence.

"It looks, Doc," says he, "like the Rose has rung in a cold hand on us."

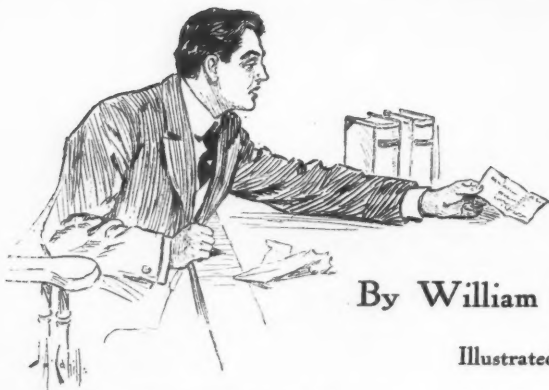
"Peets don't reply, bein' tongue-tied of chagrin.

"Which I has preemonitions from the go-off," observes Texas, a heap pompous, "that this yere Rose lady ain't on the level about them boys. But why preetend s'prise? It's nothin' more'n another instance of woman, lovely woman!"

"Whatever be you-all wolves howlin' about, I'd like for to ask?" puts in Faro Nell, who's assembled with the rest. "I don't see nothin' wrong this Rose girl's done; an', bein' a girl myse'f, you bet I'm a jedge. When it comes to losin' her heart, she has a right to place her bets to suit herse'f, as Cherokee 'll tell you; an' Wolfville, instead of grouchin' an' grumblin', ought to be proud to turn for her."

"Gents," says Enright, pullin' himse'f together, "the present is a profound instance of "out o'the mouths of babes an' sucklin's." Nell is right. The more I considers the less I'm able to see where this Rose lady exceeds her rights. An' if she does, what can we-all do about it?—ladies is that ongovern'ble! By word of Armstrong, I onderstands the Rose will presently return to us, an' make her home yere. Let us tharfore, for the honor of Wolfville, be prepared to whoop it up as she trails in with her prey. While she ain't preciesely pleased us none, an' would have come nearer to ticklin' us to death if she pitches on one of them pore wounded boys across the way, she most likely pleases herse'f—which is the next best chicken on the roost. Also, the reflection should cheer us that, since she's goin' to pitch her household camp among us, the town's bound to be ahead on the deal. Askin' every gent's pardon for so long a speech, which, considerin' how the hands has been runnin', may not prove in vain, I asks the onprejewdiced opinions of our friend, the Doc, on the subjects involved."

"Sam, as yoosual, you've stated my feelin's to a ha'r," responds Peets, who's by now recovered his aplomb. "Onder all the circumstances, while perhaps the Rose does deal herse'f a hand from the bottom, I sees no real room for cavil. So confident am I tharof that, askin' all to yoonite with me, I yereby freights my glass to the Rose of Wolfville an' the tarrapin she's roped up."



At Hard Labor

By William Hamilton Osborne

Illustrated by J. A. Cahill



RAFFERTY, of Keno, in the West, hastily tore open the long blue envelope. A narrow slip of paper fluttered to the floor. He picked it up. "A thousand-dollar check," he gasped, "a thousand-dollar check. The nerve of it! Great Scott! *That* was a bluff that worked—a monumental bluff."

The thousand-dollar check was the check of the Interstate and Western Railroad Company. And Rafferty was right—the check was the product of nerve—Rafferty's nerve. And yet, it seemed to him as though, behind it all, there must have been some motive, something intangible that he couldn't understand.

"The Interstate and Western don't hand out thousand-dollar checks upon the street," he thought to himself. And yet, the Interstate and Western had been free enough three days before in handing out its fifty-dollar checks. Its liberality in fifty-dollar checks had stunned him at the start more, even, than had the thousand-dollar check itself.

Three days before, Rafferty had been admitted to the bar. He had not been alone. Two other men, a chap named Slack, of Donaldson, and another of the name of Whitmore, of Monroe, in the northern part of the state, had also been admitted. That had been three days ago. Two days ago each of the three had received by mail the long blue envelope of the Interstate and Western. Each of the three had torn his long blue envelope open, and from each envelope there had come forth a fifty-dollar check.

"What for?" they had asked one another, in surprise.

The checks answered that question. Across the face of each appeared these words, significant, important, flattering, "Acc. of general retainer as attorney for the road."

And Rafferty and Slack and Whitmore, striplings at the bar, had looked one another in the eye, and smiled.

"Attorneys for the road!" they had exclaimed with bated breath. "Gee! *We're* doin' well enough." And they had read and re-read the letters that came with the checks. These letters were identical. Rafferty's will serve by way of sample:

INTERSTATE AND WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY
Office of the General Manager
Willowpoint Branch

April —, 190—

STEPHEN J. RAFFERTY, Esquire,
Counselor at Law.

DEAR SIR: We note with pleasure your recent admission to the bar of this state. Kindly advise us where you intend to locate. We take pleasure in handing you our check for \$50, a general retainer as attorney for the road. Of course you understand that this is only a general retainer. *For any services to be performed by you at our request, we shall pay further reasonable fees.* We sincerely hope that this connection may be pleasant and profitable to both of us.

Very sincerely,

• P. F. TANNAHILL,
General Manager.

Rafferty had come back to Keno on that very day, and had spent an hour in profitable thought. "What's fifty dollars?" he had asked himself. Not that he didn't need it. But he needed much more, and a lawyer's fees are often based upon his needs.

"I'll risk it," he had commented to him-

self. "They can't do more than refuse." So he had written in this strain:

GENTLEMEN: I am in receipt of yours of the — inst. Thanks for congratulations. I have to inform you that I am settling in Keno, in the southern part of the state, and that I shall be the only lawyer in that place. I return the \$50 check which you enclosed. I would suggest that you send me a retainer of \$1000, which, under all the circumstances, will be more adequate.

Very sincerely,

S. J. RAFFERTY.

And the road had sent the thousand! And Rafferty rejoiced. Why they had sent the fifty in the first place, why he had had the exquisite audacity to ask the road for more, and why the road had complied, constituted a triumvirate of mystery. But he rejoiced.

"The only counselor at law in Keno," he told himself gleefully, "and counsel for the biggest railroad system in the state, with a thousand in my pocket to begin on. And the big thing is that I've done it all myself."

That was a big thing just now. Up to a few years before, Rafferty had done little for himself. But in the last four years—well, Rafferty's father was serving a five-year sentence for embezzlement in a state prison in the East—five years at hard labor. Rafferty's father had been a lawyer, too. They had lived well in the East, until the beneficiaries of the Frothingham trust estate found out. It wasn't much—fifteen thousand dollars at the most. But the prosecuting attorney back there had been making examples of members of the bar; he had to make good as the idol of a general reform movement, and Rafferty's father had to bear the brunt of it, with five years at hard labor.

Young Rafferty remembered well the day of that sentence. He had left the court-room digging his nails into the palms of his hands, with the shame, the disgrace, the intolerable agony of it all. Why had the old man done it? It was all the more unbearable to know, at the last, that the old man hadn't speculated, or played the ponies, or trailed with women. It had gone to keep up appearances, that was all. It had gone into the life-blood of young Rafferty and of his mother, before she died. And yet, the *crime* was the old man's. He had embezzled, there was no doubt about it. And the name of Rafferty was stamped and branded from that day forth.

And young Stephen J. had left the scandal

and disgrace behind him and come West. He had had a law-school education in the East, and, once in the West, he had earned a pittance keeping books by night, studying in lawyers' offices by day for admission to the bar. For the first time in his life he had been independent. He didn't relish it; independence for him had meant almost starvation.

"It's five years at hard labor for me, too," he told himself. But his luck had turned. The thousand-dollar check had cleared the situation.

"I'll start in right at Keno," he exclaimed.

He hired a good office over a dry-goods store on Main Street. He fitted it up. He bought a good working library of law books. It costs money to hire an office; costs money to fit it up; and costs much more to buy good law books. But Rafferty started right. When he had finished, what was left of the thousand would not have paid his board bill for a month.

It was one week after he had distributed his cards with reckless hand throughout the county, that Cunningham called on him. He knew Cunningham by sight. Cunningham lived in Keno, in the big house on the hill. Big Pete Cunningham, they called him about town.

"Counselor," said Big Pete Cunningham, "I've got a case for you, a blamed big case."

Stephen Rafferty rubbed his hands and sniffed. This was worth while. His first client had been the biggest railroad system in the state. His second, then, was to be Cunningham, the biggest independent cattle-dealer in the state. It looked good, good.

"I come to you, counselor," went on Cunningham, "because, in the first place, you're the only counselor in Keno, and besides, I like your looks. I'm taking a big chance on it that you're honest."

Rafferty nodded. "What's up?" he queried.

Cunningham drew his chair up to the lawyer's desk. "Counselor," he said impressively, "is there any reason why you shouldn't take a case against Tannahill's railroad here, the Interstate and Western?"

"What have you got?" asked Rafferty, answering the big man's question by asking another one.

"I'll tell you what I've got," returned the cattleman, "and I'll tell you in short order,

too. Eight months ago I was the biggest independent cattleman in the state. Today I'm frozen out, or going to be; and the Interstate and Western has done it—they and Tannahill."

"How were you frozen out?" queried Rafferty.

"The Interstate and Western is a beef road. You know that. You know they're all mixed up with Omaha and Kansas City. So far, so good. It was Tannahill that got me in, less than a year ago."

"Into the railroad?"

"No, into my fix. Tannahill is the road's manager. You know that, too, maybe. He gave me to understand a year ago that rates was going up for cattlemen, especially me; that rates was coming down for killed beef; that they didn't have no cars and couldn't carry my steers to market, and what's more, they wouldn't. He said it was to be a game of freeze-out from start to finish, unless——"

"Unless what?" demanded Rafferty somewhat hotly. "My heavens, man, there was the legislation—Interstate commerce, Elkins act, everything—just meant for you, meant for the cattlemen. You knew that. Freeze-out, nothing!"

Cunningham sighed deeply. "And who," he queried wearily, "was a-going to enforce these here big laws for me, eh?"

"Aren't there lawyers for the asking, here in your own state?"

"Where?"

"At Donaldson, for instance?"

Cunningham smiled. "There ain't a lawyer in Donaldson would touch the Interstate and Western with a ten-foot pole—to *fight* it. To *fight for* it, that's a different matter. Well, hear me out. That was all right. Tannahill was fair and square so far, in tellin' me just what they was going to *try* to do, and what I knew they could do. So he gave me a chance—a good one, too, it seemed to me. He wanted me to come in and give 'em a show at the cattle business. He'd form a corporation, a cattle corporation, and this here corporation, the Cunningham Cattle Concern, was to take over my business."

"And Tannahill and the Interstate and Western with a majority of the stock were to freeze you out. I know," answered Rafferty.

"That," went on Cunningham, "is where you're wrong. I was to have a majority of

the stock. I was to put my business in, and some cash besides—all I had—for improvements. I was to have the majority of the stock, and I was to have something else, too."

"What?"

"A salary of forty thousand dollars a year for ten years as general manager of the Cunningham Cattle Concern. Think of it! I was to be the whole show. And, do you know, for the last two years I had been making only thirty thousand a year as it was. But I knew that if I didn't have the Interstate and Western to buck up against—if I had 'em with me, and not against me, I could not only make my forty thousand salary, but I could get rich on the stock I held, in the bargain. It was good, it was most awful good. I went into it. I paid 'em twenty thousand dollars—all the ready cash I had. All my money was tied up in the cattle. Things went along smoothly. At the end of six months I got half my salary, twenty thousand dollars, straight as a string. I needed it, and I used it up at once, that twenty thousand. See? But, wait, do you know where that twenty thousand came from? It didn't come out o' the business. No sir. We were only holdin' our own. No. Tannahill was president, somebody else was treasurer, and I was general manager. It was up to the president and the treasurer, the whole thing. And they did it. They took my twenty thousand six months before, and they held it for six months, and then they paid it back to me, for six months' salary. Easy? I should smile. Didn't cost 'em a cent. You see?"

"Well," ventured Rafferty, "you had control of the stock. Why didn't you, if there was any monkey business about it, vote Tannahill and his crowd out of office? That was easy."

Once more Cunningham smiled wearily. "Didn't I do it here the other day, when I found out that the twenty thousand that I'd put in wasn't to be used for improvements, or for anything else, and was to be used merely to play a game with! I *did* vote 'em out. I knocked 'em out. And I told 'em I'd run the Cunningham Cattle Concern in my own way. This was just the other day, counselor, just the other day. Things happen pretty quick, sometimes. Now the real thing has come to pass. The mortgage to secure the bond issue is going to be foreclosed."



"CAN'T YOU BUY IT IN, MR. CUNNINGHAM?" HE ASKED

"What bond issue?" demanded Rafferty.

"Ah," gasped Cunningham, "that's what I said. I never heard nothing about a bond issue until a month ago. I wasn't told about a bond issue. But those rascals played the game. Before they gave my stock to me, they'd issued that same stock to Tannahill. He transferred it to me, you understand? I got it indirect; and before its transfer to me, this here big two-hundred-thousand-dollar mortgage had been put on, and the bonds had been issued, and the bonds are held by—who knows?—Tannahill and his crowd, I guess. One thing is certain: either the bonds were never paid for, or if they were, Tannahill's crowd has got the money. It didn't go into the Cunningham Concern."

"But," protested Rafferty, "the bonds can't be due yet."

"Can't they?" snorted Cunningham. "That's what I thought. But when they paid me my twenty thousand salary at the end of six months, they did another thing, or didn't do it, rather. They defaulted, all on purpose, in the payment of the interest on those bonds. You see? And the bonds came due, and they're due to-day. And they've threatened to foreclose 'em, too."

Rafferty pondered deeply for about ten

minutes. Then he rose to his feet. "My great," he exclaimed, "what a scheme! What a scheme! You gave up a business worth half a million dollars. You gave up twenty thousand dollars and got it back. What did you get in return? You got a ten-year contract for a salary of forty thousand a year. Who made this contract? The Cunningham Cattle Concern. You got stock. In what? The Cunningham Cattle Concern. What is the contract of that corporation worth? What is its stock worth? Not a dollar, because this bond foreclosure will wipe it out. It will be insolvent. The bondholders will buy it in." He thought again. "Can't you buy it in, Mr. Cunningham?" he asked.

Cunningham waved his hand. "There's not a bank in three states that will loan me the money if the Interstate and Western puts down its foot," he said.

Rafferty sank back into his chair. "They'll foreclose that mortgage for non-payment of interest," he continued, "they'll do it. And they will own the Cunningham cattle business, lock, stock, and barrel—and without a dollar of expenditure. My great!"

"And," queried Cunningham, "what do you call the whole thing, eh? That's what I want to know?"

"It's a steal," cried Rafferty, "a steal. It's a crime, a gaudy crime." He rose again to his feet. "You can break it up, though, Mr. Cunningham," he said. "It was a clever scheme, but it was none the less a fraud on you—a fraud as plain as the nose on your face."

The color came back into Cunningham's face. "Ah," he exclaimed, "that's the kind of talk I like to hear."

"The first step," went on Rafferty, "is to defend the foreclosure of the mortgage which secures these bonds. In that suit you can thrash out the whole thing. I know it. I can see it. I'm as sure of it as I am that you and I are here."

Cunningham strode toward him and held out his hand. "Then, Counselor Rafferty," he exclaimed, "it's *you* will take the case?"

Rafferty suddenly turned as pale as Cunningham was red. The young lawyer fell back a pace.

"My heavens," he cried at last, "my heavens, Mr. Cunningham. I had forgotten. I'm not free. I'm tied up. I am the counsel for Tannahill and the Interstate and Western Railroad myself. I—I can't take your case, you see?"

Cunningham slumped against the wall, the color left his face. "*You!*" he exclaimed. "And you call yourself a lawyer! You the counsel for the road, and you let me tell you my whole story! You—you ought to be disbarred." He groaned. "You were such a decent-looking chap, too," he faltered, "and I thought——"

Rafferty gasped. The impropriety of his own conduct had never occurred to him. "Mr. Cunningham," he returned, "I can't represent you, and I can't advise you, but I'll tell you what you can do. Get another lawyer. There are lots of good ones through the state. Get anyone. All you need to do is to make a stand, that's all."

Cunningham waved his arm. "Where," he queried hopelessly, "will I find a lawyer in the state that hasn't got the fee of the Interstate and Western in his pocket. Tell me that."

Rafferty bowed his head. He was beginning to understand. Cunningham was the biggest cattle-dealer in the state. Cunningham was of Keno. Rafferty was the only lawyer in Keno. The problem of the thousand-dollar check was solved.

"Why don't you try your case yourself, then?" he asked.

"Without a lawyer?" returned Cunningham. "Before what judge?"

Before what judge? Rafferty shuddered. Was Cunningham right? Was the whole state in the clutches of the road?

Cunningham slunk out of the door. Before he went he turned. "Counselor," he said, the hope gone from his voice, "I like you, and I hoped that you was some different from the rest. I like your face, and I like your way of talking, and——" He left.

The telephone-bell rang. Rafferty answered it. "Hello," said the man at the other end of the line. "This is Tannahill, of the Interstate and Western. How are you? Did you get our check all right? All right. Well, say, I've got a job for you. Yes, a big one. No, I can't talk over the 'phone. I'm at Willowpoint. I'll run down and I'll be there in an hour. Good-by."

He rang off before Rafferty could answer him. Rafferty leaned his head on his hand. Yes, things were getting to be quite clear. The Interstate and Western had found that fifty-dollar checks paid. Lawyers with fifty-dollar checks as retainers couldn't take cases *against* the road—not very well, not without explanations. And were they so inclined, there were more checks behind the fifty, if absolutely necessary. And Rafferty, young Rafferty, of Keno, in the cattle-man's town—it had been worth a thousand to keep his hands off. For all that Cunningham needed was some man who would take a stand and keep it. Rafferty groaned.

Sitting there, he had not heard the lagging footsteps outside upon the staircase; had not noticed that the door had been pushed open, and that somebody had entered.

"Hello, Steve," said a familiar voice.

He looked up quickly. Then his face paled once more, and his brow darkened. A man stood before him, a man with thin hair, with stooped shoulders, with an unholy pallor on his face.

"Hello, Steve," faltered this man, again.

"*You,*" cried Steve, recoiling, "you! Are you out? Is your term up already?"

It was his father, from the prison in the East.

"Already!" echoed his father, "already!" He sighed. "I was sent up for five years at hard labor. Already! I thought they'd

never let me out. Already! Yes, I believe they changed the good-behavior limit, and besides, somebody used some influence, and I got out ahead of time, they tell me. I had no place to go, and I followed you out here. I—we had to stick together somehow, I suppose," he ventured, a bit forlornly. "It—it was right, wasn't it, to come out here? That's what we arranged, you know, when—when it all happened."

"Sit down," commanded his son curtly, for the agony of it had begun to gnaw once more at his vitals. "Yes, I suppose it was right, but——" He covered his face with his hands. "My heavens! I've begun so well here. I'm beginning to know people, and—if they find this out I—— Can't you understand?"

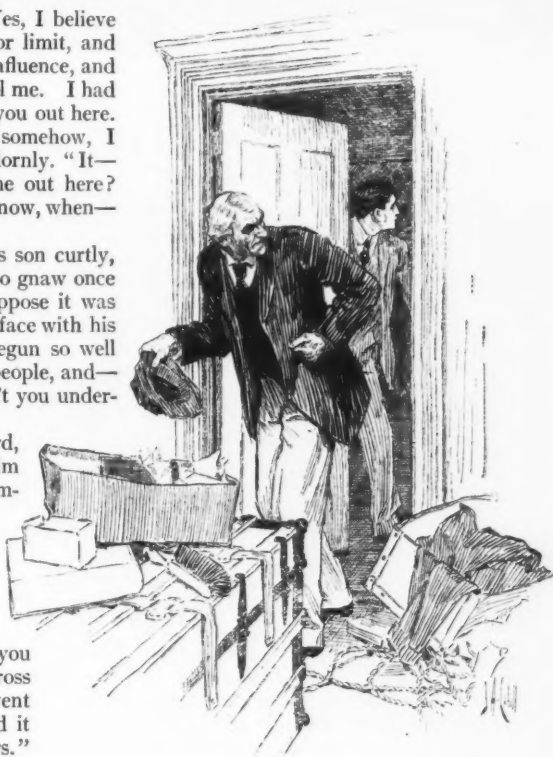
His father looked the jailbird, acted the jailbird. Upon him was the stamp of crime, embezzlement, five years at hard labor. It was intolerable, maddening.

"I'll go away somewhere, Steve, if you think best," said the old man. "People needn't know. I—I'll leave you alone." He drew his hand across his face. "Only, Steve," he went on, "you don't know how good it is to see you again, after—years." He rose and stretched his arms. "How good it was to get out," he cried at last, "good to get out! You don't know. There were times when I bit at the bars. And now I'm beyond 'em. I'm through with 'em. I'm free—free—FREE."

He was still there when another step sounded on the stairs. It was a heavy step. Rafferty started and hastened to the window and looked out. A panting red automobile was in the street below.

"It's Tannahill," he whispered to himself. He was in a quandary. He didn't want Tannahill to meet his father—not with that dead pallor on his father's face. He didn't want his father to leave the office. The old man might wander about town, and he might talk too much. He must keep his father there somehow. He must have it out with him before he let him go.

"Go into that hall closet. Quick!" he said to his father, pushing him in and shutting the door behind him. The hall closet was full of rubbish, but it had a win-



"QUICK!" HE SAID TO HIS FATHER, PUSHING HIM IN AND SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND HIM

dow in it; besides, it was the only place where the old man could go, just now. And Tannahill probably wouldn't be so long.

Tannahill entered, strode across the floor, and shook hands. Tannahill was a business man from the top of his head to the soles of his feet. He smoked a big cigar. He pulled a bundle of papers from the pocket of his long coat and tossed it upon the table.

"Foreclose that mortgage," he said concisely.

"What mortgage is it?"

"Trust mortgage, coupon bonds, held by our trust company as trustee. But there. Read the papers over, see for yourself."

"Oh, by George," exclaimed Rafferty, "it's the Cunningham Cattle mortgage, isn't it?"

"Sure," answered Tannahill, unmoved. "Heard of it, have you?"



"THERE'S A THOUSAND DOLLARS—A THOUSAND DOLLARS. UNDERSTAND? I EARNED IT AT HARD LABOR"

"Um," returned Rafferty leisurely. "Let me read these through first. I want to see if I understand the thing." He read and he understood. At last he leaned over and touched Tannahill on the arm.

"Where," he asked, "is the evidence of authority to issue these bonds?"

"Attached to the mortgage," growled Tannahill. "The record is all straight."

"I—I want the minutes of the meeting. I want to know the transaction from the start, what was paid for the bonds and where the money went—just to be sure, you know."

"To be sure of what?"

"To be sure," answered Rafferty, "that your rights were clear. I want to start right. We don't want to strike a snag."

"There won't be any snags."

"If the bond issue or the bond sales were illegal——"

"That," snorted Tannahill, "is matter of defense. It's only up to you to make a *prima-facie* case. There'll be no defense. We'll see to that. And if there is, why, it won't amount to anything. We'll see to that, too."

Rafferty, paling, passed back the papers. "Mr. Tannahill," he said, "I don't want to

foreclose that mortgage. I really don't."

"What?" gasped Tannahill. "What?"

"Those papers," went on Rafferty, "corroborate in detail just what I have been informed by Cunningham."

"Cunningham!" exclaimed Tannahill. "So he's been here, too?"

"He has," assented Rafferty, "and as your attorney I'm going to tell you everything he told me." He did so. "And your papers, Mr. Tannahill, such as they are, bear him out too well. There's just enough here to make uncertainty quite certain. The bond issue was illegal. I'd rather not handle it, if you don't mind."

"As our attorney, Mr. Rafferty," said Tannahill, "you are the one to foreclose this mortgage, and you are going to do your duty. We've retained you, and you've accepted our retainer." Smiling, he glanced about the room. "Pleasant quarters you have here, Mr. Rafferty," he said.

Rafferty winced, but he rose and faced Tannahill. "Mr. Tannahill," he said firmly, "once for all, I refuse to foreclose that illegal mortgage."

Tannahill nodded. "Sit down," he commanded. "Rafferty," he went on, "we can make lawyers or we can mar them."

Understand? We like you. We know you, and have known you for some time."

"Known me for some time?"

"Your whole record," assented Tannahill, "where you came from, what you are"—he leaned over—"what your father was, and what he did."

Rafferty shuddered, but he did not glance toward the hall closet, not once. He didn't dare to.

"You see," went on Tannahill, "we can make things pleasant or unpleasant. Family history can be aired or suppressed at our pleasure. You are young, honest, ambitious——"

"Honest," groaned Rafferty.

"You look honest," went on Tannahill, "and when we like a man, there is no telling—we need United States district attorneys, we need judges, we need United States senators. You have a future, but there is only one way to begin."

"That?" queried Rafferty.

Tannahill tossed the papers back again. "You and you only must foreclose that mortgage. We're not going to leave you with your hands idle here in Keno for Cunningham to corrupt. You're the man, and you've got to do it. If you don't——"

"*I won't.*" The room rang with Rafferty's refusal.

Once more Tannahill smiled. He held out his hand. "Counselor Rafferty," he said, in pleasant tones, "you have accepted one thousand dollars from us as a retainer. You refuse to act for us. Will you kindly hand it back?"

A deadly pallor crept over Rafferty's face. His heart stood still. He couldn't pay it back. He knew it. So did Tannahill. Tannahill smiled once more.

"You've got me beat," finally gasped Rafferty. "I will——"

A door opened, and a man stepped out.

"You will not," said this man quietly. It was the old man Rafferty, late of the hall closet, late of the state prison in the East. He thrust his hand into his trousers pocket and pulled forth a roll of bills. He counted out all but two of the bills and laid them upon the table.

"Where I was in the East," he faltered, "they pay the prisoners for what they do. There's a thousand dollars—a thousand dollars. Understand? I earned it at hard labor."

He drew his hand across his brow, and straightened up as he looked Tannahill full in the face. "I've been free now for about three weeks," he said, "and, naturally, I want my son to be free, too, even though it takes a thousand dollars of hard-earned money to accomplish it."

Rafferty sighed with relief. The color came back into his face, the fire into his eyes. He seized his father's hand.

"This is my father, Mr. Tannahill," he said, "and if you like, you can tell anybody you like, about my father and what my father did. It isn't half as bad," he added, "as the thing I was about to do."

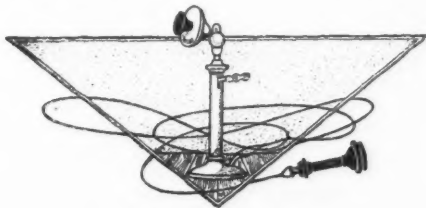
They stood there, hand in hand, father and son, until Tannahill had left and the big machine outside had puffed away. Then Rafferty tightened his grip upon his father's hand.

"I ought to be sent up for *twenty* years," he said.

He sprang to the telephone, and called up a number there in Keno.

"Hello," he yelled joyously, "hello. Is this Mr. Cunningham? Well, Mr. Cunningham, this is Rafferty, Counselor Rafferty. Say, Mr. Cunningham, I'm through with Interstate and Western, and I want to defend that foreclosure suit of yours."

Fifteen minutes later Big Pete Cunningham once more entered the arena of events.

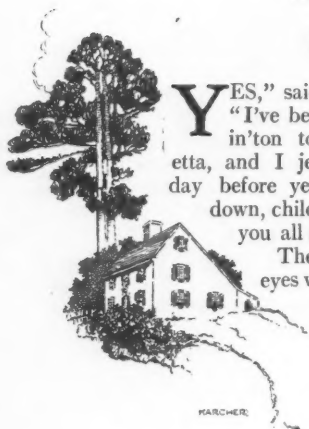


Aunt Jane Goes A-Visiting

By Eliza Calvert Hall

Author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky"

Illustrated by Harry Linnell



YES," said Aunt Jane, "I've been up to Lexin'ton to see Henrietta, and I jest got home day before yesterday. Set down, child, and I'll tell you all about it."

The old lady's eyes were sparkling with happiness, a faint flush was in her cheeks, and she looked as if she had

drunk from that fount that all are seeking and that none has ever found.

"Henrietta's been wantin' me to visit her for many a year back," she went on; "but I've been puttin' it off one way or another like old folks always do when young folks wants 'em to do anything that's for their good. But you see I've lived right here in this old house pretty near all my life, and takin' me up and carryin' me off to Lexin'ton was jest about like takin' up that old ellum-tree out yonder and carryin' it over and settin' it out in another county. You've got to be mighty keerful how you move old folks around. However, I've been and come back again, and I ain't any the worse for it, and Henrietta's satisfied because she's had her way. Henrietta used to live in Danville, you know, but Archibald—that's her husband—sold out and moved to Lexin'ton about a year ago, and he's built her a house the like o' which never was seen in the blue-grass region, so they say. And as soon as they moved into it, Henrietta wrote to me and says: 'Grandma, I'm not goin' to ask you to come to see me. But next week Archibald and I are comin' down, and we're goin' to take you home with us whether you want to go or not.'"

Aunt Jane's laugh had a ring of pride, for the love of this favorite grandchild was very dear to her.

"And, honey," she said confidentially, "that was the only thing that made me go. If Henrietta had kept on jest askin' me to come to see her, I'd 'a' kept on holdin' back. I know Henrietta loves me, but whenever she'd say anything about me goin' to see her, I'd think to myself, 'Now, Henrietta's jest askin' me because she thinks I'll feel bad if she don't; and like as not if I was to go up there amongst all her fine friends, she'd feel ashamed of me.' But when she said she was comin' to take me back with her, I says to myself, 'I'll go, for I know Henrietta wants me.'"

"Henrietta was mightily afraid the ride on the cyars would tire me out; but I don't reckon goin' to heaven 'll be any easier and pleasanter to me than goin' to Lexin'ton that June day. It looked like everything was fixed to suit me. The weather was jest the kind I like, and the seats in the cyar was as comfortable as any chair I ever set in, and I jest leaned back and looked out o' the winder and thought about the times when I'd ride to town with father, when I was a little child, and father'd take care of me and p'int out the sights to me like Henrietta and Archibald did that day.

"I reckon Kentuckians are the biggest fools in the world over their own state. Sam Amos used to say if you'd set a born-and-bred Kentuckian down in the Gyarden of Eden he'd begin to brag about his farm over in the blue-grass; and you jest ride from here to Lexin'ton about the first o' June, what Abram used to call 'clover and blue-grass time,' and if you are a Kentuckian, you'll thank God, and if you ain't a Kentuckian, you'll wish you was.

"There's a heap of good to be got out of travelin', honey. One thing is, I won't have to go back thirty or forty years to find some-

thin' to talk about when you come to see me. Even if I hadn't seen Henrietta or Henrietta's home, the things I saw on the way from here to Lexin'ton will keep me talkin' the rest o' my days, and make me happier jest to think of 'em. Such farms and hills and trees and orchards, and such level corn-fields and oat-fields and pretty rollin' land in between 'em, I know can't be seen anywhere but in Kentucky.

"I couldn't help thinkin' of old man Mose Elrod. His farm j'ined the Amos farm, and a better piece o' land you couldn't 'a' found; but he had a cousin down in Texas, and the cousin kept writin' to him about the soil o' Texas and the climate o' Texas and the money there was to be made there, till finally old man Mose got the Texas fever and sold out and moved down in the neighborhood o' San Antonio. Every now and then he'd write home, and from what he said we judged he was prosperin' and feelin' contented in his new home, but in about a year and a half here he come, walkin' in and takin' the neighbors by surprise. He went all over the neighborhood shakin' hands and tellin' folks how glad he was to be back again. Says he, 'I've been homesick night and day for eighteen months, and all the money in Texas couldn't keep me away from Kentucky any longer.'

"He said he set up all night on the cyars so's the conductor would tell him when he got on Kentucky soil, and the nearer he got home the happier he got, and when the brakeman hollered, 'Muldraughs Hill!' he jumped up, threw up his hat, and hollered: 'Glory! Hallelujah!' Of course the passengers was skeered, and one man says, 'Search him and see if he's got any weapons on him,' and the conductor come runnin' up, and old man Mose says, 'I haven't got any weapons, conductor, and I'm not drunk nor crazy, but I've been down in Texas for a year and a half, and I'm jest happy over gittin' back home.' And the conductor says: 'Well, that's excuse enough for anything. Holler as loud as you please; you sha'n't be put off the train.'

"The old man said he could 'a' stood it if there'd been any knobs or hills or big trees. But he said that prairie land nearly run him crazy, especially in the evenin'. He said he'd watch the sun goin' down like a ball o' fire away off across that level prairie, and he'd think about how the sunset looked in Kentucky, with old Pilot Knob and Prewitt's

Knob loomin' up on the horizon, and he'd drop his head in his hands and cry like a baby.

"And talkin' about sunsets, child, reminds me of a picture in Henrietta's parlor. There never was anything like the inside o' Henrietta's home. Her and Archibald went all over Europe when they was first married, and everywhere they went they gethered up pictures and marble images and such things, and whichever way you'd turn there was somethin' to look at that you never'd seen before. And when you've been livin' all your life in a house like this old farmhouse o' mine, it gives you a curious sort o' feelin' to be set down all at once in a place like Henrietta's. Why, for two or three days I hardly knew the name of anything I was eatin' or drinkin' or lookin' at or walkin' on or settin' on, and when I try to recollect the different rooms I git 'em all mixed up. But there's one thing that's jest as clear as day in my mind, and that is the picture I'm tellin' you about. The name of it was 'The Angelus.' Now ain't that a pretty name? —'The Angelus.' Why, it sounds jest like music. The minute I come across it, I stopped still in front of it and looked and looked and looked. And says I, 'Child, this picture makes me feel like sayin' my prayers.' And Henrietta laughed, and says she, 'Grandma, that's jest what the people in the picture are doin'.' And she said that over yonder in France in some o' the places out in the country, places pretty much like our Goshen neighborhood, I reckon, they was in the habit o' ringin' the church bells at sundown, and when people heard the bells they'd stop whatever they was doin' and say their prayers. And she told me all about the man that painted 'The Angelus,' how poor he was, and how folks laughed at his pictures, and wouldn't buy 'em because he painted things jest as they was, plain and natural. She said her picture was a copy of the one he painted, and when she saw how much I liked it, she says, 'Grandma, I'm goin' to get you a copy of "The Angelus,"' and I says: 'No, child, I ain't one o' the kind that has to have a picture o' the folks and the things they love. I've got that picture right in my old brain, and all I have to do to see it is jest to shut my eyes and it'll come—the sunset and the field and the two people prayin' and the bell—I'll hear that, too, ringin' jest like the old bell that used to ring in Goshen church.'

Aunt Jane Goes A-Visiting

Every day I'd go into the parlor at Henrietta's about the time the sun'd be goin' down, and I'd look first at the sunset in the sky and then at the sunset in the picture, and I couldn't tell which was the prettiest.

"Uncle Jim Matthews used to say that every church bell said, 'Get up, get up, and go to church!' And in them days people minded the church bell. But nowadays it looks like the only bells folks pays any attention to is the breakfast-bell and the dinner-bell and the supper-bell. And I've been thinkin', honey, what a blessed thing it would be if all over the world folks could hear a bell ringin' at sundown and callin' on everybody to stop their work or their pleasure and fold their hands for a minute and pray. Why, the prayers would go up to heaven like the birds flyin' home to their nests, and jest think how many wrong things would be stopped. If a murderer was liftin' his hand, that bell would be like a voice from the sky, sayin', 'Thou shalt not kill.' If a husband and wife was quarrelin', and they heard the angelus and stopped to pray, why, maybe, after they'd prayed they'd kiss and make up. Yes, child, the angelus would do a heap o' good. But if anybody's once looked at the picture they won't need the bell. I know I'll never see the sun settin' behind them knobs over yonder that I won't think o' that picture, and whatever I'm doin' I'll have to stop and fold my hands and bow my head, the same as I used to do when Parson Page'd stand up in the old Goshen church and say, 'Let us pray.'

"Here's a picture o' Henrietta's house, child. I knew I couldn't tell folks about it so's they'd have any idea o' what it was, so I brought this picture." And she handed me a photograph of one of those modern palaces which, under the spells of the two master magicians, Art and Wealth, are springing up on the soil of the New South to replace the worn-out mansions of ante-bellum days.

"When I looked at Henrietta's house," continued Aunt Jane, "I thought o' what Uncle Billy Bascom used to say. Uncle Billy's the kind that can't enjoy this world for thinkin' about the next one. He's spent his life preparin' for death, and it looks like it hurts him to see anybody gittin' any pleasure out o' the things o' this world. Every time any o' the Goshen folks'd put up a house that was a little bit better than what Uncle Billy'd been used to, he'd shake his head and say, 'Yes, Lord; folks can make

themselves so comfortable here on this earth that they won't have a thought about gittin' a clear title to a mansion in the skies.'

"And that house o' Henrietta's was enough to make anybody forget about their mansion in the skies. Henrietta's havin' her heaven now, and she'll have it hereafter, and Archibald, too. For the 'cares o' the world and the deceitfulness o' riches' hasn't choked any o' the good seed that's been sown in their hearts. How many young folks do you reckon would think o' comin' down here and takin' a old woman like me home with 'em, and treatin' her like a queen, and showin' her all the sights in a place like Lexin'ton?"

"Archibald named 'em all over to me, and Henrietta says, 'Now where do you want to go first, grandma?' And I says: 'I want to see Henry Clay's house. Take me there first, and I don't care whether I see any o' the rest o' the sights or not.' So the next day Henrietta took me to Ashland, the place where Henry Clay had lived, and I saw the bed he slept in and the table he wrote on and the inkstand and the pen he used. And I says to myself: 'I'm in Henry Clay's home. Henry Clay!—the man I used to hear my father talk about when I was a young gyrl—the man that'd rather be in the right than to be in office.' And I ricollected the time Henry Clay spoke in town and father went to hear him, and when he got back home mother asked him what kind of a man Henry Clay was. And father says, says he, 'Henry Clay ain't a man'; and mother laughed (she was used to father's way o' talkin'), and says she, 'Well, if he ain't a man, what is he?' And father studied a minute, and then he says, 'Do you ricollect the tongues o' fire that descended on the apostles on the day of Pentecost?' Says he, 'If one o' them tongues o' fire was put in the body of a man, that'd be Henry Clay.' Says he, 'He stands up and runs his eye over the crowd, and from that minute he's got every man there right in the holler of his hand, and he does jest what he pleases with 'em; and if he looks any particular man in the face, that man'll feel like he's in the presence of his Maker.'

"Father never got over Clay not bein' president; and whenever anybody'd talk about it, he'd shake his head and say, 'There's somethin' wrong with the times when a man like Henry Clay can't git the presidency.'



"'NO, GRANDMA, I'VE HAD A DRESS MADE ESPECIALLY FOR YOU'"

"Now, here I am, child, 'way back in Henry Clay's time, when I set out to tell you about my visit to Henrietta's. That wanderin' o' the mind is a pretty good sign of old age, I reckon, but I 'most always manage to ricollect where I started from and where I'm goin' to.

"Well, as soon as I got to feelin' at home Henrietta says, 'Now, grandma, I'm goin' to give you a reception and introduce you to my friends.' And I says: 'Honey, you'd better not do that. You know I'm jest a old-fashioned woman, and maybe I wouldn't know how to behave at a reception.' And Henrietta laughed, and says she, 'All in the world you have to do, grandma, is to shake hands with the people and be glad to see 'em.'

"And, sure enough, it was jest that way. Everybody was smilin' and sayin' they was glad to see me, and that reception was pretty much like shakin' hands with your neighbors after prayer-meetin' and church, only there was more of 'em.

"I started to wear my black alpaca to the reception, but Henrietta says, 'No, grandma, I've had a dress made especially for you.' Jest wait a minute, honey, and I'll get that dress."

And when she reappeared a moment later her face wore the radiant look of a girl who displays her first party costume or a bride her wedding-gown. Over her arm hung the reception gown of soft black China silk, with plain full skirt and shirred waist. There were ruffles of point lace in the full sleeves, and she held up the point-lace cap and fichu that completed the costume.

"To think o' me wearin' such clothes," said Aunt Jane exultingly. "And the curious part of it was, child, that I hadn't had these things on five minutes till I felt like they belonged to me, and it seemed as if I'd been wearin' lace and silk all my life. And Henrietta stood off and looked at me, and says she, 'Grandma, you look exactly like a family portrait.' And when Archibald come home after the reception, he says, says he, 'We ought to have grandma's picture painted in that dress.' And Henrietta says, 'Yes; and I want another picture of grandma in her old purple calico dress and gingham apron, settin' in that old high-back rockin'-chair with one of her patchwork quilts over her lap.' Says she, 'That's the way I remember seein' grandma when I was a little gyrl, and that's the way I want her picture taken.'"

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She paused to shake out the lustrous silk and spread the fichu over it that I might see the delicate pattern of the lace.

"I started to leave this dress at Henrietta's," she observed, "for I knew I wouldn't have use for such clothes as these down here on the farm, but Henrietta folded 'em up and put 'em in my trunk, and she said I had to wear 'em every Sunday evenin' and sit out on the porch and think about her and Archibald. And then, child, when I die they can bury me in this dress." And her cheerful smile told me that if death had held any terrors for Aunt Jane, those terrors would be largely assuaged by the thought of going to her long rest in point lace and silk. Nigh on to eighty years "but yet a woman."

"Now what was the next thing I went to? Oh, yes! the Brownin' Club. Two or three days after the reception, Henrietta says to me, 'Grandma, the Brownin' Club meets with me this evenin', and I want you to put on your silk dress and come down to the parlor and listen to our papers.' And she told me who Brownin' was, and said she was goin' to read a paper on his home life.

"Well, I thought to myself that there wasn't much hope o' me understandin' anything I'd hear at that Brownin' Club, but of course I was glad to dress up again in my silk dress and my lace, and to please Henrietta I went down into the parlor and listened to the readin'. First, a young lady read a paper about the 'Message of Brownin'.' She said every poet had a message to give to the world jest like the prophets in Old-Testament times, and I gethered from her paper that Brownin' was a man that always looked on the bright side and believed that things was goin' to come right in the end; and towards the last she read some mighty pretty verses. I wish I could ricollect 'em all. It was somethin' about the spring o' the year and the mornin' and the dew like pearls and the birds flyin'. The words was jest like a picture of a spring mornin', and the last of it was, 'God's in his heaven—all's right with the world!' That's jest as true as anything in the Bible, and it sounds like it might 'a' come out o' the Bible, don't it, child?"

"Then another lady read some o' Brownin's poetry, 'Pary—' somethin' or other."

"Paracelsus," I suggested.

"That's it," said Aunt Jane, "but I ain't a bit wiser than I was before, for I never did

find out whether that was the name of a man or a woman or a town or a river or what. I set and listened, and every now and then it'd seem like there was somethin' that I could understand, but before I could lay hold of it here'd come a lot o' big words that I never heard tell of before, and I declare to goodness my old brains got tired tryin' to git some sense out o' that poetry. Why, it was jest like tryin' to read at night by the light o' the fire. The fire'll blaze up, and you'll see everything plain for a minute, and then it'll die down, and there you are in the dark again.

"Well, when the lady got through readin' the poetry, she said she was goin' to read her interpretation of it. I ricollected how Joseph interpreted Pharaoh's dream and Daniel interpreted Nebuchadnezzar's dream, and I says to myself, 'Now, I'll find out all about it.' But bless your life, child, the poetry was hard enough to understand, but the interpretation was a heap harder; and I says to myself, 'Brownin's poetry never was intended for a old woman like me.' And I jest leaned back in my chair and looked at the hats and the bonnets the ladies had on. Pretty clothes always was one o' my weak points, and will be till I die, I reckon. When I was a child father used to question us children about the sermon when we got home from church. I never could tell much about it except the text, and I ricollect hearin' mother say to him one Sunday, 'If Jane could jest remember as much about the sermon as she remembers about the hats and bonnets, we could have her ordained to preach.'

"There was one hat I saw at the Brownin' Club that I'll ricollect as long as I ricollect 'The Angelus.' It was made out o' white lace and trimmed with pink roses that made me think o' the roses in my weddin'-bonnet, only they was buds and these was full-blown ones, so full-blown that it looked like they was ready to shatter and fall if the wind blew on 'em, and so natural you could almost smell 'em. I declare, that hat made me wish I was a young girl again.

"Then Henrietta read her paper, and it was jest as pretty a story as ever I listened to; about him fallin' in love with that sick woman that hadn't walked a step for years, and how he married her against her father's will, and took her 'way off to Florence, the same place where Henrietta and Archibald went when they was in Europe and where

Henrietta got that quilt pattern for me. And she told how kind he was to her, and how he'd git up in the mornin' and gether roses and put 'em by her bed so they'd be the first things she'd look at when she opened her eyes. And thinks I to myself, 'Most men wants a woman that can cook for 'em and sew for 'em and clean up after 'em, and Brownin' must 'a' been a mighty good man to marry a woman that couldn't do anything for him but jest love him.' Somehow I can't git the thought o' Brownin' out o' my head. He must 'a' been mighty different from the common run o' men, and his life don't need interpretin' like his poetry does.

"Maybe you wonder, honey, how a old woman like me could enjoy bein' at a Brownin' Club, and I reckon I was as much out o' place as mother's old spinnin'-wheel that Henrietta had in one corner of her parlor along with all that fine furniture and the fine things she'd brought from Europe. But, then, I couldn't feel a bit bad, for there set Henrietta, my child's child; she had everything I hadn't had, and I jest laughed to myself, and thinks I, 'I'm livin' again in my children and my grandchildren, and I ain't missed a thing.'"

Aunt Jane paused for breath and leaned back in her chair, smiling and smoothing down her gingham apron. I waited in silence, for I knew that the near memories of her visit to the beloved grandchild were as vivid and interesting to her as the far memories of girlhood and young womanhood, and the tide of recollections would soon flow again.

"Well, the next thing we went to was a big meetin' of women from all sorts o' clubs. When Henrietta told me what it was I says to myself, 'Now, I'll see if what Uncle Billy Bascom told me is the truth or not.' Uncle Billy'd been sent up to the legislature twice from our district, and when I heard he'd been elected the second time, I couldn't help thinkin' about what Sam Amos used to say, that when folks got tired seein' a man around and wanted to git shed of him a while, they always sent him to the legislature. That's about the way it was with Uncle Billy.

"Me and Uncle Billy has always been good friends, and after he got back home he come around to see me, and when we'd shook hands and inquired about each other's health, he looked me right in the face and says he, 'Jane, I've been to Sodom and

Gomorrah.' And says I, 'Uncle Billy, that's about the hardest thing ever I heard said about a Kentucky legislature, and I've heard some pretty hard things in my day and time.' And says he: 'No, Jane; you misunderstand me. I ain't referrin' to the legislature; the legislature's all right.' Says he: 'We set sixty days and drew our pay regular, and we passed pretty nigh a hundred bills, and might 'a' passed that many more if we'd kept on settin'; but as the constitution don't permit us to set longer, why, of course, we had to adjourn and come on home, leavin' a good deal o' business unfinished. No,' says he, 'it ain't the legislature I'm talkin' about, it's the women, the women.' Says he: 'There was a time when it was some pleasure for a man to go up to the legislature. Us men, we'd git together and resolute and debate and pass our bills, and everything'd go off as smooth as satin. Now and then we might git a disturbin' sort of a letter from some o' the home folks about somethin' we'd been doin' that didn't suit 'em, a dog-tax or somethin' o' that sort, but they'd be too fur off to worry us much. But,' says he, 'the way the women has got to carryin' on, if it wasn't for the pay and the honor o' the thing, I'd rather stay right here on my farm than to go up yonder to Frankfort and rastle with a lot o' women that's strayed so far from the footsteps o' their mothers and grandmothers that nothin' but a miracle could bring 'em back.' Says he: 'We could hardly pass a bill in any peace whatsoever, for them women. If we set out to give a little money to the State College, why, here'd come a delegation o' women from Lexin'ton wantin' to know whether the girls would git their share of it.' Says he: 'There ain't a right or a privilege goin' that they don't want to cut it half in two and give the littlest half to us men and keep the biggest half for the women; some of 'em even goes so far as to say that women ought to vote. And,' says he, 'they've got to clubbin' together, and what one woman can't think of the others can; and there was hardly a man in the legislature that wasn't pestered with havin' to look after some sort o' bill that'd been hatched up in one o' these here clubs. I got so outdone with 'em,' says he, 'that whenever a bill'd come up, I'd say to whoever was settin' by me, "Has the women got anything to do with it?" And if they had, I'd vote against it, and if they hadn't, I'd vote for it. One o' their bills,' says he,

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'sounded mighty reasonable, the "forestry bill" they called it, but it never come up.' Says he, 'We had a little redistricting to do for the benefit o' the party and made a few new offices jest to please the people, and betwixt this and that,' says he, 'we didn't git round to the forestry bill.' Says he, 'I might 'a' supported that if it had come up, but then I don't know but what after all it'd 'a' been a dangerous sort o' thing.' Says he: 'The more you give a woman the more she wants. We give women their property rights, and now they're wantin' to vote and to manage the schools and the 'sylvums and pretty near everything else. And,' says he, 'if we was to pass that there forestry bill, like as not the first thing you know a man'd have to git a permit from some o' these women's clubs before he could chop a piece o' kindlin'-wood in his own back yard.'

"And then the old man went on to tell how he went up to Lexin'ton after the legislature was over, and that was what he meant by goin' to Sodom and Gomorrah. Says he, 'There's women up there, Jane, that don't know a water-bucket from a churn, and if you was to show 'em a potater-patch in full bloom they'd think it was some sort of a flower-gyarden.' Says he, 'The clubs was more numerous than the children, and it looks to me like the race is dyin' out, dyin' out, Jane; and maybe it's jest as well,' says he, 'for there ain't any women nowadays like the old-time ones, for instance, my mother and grandmother,' says he."

Aunt Jane broke off with a laugh. "I knew as soon as he started out that he was comin' to his mother and grandmother. Uncle Billy couldn't talk twenty minutes with anybody without tellin' 'em how his mother had fifteen children and cooked and sewed and washed and ironed for 'em all, and how his grandmother was one o' the women that carried water at Bryan's Station, and how she fought a wildcat one night on the Wilderness Road when her husband was away killin' some game for their supper.

"Well, I went to this club meetin', I can't ricollect jest what Henrietta called it, but it seems they had got together to tell about all the work they'd done in the past year, and plan out their next year's work.

"There was one lady I took particular notice of. I thought she was a married woman, but I heard 'em callin' her 'Miss Laura,' and I found out afterwards that she

was an old maid. In my day, child, you could tell an old maid the minute you set eyes on her. But nowadays the old maids and the married women looks about alike, and one's jest as happy and good lookin' and busy and well contented as the other, and folks seem to think jest as much of the old maids as they do of the married women. I said somethin' o' this sort to Henrietta, and she laughed and says, 'Yes, grandma; the old maids nowadays have their hands so full lookin' after the rights o' the married women and the little children that they don't have time to grow old or worry about not bein' married, and of course,' says she, 'we can't help lovin' 'em and lookin' up to 'em when they're so good and so useful.'

"But, as I was sayin', this Miss Laura told how her club had worked for ten years to git married women their rights, so's a married woman could own her own property and manage it to suit herself and have the spendin' of her own wages while she lived, and make a will when she come to die. And that made me think o' Sally Ann's experience and pore 'Lizabeth. And Miss Laura says, 'But there's one right still that a married woman hasn't got, and that is the right to her own children.' And she told how the law give the father a right to take a child away from its mother and carry it off whenever he pleased and bring it up as he pleased and app'int its guardians. And she told how many times they'd been to the legislature to git the law changed, and said they'd have to keep on goin' till they got this right for mothers, jest like they'd got property rights for wives. And I thought of Uncle Billy's grandmother, and says I to myself: 'Don't you reckon a legislature's jest as terrifyin' to a woman as wildcats and Indians? Ain't these women got jest as much courage as their grandmothers?'

"One lady got up and told what they was doin' to keep the fine trees from bein' all cut down, jest like Uncle Billy said, and that reminded me of Abram. A tree was like a brother to Abram. He was always plantin' trees, but I never knew him to cut one down unless it was dyin' or dead. You see that big sugar-maple out yonder by the fence, child? Well, right beside it there used to be a big silver poplar. There ain't a prettier tree in the world than the silver poplar. It's pretty in the sunshine and it's still prettier by night, if the moon's shinin'; and when the wind's blowin', why, I can sit and look at



"THAT'S THE BEST SPEECH I EVER HEARD AT A WOMAN'S CLUB"

that tree by the hour. But it's got a bad way o' sproutin' from the root, and the young trees come up everywhere and crowd everything else jest like people that ain't content with their own land and always covetin' other folks' farms. Well, I got so tired o' choppin' down the young sprouts every spring and summer that I told Abram that tree had to go, and, besides, it was sp'ilin' the shape o' the young sugar-maple right by it. I reckon Abram had got tired, too, hearin' me quarrel about the sprouts comin' up in my flower-beds, so he went out to the wood-shed and got his ax. He stopped a minute on the front porch and looked up at the tree, and jest then a little breeze sprung up and every leaf blew wrong side out. And Abram laid down his ax and says he: 'Jane, I can't do it. I'll cut the sprouts down, but don't ask me to cut down a tree that looks that way when the wind blows.' And the old poplar stood, honey, till it was struck by lightnin' one summer, and died at the top. Then Abram was willin' to have it cut down.

"What was I talkin' about, honey? Oh, yes; them women's clubs. Well, I set there listenin' to 'em tellin' how their clubs had worked for this thing and that, and how hard it was to git men to see things the way they saw 'em, and it come over me all at once that they was contendin' with the same sort o' troubles us women down in Goshen had when we got our organ and our cyarpet for the church. I ricollect when we was talkin' about the cyarpet Silas Petty says: 'What's the use o' havin' that cyarpet? Hasn't this church got along fifteen years with jest these good pine boards underfoot?' And Sally Ann says: 'Yes; you men folks think that because things has always been thus and so, they've always got to be. But,' says she, 'I've noticed that when a thing always has been, most likely it's a thing that ought never to 'a' been.' And from what I could gather, listenin' to the ladies read their papers, there was the same old trouble betwixt the clubs and the legislatures that there used to be down in Goshen church, the women wantin' to go on, and the men pullin' back and standin' still.

"And one lady told about Emperor William over yonder in Germany sayin' that women oughtn't to do anything but cook and go to church and nurse the children, and says I, 'That's Silas Petty over again.' And then she went on to tell how some o' the

men was findin' fault with women because families wasn't as large as they was in their great-grandmothers' day. And thinks I to myself, 'that's jest like old man Bob Crawford.'

"Well, one after another they'd stand up and tell about all the good works their clubs had done, sendin' books to the mountain people, tryin' to make better schools for the children, and havin' laws made to keep women and little children from bein' worked to death in factories and mills, and I declare, child, it reminded me more of an old-fashioned experience meetin' than anything I could think of, and says I to myself: 'Why, Uncle Billy's all wrong. This ain't Sodom and Gomorrah; it's the comin' of the kingdom of God on earth.' And when the meetin' was about to break, Henrietta got up and says, 'Grandma, the ladies want you to make them a speech'; and I jest laughed right out and says I: 'Why, honey, I can't make a speech. Who ever heard of a old woman like me makin' a speech?'

"And Henrietta says, 'Well, tell us, grandma, what you've been thinkin' about us and about our work while you've been sittin' here listenin' to us talk.' And I says, 'Well, if that's makin' a speech, I can make one, for I'm always thinkin' somethin', and thinkin' and talkin' is mighty near kin with me.' Says I, 'One thing I've been thinkin' is, that I'm like the old timber in the woods—long past my prime and ready to be cut down, and you all are the young trees strikin' your roots down and spreadin' your branches and askin' for room to grow in.' And says I: 'What I think about you ain't likely to be of much importance. I'm jest a plain, old-fashioned woman. The only sort o' club I ever belonged to was the Mite Society o' Goshen church, and the only service I ever did the state was raisin' a family o' sons and daughters, five sons and four daughters.' Says I, 'There's some folks that thinks women ought to do jest what their mothers and grandmothers did, but,' says I, 'every generation has its work. I've done mine and you're doin' yours. And,' says I, 'I look at you ladies sittin' here in your pretty parlors and your fine clothes, and back of every one of you I can see your grandmothers and your great-grandmothers, jest plain hard-workin' women like me. But,' says I, 'there ain't much difference between you, after all, except the difference in the clothes. Your grandmothers traveled

their Wilderness Road, and you're travelin' yours, and one's as hard as the other. And,' says I, 'if I was in your place, I wouldn't pay a bit of attention to what the men folks said about me. Suppose you don't have as many children as your grandmothers had; I can tell by lookin' at your faces that you're good wives and good mothers; you love the three or four children you've got as well as your grandmothers loved their twelve or fifteen, and that's the main p'int—the way you love your children, not how many children you have. And further than that,' says I, 'there's such a thing as a woman havin' so many children that she hasn't got time to be a mother, but that's a p'int that men don't consider. And,' says I, 'when I think of all the good work you've done and all you're goin' to do, I feel like praisin' God. For I know you're helpin' this old world and this old state to go on like the apostle said we ought to go, "from glory to glory."'

"And bless your life," laughed Aunt Jane, "if they didn't clap their hands like they never would stop, and one lady came over and kissed me, and says, 'That's

the best speech I ever heard at a woman's club.'

"And I reckon," concluded Aunt Jane with a gay laugh, "that if Uncle Billy happened to hear about me speakin' at a woman's club, he'd think that Sodom and Gomorrah was spreadin' clear down into the Goshen neighborhood."

"How would you like to live with Henrietta, Aunt Jane?" I asked.

"Child, child," said Aunt Jane with a reproving shake of her head, "you know better than to ask such a question. That visit to Henrietta's was like climbin' a hill that you've lived on the other side of all your life. I've been to the top o' the hill and seen what's on the other side, and I've come back to my own place. Solomon says there's a time for everything, and I don't need any Solomon to tell me that there's a place for everybody; and this old house and this old farm is the only place that could ever be home to me, and I'm here to stay till they carry me out through that gate yonder and lay my bones over in the old buryin'-ground alongside of Abram's and the children's and the rest of them that's gone before me."



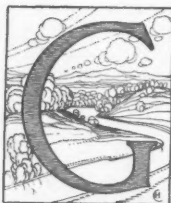


MRS. FLEISCHMANN, COMPANION OF
HER HUSBAND ON HIS AFRICAN
HUNTING-TRIP

An Up-to-Date African Hunt

By Max C. Fleischmann

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is the personal narrative of a remarkable hunting-trip made by a venturesome young American whose love of sport and practical ingenuity in seeking it will appeal to every reader of the COSMOPOLITAN. In the summer of 1906, Mr. Fleischmann, with his bride, made a honeymoon trip to the polar regions, which was immediately followed by the journey to the interior of Africa described in the following pages. The ease and rapidity with which this was performed is a startling reminder of the progress of development in the Dark Continent. As we go to press there comes a report that Mr. Fleischmann is presently to undertake a long journey by balloon.



GEOGRAPHICAL research for my own edification, the desire to hunt big game, and a longing to penetrate to the very heart of the Dark Continent prompted me to make the trip.

Mrs. Fleischmann accompanied me. We intended this merely as a prospecting-trip, hoping later to visit a still more remote and interesting part of Africa. Although Mrs. Fleischmann did not do any of the shooting she was an interested spectator of most of the thrilling sights and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of the outing.

A hunting-trip to Africa at the present day is quite a different problem from that

which faced a sportsman even so short a time as ten or fifteen years ago. At that period it was practically an impossibility to do any shooting on that continent without an expenditure of time of at least eight months or a year. Earlier explorers of the Dark Continent found it a vastly greater time-consuming undertaking.

Under present conditions, sportsmen can leave either England or America, visit British East Africa or British Central Africa, and, with any fair degree of luck, secure a reasonable bag and return to the starting-point within five or six months. The itinerary of such a trip is as follows:

One leaves London on a through train to Marseilles and takes passage on either the German East Africa or the Messageries boat, over the route via Suez, Aden, etc.,

reaching Mombasa within nineteen days. On landing at Mombasa, transportation is secured on the Uganda Railroad (three trains a week) to the interior, where the sportsman procures his caravan. He should be able to begin shooting within three to five days after leaving Mombasa. It is advantageous, while going through Aden, to engage a Somali shikaree, or first gun-bearer, and a tracker. These men, while somewhat more expensive than the shikarees that might be engaged nearer the hunting-grounds (receiving sixty-five rupees against twenty-five), are absolutely dependable and do not know the meaning of the word "fear," which is thoroughly understood by the inferior class; and, when shooting game that is liable to charge and make the second rifle a necessity, it will be found that the extra cost is a profitable investment.

Tents, cots, camp-furniture, etc., should be procured in London and carried along; also guns and ammunition. All other articles in the way of food and supplies, such as may be needed, can be procured in Africa, which fact saves a great deal of trouble in transportation. For that matter, one would be reasonably sure of being able to procure an entire outfit in Africa, with the exception of guns and ammunition. There is a ten per cent. duty on everything taken into the country.

Mr. Noël C. Livingston Learmonth, of Hanford, England, who was with us on our

previous trip to the polar regions in the summer of 1906, joined us in London and was my hunting companion. Our outing was confined to British East Africa, and most of the big-game shooting was done on the Tika and Tana rivers, in the Embo country, and around the foot-hills of Mt. Kenia.

The Uganda Railroad train, which we boarded at Mombasa for a spot about two hundred miles inland, was a most primitive affair. Passengers who wish to sleep must provide their own bedding, which may be spread over the leather benches with which the cars are equipped. It is a long remove from a sleeping-car, but it's luxury in that country.

On leaving the coast, the railroad first runs through a heavy growth and then a level stretch of territory, which reminds one of the prairie region of our own country. It is a fertile soil in that region, and on the boundless expanse on each side of the train, as we crawled along, we could see thousands of head of antelope, zebras, giraffes, and smaller animals. It was altogether the most novel train ride that I ever experienced.

In the dry season, which extends over a period of seven and one-half or eight months in the year, I could have used an automobile easily in reaching a point from Nairobi to within about an hour's ride of the spot where we got our first big game. This gives a fair idea of the plain country, about



HEAD OF CAPE BUFFALO WITH A SPREAD OF HORNS OF FIFTY AND ONE-HALF INCHES—THE LARGEST EVER KILLED IN BRITISH EAST AFRICA

An Up-to-Date African Hunt

three hundred miles inland, but in the Cape-buffalo country a dense jungle of thorn-trees of a uniform height is encountered. It is almost impassable, compelling one to crawl on hands and knees or to walk in a stooping posture.

Before we left Mombasa we engaged our "boys"—black servants who did nothing but attend to our personal wants, see that the tents were right, etc. Our caravan had been previously arranged for and was in waiting when we arrived at Nairobi. It consisted of Ali Nur, a Somali, who was head man and was paid the sum of sixty-five rupees per month, a rupee being about thirty-two cents in American money; two shikarees, two skimmers or second gun-bearers, of the Macamba tribe; one cook, three syce, four askaris or soldiers, three donkey-boys, forty-six porters from five tribes, ten donkeys, two mules, and three ponies, besides the under-porters employed by the porters. Each of the ten donkeys carried a load equal to that which formed the burdens of two porters.

At first glance it would appear that this outfit involved an outlay of a considerable sum of money, but such was not the case. A man of moderate means can make the trip without extravagance. The porters are paid three dollars a month each, and out of their combined salaries they pay for the hire of from twelve to fifteen under-porters at thirty-three cents a month each. Boys from eleven to fifteen years of age are employed to carry the porters' food. As food the porters eat a sort of meal, and their maintenance costs from \$1.88 to \$3.30 per day, which, to say the least, is not expensive living for sixty men.

According to the government regulations we supplied each man in our caravan with a woolen jersey and a water-bottle, while every six men were furnished with a canvas. Each porter carried sixty pounds, and some days we covered twenty-nine miles or a fraction over.

The employer of the men is given the right to inflict such punishment as flogging or docking their wages for any infraction of the rules of the caravan. But I had very little trouble with any of the tribes. The law limits the offended employer to the delivery of ten blows, and if a serious misdemeanor is to be expiated the offender is turned over to the commander of one of the

army forts, where the flogging is administered.

Our head man was, as I have said, a Somali, and included among the porters were some of the finest specimens of physical manhood I have ever had the pleasure of beholding. They were



ROAN ANTELOPE KILLED NEAR NAIROBI

most courteous and hospitable. Natives will steal any trifles that they can lay their hands on, but their code of honor demands that they never lie. They may not tell the whole truth of their own free will, but when pinned down they will admit the truth no matter what the offense or how severe the prospective punishment. At least, that was my experience.

If you promise a native a flogging and then don't administer it you lose control over that native and forfeit his respect. If you do flog him and he knows that he has done wrong and deserved it, he will thank you after the punishment is over and bear no ill will toward you. I found it necessary to flog only a few times and always found the recipient of the punishment cheerful and



MR. FLEISCHMANN COMING UPON A ZEBRA HE HAD SHOT

pleasant the next day. Punishment has good effect on the natives, too, for I never found a recurrence of the faults that made the flogging necessary. The only time a native will resent punishment is when you strike him in a sudden fit of temper. The best way is to go about it systematically, in somewhat the spirit of a court of justice, which gives your anger a chance to subside and your blood time to cool down. If a fault is committed in the morning it is best not to consider the case until evening. Then, if the infraction merits it, administer the necessary punishment; the native will know what it is for and will take it like a man.

If you promise a native anything in the way of a gift and forget about it, you have made an enemy; but any little gift will secure his good-will. One

chief sent in to us twenty men loaded down with vegetables, sugar-cane, and other articles of food. In return I sent him back a pair of flaming-red silk socks, with a hole in one of them, and also a necktie of the same brilliant hue, and the chief was mightily pleased with them. He is prob-

ably wearing them now on state occasions. Another time I presented a chief of one of the small tribes with a bracelet which cost me six cents. I told him it was a present from the king of the United States, and he gave me in return two spears and two shields. If I had said that the bracelet was sent to him by the president of the United States he would not have attached any importance whatever to the gift, having no acquaintance with that exalted title.

There has been much discussion as



LION CUB CAPTURED ALIVE AND PRESENTED TO THE CINCINNATI ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS

An Up-to-Date African Hunt



WATER-BUCK

to whether it is best to mix the tribes or to take only men from one tribe in forming the caravan. Not having had enough experience to judge for myself, I acted on the advice of the firm that outfitted me, and from the experience I had afterward I am strongly in favor of the mixed caravan, for the following reason:

When one man deserts from the caravan it means that that man's load of sixty pounds is to be divided among the men that stay. That being the case, and as all desertions take place at night and when within a reasonable distance of the would-be deserter's tribe, you have the men of perhaps five or six other tribes to keep guard and to notify you when you are within reaching distance of the tribe of a dissatisfied member of the caravan. While I had four desertions during the whole time that I was in Africa, which is very light, they all took place while we were within about six or eight miles of some Macamba villages. After these left I put the Macambas in the middle camp and had them guarded, and I had no more trouble.

The British government pays some of the big chiefs six hundred pounds a year, and in return for this they are expected to keep their subjects under control. In this they are very successful. These chiefs are commissioned

to collect a hut tax of one rupee per hut from the tribesmen, which money is turned into the government treasury. From this source the Kenia district, I was told, will contribute seven hundred and fifty thousand rupees this year. At Fort Embo a chief came in with a bodyguard of four hundred warriors, and it was one of the most imposing sights I have ever witnessed. Each wore a headdress of egret or ostrich feathers while over the shoulder was thrown a leopard's skin or the skin of some other animal. Each wore a breech-cloth and had a steel band around his ankle. The men were well drilled. At a signal from the chief they would step in unison, and the steel bands would jingle musically. At the same time they would shift their spears, and the sun's rays would glance from them, making a very pretty spectacle.

We had very little to fear at night. Our camps were constructed in a circle with a thorn zareba in the center for the donkeys, mules, and ponies. All around we built fires which burned all night, with natives constantly on guard. The territory we visited is right on the equator. It is hot during the daytime, but the nearer the mountains are approached the cooler the nights are. We wore pith helmets or double felt hats supplied with air-holes and a



BUSHBUCK KILLED NEAR NAIROBI



PORTERS BRINGING IN HEAD OF RHINOCEROS SHOT BY MR. FLEISCHMANN

backpad to protect us from the sun. The Swaheli language is spoken almost exclusively in that district, so I mastered it fairly well before I attempted to make the trip.

Game is very plentiful in Africa. Mr. Learmonth and myself killed specimens of buffalo, eland, water-buck, impalla, wart-hog, rhinoceros, ourebi, hartbeest, Thomson gazel, wildebeest, lion, bushbuck, roan antelope, springbok, giraffe, hippopotamus, reedbuck, zebra, and steenbok. There is game to be had at every turn, and the food problem therefore is not a serious one.

We started big-game shooting about four days out of Nairobi. We killed a rhinoceros and a number of Cape buffalo, one of which was the record kill for Brit-

ish East Africa, for it had a spread of horns of fifty and one-half inches. Mr. Learmonth afterward killed one that measured forty-four inches from tip to tip of horns. The ourebi we killed were a species of antelope. I caught one just about three hours old, and it came all the way home with

us. We made a feeding-apparatus for the little animal out of pipe-stems, and then sent a runner fifty miles to get a nursing-bottle.

Our sport was devoid of any great danger. The lions were killed without any trouble. In one instance we were, perhaps, particularly fortunate in that we found a lioness with a cub in high grass. Instead of attacking us, under these circumstances, as it was generally supposed she would do, the lioness started to run away, leaving her five-months-



LARGE CAPE BUFFALO WITH FORTY-FOUR INCH SPREAD OF HORNS

old cub to be captured alive by our little party. With a lucky shot we brought down the lioness, at a distance of only fifteen yards, and the shikarees, following the cub through the waving grass, soon captured the little fellow. He was rendered helpless when I threw my coat over his head, and will join the animal colony at the Cincinnati Zoo.

The rhinoceroses which we encountered were easily killed. The vulnerable spots in the rhinoceros are the neck, back of the ear, and back of the shoulder. Mr. Learmonth and myself used a .45 double-barreled cordite, a high-power, medium-caliber magazine rifle fitted with telescopic sights, and one heavy-caliber reserve gun. I also used a 12-gage ball and shotgun, which has a range of three hundred yards and takes a 750-grain bullet, and would recommend a gun of that type as being a good reserve gun and also handy for shooting guinea-fowl, etc., for the pot.

In our quest for big game we used the first and second gun-bearers. The first carried a medium rifle of about .375, while the other carried the reserve gun. The manner in which we procured our lions was by tracking after a rainfall and when the ground was soft, from either their water-holes or any fresh "kill." Then if the lion was not "jumped," we beat any of the likely looking grass or "nullahs," where it would be most likely to be in hiding.

It was at the junction of the Tika and Tana rivers that we witnessed a fight between a rhinoceros and a crocodile. The rhinoceros had come down to the river to drink, and, while it was standing about knee-deep in the water, a crocodile grabbed the big animal by the left hind foot. Then ensued a tug of war. The saurian backed toward deeper water, and the monstrous rhinoceros was exerting all its strength to get back to the shore. It was powerless to use its horns, its only weapons of defense, and you can imagine the size of that crocodile when I say that it pulled the rhinoceros out into deeper water and down-stream for a distance of over one hundred and fifty feet.

Our party was on the bank watching the fight with feverish interest and sympathizing with the rhinoceros, but the rhinoceros did not win out—the battle was unequal. The water soon became discolored with blood, which showed that other crocodiles had

been attracted to the spot and were beginning to make a meal off the rhinoceros. But the end of the rhinoceros had not been far off when the reinforcements for the crocodile began to arrive, and very soon the huge carcass disappeared beneath the water. It was one of the most remarkable sights I have ever beheld. Some of the authorities on big game in Africa who viewed the indistinct photographs we were able to take of this battle, expressed it as their opinion that the crocodile which first took hold of the rhinoceros must have been an enormous creature and in addition have had some tail-hold on a sunken tree or something like that, and that he simply held on until the rhinoceros became tired; then he easily pulled the huge beast downstream. Another interesting spectacle was a herd of more than one hundred hippopotami disporting themselves in the Tana River.

While African big-game hunting is generally considered dangerous sport on account of the beast frequently charging the hunter I believe that, unfortunately, quite a number of sportsmen have slightly exaggerated this phase of the matter. Of course it is impossible for any man to give a final opinion, or rather to make an assertion that is to be regarded as an established fact, especially when that man has had no more experience in the hunting of big game than I, but I make the above statement as the result of the experiences of friends together with my own. A number of men have been killed and injured by lions and rhinoceroses, but all these men were, with very few exceptions, killed or injured by wounded beasts or when following the quarry into thick cover. When doing this there always is danger. Practically every wild beast will run and get away if it has a chance, but every animal, from the small house-cat up, will fight to the last ditch when cornered.

The only beast that charged us without provocation was the rhinoceros. Mr. Learmonth and I were twice obliged to shoot at close quarters—meaning from fifteen to twenty-five yards. But when you take into consideration that we saw seventy-five of these animals that is a small proportion. The rhinoceros must be the exception to the rule that any wild beast will run if it has a chance, because there are authentic records of the rhinoceros having charged caravans,

and in one instance a rhinoceros charged and hit a train on the Uganda Railroad. I don't believe the rhinoceros charges so much from animus against the individual hunter as from a nasty temper and a lack of sight. His sense of smell is very acute, and sometimes he may believe he scents danger ahead and prepares for a charge when in reality there is no danger at all. It is possible that he has his line of retreat all laid out when he lies down in the grass, and very often, when disturbed and you think he is coming right at you, is simply getting back into his line of retreat, suddenly veering around into an altogether different direction from that which you expected him to take.

After leaving Nairobi we found a country of flat plains and game disappointingly scarce. Further on it was grassy and rolling. From there we struck the Tika River, and as we followed the course of the river the country grew more bushy and game plentiful. About halfway down the river we found the first rhinoceros tracks. From there on it was more wooded and broken up to where the Tika and Tana rivers meet. At the base of the Tika and Tana rivers the country is very rough and hilly, with big rocks on top of the hills. At the junction of these two rivers there is a dense scrub, and I saw a herd of about one hundred buffaloes on the other side of the Tana.

At Fort Hall there is quite an altitude, at least five thousand feet above the level of the sea. The nights there were very cool. We then went up toward the Embo country and the slopes of Mt. Kenia, the hunting between these two places being very bad on account of nature "shambas," or cultiva-

tion and villages. The country there is broken and hilly, with very bad thorn thickets. Back toward the other side of the Tana River we struck plains again and thickets at the base of the hills. Then we came down toward Punda Milia, and in

several places heard lions roar along the Tana River. We heard lions roar almost every night in the Embo country. Nearing Embo we found nearly all the natives armed, and of a very fine type, but during the rest of the jaunt we saw very few armed natives or warriors.

Down the Tika River, in one valley less than fifteen miles long and ten miles wide, Mr. Learmonth went into the hills and saw fifteen different varieties of the animal kingdom. There were rhinoceroses, giraffes, elands, roan antelope, water-buck,

bushbuck, reed-buck, kongoni, digdigs, impallas, water-hogs, zebras, monkeys, tom-mies, and wildebeests.

We saw very few snakes on the whole trip, the only ones encountered being one black mamba, one puff-adder, and one python. While we had taken the precaution to lay in a store of mosquito-netting we never had it up, although the last two weeks of our shooting were done in the rain. The only flying pests we had any trouble with were a swarm of flying ants. "Jiggers," little insects that burrow underneath one's skin and toe-nails, and ticks innumerable also caused us considerable annoyance.

I brought home three live animals as souvenirs of our trip and presented them to the Cincinnati Zoo. They are the lioness' cub that I captured when it was not more than five months old, the ourebi that we fed with a drinking-bottle made of pipe-stems, and a kangaroo cat of the lemur family.



HERD OF ONE HUNDRED HIPPOPOTAMI IN
THE TANA RIVER



INTO THE SWEET SCENTS AND NARROW CONFINES OF THEIR UNEVENTFUL EXISTENCE
I BROUGHT THE LARGE AIRS OF THE WORLD

Pictures

Stray Memories of Life in the Underworld

By Jack London

Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall

"What do it matter where or 'ow we die,
So long as we 've our 'ealth to watch it all?"
—*Sestina of the Tramp-Royal*



PERHAPS the greatest charm of tramp-life is the absence of monotony. In Hoboland the face of life is protean—an ever-changing phantasmagoria, where the impossible happens and the unexpected jumps out of the bushes at every turn of the road. The hobo never knows what is going to happen the next moment; hence he lives only in the present moment. He has learned the futility of telic endeavor, and knows the delight of drifting along with the whimsicalities of Chance.

Often I think over my tramp-days, and ever I marvel at the swift succession of pictures that flash up in my memory. It matters not where I begin to think; any day of all the days is a day apart, with a record of swift-moving pictures all its own. For instance, I remember a sunny, summer morning in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, and immediately comes to my mind the auspicious beginning of the day—a "set down" with two maiden ladies, and not in their kitchen, but in their dining-room, with them beside me at the table. We ate eggs, out of egg-cups! It was the first time I had ever seen egg-cups, or heard of egg-cups. I was a bit awkward at first, I'll confess; but I was hungry and unabashed. I mastered the egg-cup, and I mastered the eggs in a way that surprised those two maiden ladies.

Why, they ate like a couple of canaries, dabbling with the one egg each they took, and nibbling at tiny wafers of toast. Life was low in their bodies, their blood ran thin,

and they had slept warm all night. I had been out all night, consuming much fuel of my body to keep warm, beating my way down from a place called Emporium, in the northern part of the state. Wafers of toast! Out of sight! But each wafer was no more than a mouthful to me—nay, no more than a bite. It is tedious to have to reach for another piece of toast each bite when one is potential with many bites.

When I was a very little lad I had a very little dog called Punch. I saw to his feeding myself. Some one in the household had shot a lot of ducks, and we had a fine meat dinner. When I had finished, I prepared Punch's dinner—a large plateful of bones and titbits. I went outside to give it to him. Now it happened that a visitor had ridden over from a neighboring ranch, and with him had come a Newfoundland dog as big as a calf. I set the plate on the ground. Punch wagged his tail and began. He had before him a blissful half-hour at least. There was a sudden rush, Punch was brushed aside like a straw in the path of a cyclone, and that Newfoundland swooped down upon the plate. In spite of his huge maw he must have been trained to quick lunches, for, in the fleeting instant before he received the kick in the ribs I aimed at him, he completely engulfed the contents of the plate. He swept it clean. One last lingering lick of his tongue removed even the grease stains.

As that big Newfoundland behaved at the plate of my dog Punch, so behaved I at the table of those two maiden ladies of Harrisburg. I swept it bare. I didn't break anything, but I cleaned out the eggs and the

toast and the coffee. The servant brought more, but I kept her busy, and ever she brought more and more. The coffee was delicious, but it needn't have been served in such tiny cups. What time had I to eat when it took all my time to prepare the many cups of coffee for drinking?

At any rate it gave my tongue time to wag. Those two maiden ladies, with their pink-and-white complexions and gray curls, had never looked upon the bright face of adventure. As the "Tramp-Royal" would have it, they had worked all their lives "on one same shift." Into the sweet scents and narrow confines of their uneventful existence I brought the large airs of the world, freighted with the lusty smells of sweat and strife, and with the tangs and odors of strange lands and soils. And right well I scratched their soft palms with the callous on my own palms, the half-inch horn that comes of pull and haul of rope and long and arduous hours of caressing shovel-handles. This I did, not merely in the braggadocio of youth, but to prove, by toil performed, the claim I had upon their charity.

Ah, I can see them now, those dear, sweet ladies, just as I sat at their breakfast-table twelve years ago, discoursing upon the way of my feet in the world, brushing aside their kindly counsel as a real devilish fellow should, and thrilling them, not alone with my own adventures, but with the adventures of all the other fellows with whom I had rubbed shoulders and exchanged confidences. I appropriated them all (the adventures of the other fellows, I mean), and if those maiden ladies had been less trustful and guileless they could have tangled me up beautifully in my chronology. Well, well, and what of it? It was fair exchange. For their many cups of coffee, for their eggs and bites of toast, I gave full value. Right royally I gave them entertainment. My coming to sit at their table was their adventure, and adventure is beyond price, anyway.

Coming along the street, after parting from the maiden ladies, I gathered in a newspaper from the doorway of some late-riser, and in a grassy park lay down to get in touch with the last twenty-four hours of the world. There, in the park, I met a fellow-hobo who told me his life-story and wrestled with me to join the United States army. He had given in to the recruiting-officer and was just about to join,

and he couldn't see why I shouldn't join with him. He had been a member of Coxey's Army in the march to Washington several months before, and that seemed to have given him a taste for army life. I, too, was a veteran, for had I not been a private in Company L of the Second Division of Kelly's Industrial Army?—said Company L being commonly known as the "Nevada push." But my army experience had had the opposite effect on me; so I left that hobo to go his way to the dogs of war, while I "threw my feet" for dinner.

This duty performed, I started to walk across the bridge over the Susquehanna to the west shore. I forget the name of the railroad that ran down that side, but while lying in the grass in the morning the idea had come to me to go to Baltimore; so to Baltimore I was going on that railroad, whatever its name was. It was a warm afternoon, and part way across the bridge I came to a lot of fellows who were in swimming off one of the piers. Off went my clothes and in went I. The water was fine; but when I came out and dressed I found I had been robbed. Some one had gone through my clothes. Now I leave it to you if being robbed isn't in itself adventure enough for one day. I have known men who have been robbed and who have talked all the rest of their lives about it. True, the thief that went through my clothes didn't get much—some thirty or forty cents in nickels and pennies, and my tobacco and cigarette-papers; but it was all I had, which is more than most men can be robbed of, for they have something left at home, while I had no home. It was a pretty tough gang in swimming there. I sized it up, and knew better than to squeal. So I begged "the makings," and I could have sworn it was one of my own papers I rolled the tobacco in.

Then on across the bridge I hiked to the west shore. Here ran the railroad I was after. No station was in sight. How to catch a freight without walking to a station was the problem. I noticed that the track came up a steep grade, culminating at the point where I had come upon it, and I knew that a heavy freight couldn't pull up there any too fast. But how fast? On the opposite side of the track rose a high bank. On the edge, at the top, I saw a man's head sticking up from the grass. Perhaps he knew how fast the freights took the grade, and when the next one went south. I called

out my questions to him, and he motioned to me to come up.

I obeyed, and when I reached the top I found four other men lying in the grass with him. I took in the scene and knew them for what they were, American Gypsies. In the open space that extended back among the trees from the edge of the bank were several nondescript wagons. Ragged, half-naked children swarmed over the camp, though I noticed that they took care not to come near and bother the men folk. Several lean, unbeautiful, and toil-degraded women were pottering about with camp-chores, and I noticed one who sat by herself on the seat of one of the wagons, her head drooped forward, her knees drawn up to her chin and clasped limply by her arms. She did not look happy. She looked as if she did not care for anything—in this I was wrong, for later I was to learn that there was something for which she did care. The full measure of human suffering was in her face, and, in addition, there was the tragic expression of incapacity for further suffering. Nothing could hurt any more was what her face seemed to portray; but in this, too, I was wrong.

I lay in the grass on the edge of the steep and talked with the men folk. We were kin, brothers. I was the American hobo, and they were the American Gypsy. I knew enough of their argot for conversation, and they knew enough of mine. There were two more in their gang, who were across the river "mushing" in Harrisburg. A "musher" is an itinerant faker. This word is not to be confounded with the Klondike "musher," though the origin of both terms may be the same, namely, the corruption of the French *marcher*, to march, to walk, to "mush." The particular graft of the two mushers who had crossed the river was umbrella-mending; but what real graft lay behind their umbrella-mending I was not told, nor would it have been polite to ask.

It was a glorious day. Not a breath of wind was stirring, and we basked in the shimmering warmth of the sun. From everywhere arose the drowsy hum of insects, and the balmy air was filled with scents of the sweet earth and the green growing things. We were too lazy to do more than mumble on an intermittent conversation. And then, all abruptly, the peace and quietude was jarred awry by man.

Two bare-legged boys of eight or nine in some minor way broke some rule of the camp—what it was I do not know; and a man who lay beside me suddenly sat up and called to them. He was chief of the tribe, a man with narrow forehead and narrow-slitted eyes, whose thin lips and twisted sardonic features explained why the two boys jumped and tensed like startled deer at the sound of his voice. The alertness of fear was in their faces, and they turned, in a panic, to run. He called to them to come back, and one boy lagged behind reluctantly, his meager little frame portraying in pantomime the struggle between fear and reason within him. He wanted to come back. His intelligence and past experiences told him that to come back was a lesser evil than to run on; but lesser evil that it was, it was great enough to put wings to his fear and urge his feet to flight.

Still he lagged and struggled until he reached the shelter of the trees, where he halted. The chief of the tribe did not pursue. He sauntered over to a wagon and picked up a heavy whip. Then he came back to the center of the open space and stood still. He did not speak. He made no gestures. He was the Law, pitiless and omnipotent. He merely stood there and waited. And I knew, and the men and women knew, and the two boys in the shelter of the trees knew for what he waited.

The boy who had lagged slowly came back. His face was stamped with quivering resolution. He did not falter. He had made up his mind to take his punishment. And mark you, the punishment was not for the original offense, but for the offense of running away. And in this that tribal chieftain but behaved as behaves the exalted society in which he lived. We punish our criminals, and when they escape and run away we bring them back and add to their punishment.

Straight up to the chief the boy came, halting at the proper distance for the swing of the lash. The whip hissed through the air, and I caught myself with a start of surprise at the weight of the blow. The thin little leg was so very thin and little. The flesh showed white where the lash had curled and bitten, and then, where the white had shown, sprang up the savage welt, with here and there along its length little scarlet oozings where the skin had broken. Again the whip swung, and the boy's whole body

winned in anticipation of the blow, though he did not move from the spot. His will held good. A second welt sprang up, and a third. It was not until the fourth blow landed that the boy screamed. Also, he could no longer stand still, and from then on, blow after blow, he danced up and down in his anguish, screaming; but he did not attempt to run away. If his involuntary dancing took him beyond the reach of the whip, he danced back into range again. And when it was all over—a dozen blows—he went away, whimpering and squealing, among the wagons.

The chief stood still and waited. The second boy came out from the trees. But he did not come straight. He came like a cringing dog, obsessed by little panics that made him turn and dart away for half a dozen steps. But always he turned and came back, circling nearer and nearer to the man, whimpering, making inarticulate animal noises in his throat. I saw that he never looked at the man. His eyes always were fixed upon the whip, and in his eyes was a terror that made me sick—the frantic terror of an inconceivably maltreated child. I have seen strong men dropping right and left out of battle and squirming in their death-throes, I have seen them by scores blown into the air by bursting shells and their bodies torn asunder; believe me, the witnessing was as merrymaking and laughter and song to me in comparison with the way the sight of that poor child affected me.

The whipping began. The whipping of the first boy was as play compared with this one. In no time the blood was running down his thin little legs. He danced and squirmed and doubled up till it seemed almost that he was some grotesque marionette operated by strings. I say "seemed," for his screaming gave the lie to the seeming and stamped it with reality. His shrieks were shrill and piercing, with no hoarse notes in them but only the thin sexlessness of the voice of a child. The time came when the boy could stand it no more. Reason fled, and he tried to run away. But now the man followed up, curbing his flight, herding him with blows back always into the open space.

Then came interruption. I heard a wild smothered cry. The woman who sat in the wagon-seat had got out and was running to interfere. She sprang between the man and the boy.

"You want some, eh?" said he with the whip. "All right then."

He swung the whip upon her. Her skirts were long, so he did not try for her legs. He drove the lash for her face, which she shielded as best she could with her hands and forearms, drooping her head forward between her lean shoulders and receiving the blows on the lean shoulders and arms. Heroic mother! She knew just what she was doing. The boy, still shrieking, was making his get-away to the wagons.

And all the while the four men lay beside me and watched and made no move. Nor did I move, and without shame I say it; though my reason was compelled to struggle hard against my natural impulse to rise up and interfere. I knew life. Of what use to the woman, or to me, would be my being beaten to death by five men there on the bank of the Susquehanna? I once saw a man hanged, and though my whole soul cried protest, my mouth cried not. Had it cried, I should most likely have had my skull crushed by the butt of a revolver, for it was the law that the man should hang. And here, in this Gipsy group, it was the law that the woman should be whipped.

Even so, the reason in both cases that I did not interfere was not that it was the law, but that the law was stronger than I. Had it not been for those four men beside me in the grass, right gladly would I have waded into the man with the whip. And, barring the accident of the landing on me with a knife or a club in the hands of some of the various women of the camp, I am confident that I should have beaten him. But the four men *were* beside me in the grass. They made their law stronger than I.

Oh, believe me, I did my own suffering. I had seen women beaten before, often, but never had I seen such a beating as this. Her dress across the shoulders was cut into shreds. One blow that had passed her guard had raised a bloody welt from cheek to chin. Not one blow nor two, not one dozen nor two dozen, but endlessly, infinitely, that whip-lash smote and curled about her. The sweat poured from me, and I breathed hard, clutching at the grass with my hands until I strained it out by the roots. And all the time my reason kept whispering "Fool! Fool!" That welt on the face nearly did for me. I started to rise to my feet; but the hand of the man next to me went out to my shoulder and pressed me down.

"Easy, pardner, easy," he warned me in a low voice. I looked at him. His eyes met mine unwaveringly. He was a large man, broad-shouldered and heavy-muscled; and his face was lazy, phlegmatic, slothful, withal kindly, yet without passion, and quite soulless—a dim soul, unmalicious, unmoral, bovine, and stubborn. Just an animal he was, with no more than a faint flickering of intelligence, a good-natured brute with the strength and mental caliber of a gorilla. His hand pressed heavily upon me, and I knew the strength of the muscles behind. I looked at the other brutes, two of them unperturbed and incurious, and one of them that gloated over the spectacle; and my reason came back to me, my muscles relaxed, and I sank down in the grass.

My mind went back to the two maiden ladies with whom I had had breakfast that morning. Less than two miles, as the crow flies, separated them from this scene. Here, in the windless day, under a beneficent sun, was a sister of theirs being beaten by a brother of mine. Here was a page of life they could never see—and better so, though for lack of seeing they would never be able to understand their sisterhood nor themselves, nor know the clay of which they were made. For it is not given to woman to live in sweet-scented, narrow rooms, and at the same time be a little sister to all the world.

The whipping was finished, and the woman, no longer screaming, went back to her seat in the wagon. Nor did the other women come to her, just then. They were afraid. But they came afterward, when a decent interval had elapsed. The man put the whip away and rejoined us, flinging himself down on the other side of me. He was breathing hard from his exertions. He wiped the sweat from his eyes on his coat-sleeve, and looked challengingly at me. I returned his look carelessly; what he had done was no concern of mine. I did not go away abruptly. I lay there half an hour longer, which, under the circumstances, was tact and etiquette. I rolled cigarettes from tobacco I borrowed from them, and when I slipped down the bank to the railroad I was equipped with the necessary information for catching the next freight bound south.

Well, and what of it? It was a page out of life, that's all; and there are many pages worse, far worse, that I have seen. I have sometimes held forth (facetiously, so my

listeners believed) that the chief distinguishing trait between man and the other animals is that man is the only animal that maltreats the females of his kind. It is something of which no wolf nor cowardly coyote is ever guilty. It is something that even the dog, degenerated by domestication, will not do. The dog still retains the wild instinct in this matter, while man has lost most of his wild instincts—at least, most of the good ones.

Worse pages of life than what I have described? Read the reports on child labor in the United States—East, West, North, and South, it doesn't matter where—and know that all of us are typesetters and printers of worse pages of life than that mere page of wife-beating on the Susquehanna.

I went down the grade a hundred yards to where the footing beside the track was good. Here I could catch my freight as it pulled slowly up the hill, and here I found half a dozen hoboes waiting for the same purpose. Several were playing seven-up with an old pack of cards. I took a hand. A negro began to shuffle the deck. He was fat, and young, and moon-faced. He beamed with good nature. It fairly oozed from him. As he dealt the first card to me, he paused and said,

"Say, Bo, ain't I done seen you befo'?"

"You sure have," I answered. "An' you didn't have those same duds on, either."

He was puzzled.

"D'ye remember Buffalo?" I queried.

Then he knew me, and with laughter and ejaculation hailed me as a comrade; for at Buffalo his clothes had been striped while he did his bit of time in the Erie County penitentiary. For that matter, my clothes had been likewise striped, for I had been doing my bit of time, too.

The game proceeded, and I learned the stake for which we played. Down the bank toward the river descended a steep and narrow path that led to a spring some twenty-five feet beneath. We played on the edge of the bank. The man who was "stuck" had to take a small condensed-milk can, and with it carry water to the winners.

The first game was played, and the negro was stuck. He took the small milk-tin and climbed down the bank, while we sat above and geyed him. We drank like fish. Four round trips he had to make for me alone, and the others were equally lavish with their thirst. The path was very steep, and sometimes the negro slipped when part way up,

The Spinner

spilled the water, and had to go back for more. But he didn't get angry. He laughed as heartily as any of us; that was why he slipped so often. Also he assured us of the prodigious quantities of water he would drink when some one else got stuck.

When our thirst was quenched, another game was started. Again the negro was stuck, and again we drank our fill. A third game and a fourth ended the same way, and each time that moon-faced darky nearly died with delight at appreciation of the fate that Chance was dealing out to him. And we nearly died with him, what of our delight. We laughed like careless children, or gods, there on the edge of the bank. I know that I laughed till it seemed the top of my head would come off; and I drank from the milk-tin till I was nigh water-logged. Serious discussion arose as to whether we could successfully board the freight when it pulled up the grade, what of the weight of water secreted on our persons. This particular phase of the situation just about finished the negro. He had to break off from water-carrying for at least five minutes while he lay down and rolled with laughter.

The lengthening shadows stretched farther and farther across the river, and the soft, cool twilight came on, and ever we drank water, and ever our ebony cupbearer brought more and more. Forgotten was the beaten woman of the hour before. That was a page read and turned over; I was busy now with this new page, and when the engine whistled on the grade this page would be finished and another begun; and so the book of life goes on, page after page and pages without end—when one is young.

And then we played a game in which the negro failed to be stuck. The victim was a lean and dyspeptic-looking hobo, the one who had laughed least of all of us. We said we didn't want any water—which was the truth. Not the wealth of Ormuz and of Ind, nor the pressure of a pneumatic ram, could have forced another drop into my saturated body. The negro looked disappointed, then rose to the occasion and guessed he'd have some. He meant it, too. He had some, and then some, and then some. Ever the melancholy hobo climbed down and up the steep bank, and ever the negro called for more. He drank more water than all the rest of us together. The twilight deepened into night, the stars came out, and he still drank on. I do believe that if the whistle of the freight hadn't sounded, he'd be there yet, drinking water and revenge while the melancholy hobo toiled down and up.

But the whistle sounded. The page was done. We sprang to our feet and strung out alongside the track. There she came, coughing and spluttering up the grade, the headlight turning night into day and silhouetting us in sharp relief. The engine passed us, and we were all running with the train, some boarding on the side-ladders, others "springing" the side doors of empty box-cars and climbing in. I caught a flat car loaded with mixed lumber, and crawled away into a comfortable nook. I lay on my back with a newspaper under my head for a pillow. Above me the stars were winking and wheeling in squadrons back and forth as the train rounded the curves, and watching them I fell asleep. The day was done—one day of all my days. To-morrow would be another day, and I was young.

The Spinner

By Beth Slater Whitson

So long, so long, O Soul, the spindle I have tended,

For bridal robe and gown the silken threads drawn fine:
The silver and the gold together I have blended

For gorgeous altar-cloth to veil the sacred shrine.

Yet are they not for me; my heart with pain is rended,

Love's rose I shall not wear, nor may I taste its wine,
Though long, so long, O Soul, the spindle I have tended,

For bridal robe and shroud the threads drawn smooth and fine.



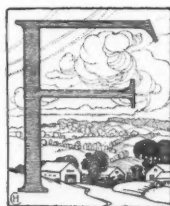
AARONOWSKY CLOSED ONE EYE AND GAZED INTENTLY AT BARRON WITH THE OTHER

Sing Ho for Isidore Haimovitz!

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Horace Taylor

I



FAIN would I shiver the timbers of the stately liner as her starboard bow tossed glistening pearls of spray high in the air. Gladly would I describe the gleam of her peak-halyards and the iridescent sheen of her bilge-keel as her mizzen shrouds flaunted themselves boldly in the breeze. Cheerfully, aye, joyfully, would I paint the glories of her dolphin-striker, her flying-jib, her mizzen topgallant sail, and her clew-garnets as she plowed resistlessly through the sun-spangled brine. For there is something fascinating and romantic about the glib use of these nautical terms that has always appealed to me. Unfortunately, however, I do not know the meaning of one from the other—they are merely memories

of gallant descriptions in thrilling sea-tales I have read.

Suffice it, therefore, that the liner had left Bremen and was somewhere on the bosom of the Atlantic Ocean, and that a lady and a gentleman of the first cabin stood upon some kind of a deck, where ladies and gentlemen of the first cabin are allowed to stand, looking over some kind of a rail that separated them from the steerage-passengers who, in many a picturesque group, were sunning themselves in that space—whatever the name of it may be—in which steerage-passengers are supposed to sun themselves.

"What a bright-eyed, chubby little darling!" exclaimed the lady, pointing to a four- or five-year-old hopeful who, with the aid of a tin pan, was endeavoring to sink the ship by knocking out the side. The gentleman nodded approvingly.

"Children seem to be about alike," he

commented, "no matter where you find them."

"And see that picturesque old man with the long gray beard. He looks like one of the old prophets. What do you suppose he will do in America?"

"Peddle, probably, or work in a sweatshop. That's what they all do. It— Oh, I say! Isn't that a beautiful girl!"

The lady gazed long and steadily upon the object of her companion's admiration. Then, "She isn't a girl; she's a young woman," said she.

"Oh, I don't think she is more than eighteen or nineteen, at the most. But what beautiful brown eyes she has! And what a complexion! To think that a beautiful creature like that should be doomed to steerage fare."

The lady yawned gently. "Come," she said, "let us go into the library and find something to read."

She walked away and the gentleman followed her, and you might have discerned the very faintest shadow of a smile upon his face. And now we have nothing further to do with the first cabin, so let us cross the rail and join the steerage group where were the picturesque old man who looked like a prophet and the little darling who was trying to sink the ship and the girl who was beautiful. The beautiful girl was knitting or sewing or doing some kind of fussy work with a needle as though all her life depended upon her occupation; she seemed entirely oblivious of all her surroundings. Two young men who were promenading slowly back and forth across this steerage space passed her at regular intervals, and although at the point of their nearest approach to her they invariably became intensely interested in some vague spot on the horizon on the opposite side of the ship, the young woman, who, of course, had not noticed them, became more absorbed in her work than ever.

In fact, the only person who seemed at all interested in this maneuvering was the picturesque old man. This personage seemed to have a wonderful knack of keeping one eye upon the girl while the other followed the two parading young men. During all this while the little darling was hammering manfully at the side of the ship in his heroic effort to sink it.

Solomon Barron, like all of us, had his troubles. Solomon Barron was the picturesque old man who looked like a prophet. In the first place, he was no prophet—this being one of his greatest troubles—for he was constantly worrying what doleful experiences the future had in store for him. In the second place, he was the father of Leah Barron, the beautiful girl who was so unmindful of the passing to and fro of the two young men, and any man who is the father of a beautiful girl carries as big a share of the burden of life's responsibility as he ought, in justice, to be asked to carry. The greatest trouble of all was this journey to the New World.

"Come over and live with me," his brother had written. "I have a good business in Chicago, and you can work with me. Bring Leah with you. I have a fine party for her if she is still as pretty as she used to be. If you have made any other arrangements for her you had better stop them until after I have talked with you. I have a fine young man whose father is very rich, and when I showed him Leah's picture he became crazy."

Fortunately Barron had made no other arrangements. Once or twice, as he gazed at the beautifully rounded chin of his daughter, he caught himself wondering what would have happened if he had tried

to make arrangements for Leah. But he only sighed. Her mother had been so easy-going, so docile, so different! Among the thousand emigrants on board the ship there was only one to whom Barron felt that he



"NOW," WHISPERED SINDEL, "AS WE PASS HER THIS TIME, I AM GOING TO SMILE"



"LEAH," SAID HER FATHER, "IT IS TIME FOR YOU TO GO TO BED."

could confide his tale of trouble and that was his townsman, Moische Aaronowsky. The only drawback to the situation was that Moische Aaronowsky had quite a lot of troubles of his own and was quite as eager to unburden himself—in fact, there was a striking resemblance between the situations in which the two men found themselves.

"Comes a letter from my daughter," Aaronowsky had explained to Barron, "to say I should come over with mama because she had a good place as a cook and pretty soon she goes for to get married to a party. And just when all is ready for us to go, what happens? Dies my uncle and leaves me money—not much, but enough. And if I write a letter maybe she will not get it, maybe she will not understand—who knows what might happen? So here I hurry over to tell her she need not cook and she need not marry her party and maybe she can make a good match. But oy! oy! such troubles! Just before I sail I get a letter, and she says the wedding comes off next week—just two days after I get to New York. Oy! oy! Suppose the ship is late?"

"But," remarked Barron, "you are still lucky. If you come in time your daughter will do as you say. You do not have to worry if she will obey you or not."

Aaronowsky closed one eye and gazed intently at Barron with the other.

"Who told you so?" he demanded.

Isaac Melinsky, who came from the same town, was on his way to join his son who had settled in Savannah. Throughout the entire voyage Melinsky, continuously clutching a letter in his hand, was in a state of suppressed excitement.

"What d'ye think," he said to Aaronowsky, "my son writes that where he lives there are thousands of people who are black and they are ge-lynched! Can it be true?"

But Aaronowsky only gazed at him mournfully. What did he care? Suppose the ship were late? And when Melinsky imparted his startling budget to Barron, he received but a stony stare in return. What did Barron care? Suppose Leah refused to accept the rich party? Nor was this the full census of unhappy souls in the steerage. The two young men who kept promenading back and forth before the fair Leah bore a burden of woe by the side of which all other burdens were ridiculous. They were of about the same age, both were dark, and both had fine brown eyes. But while young Sindel strode with the assertive step of a man who has full confidence in himself, there was something hesitating and timid about David

Mandel, an air of charming modesty that was exceedingly attractive to people whose experience in life had demonstrated to them the rarity of this grace.

"Now," whispered Sindel to his friend, "as we pass her this time, I am going to smile."

"But what is the use of smiling," whispered David, "if she doesn't see us?"

"Oh, don't worry about that! She sees us all right!"

But at the crucial moment Sindel's heart failed him and he gazed intently out to sea.

"Well, why didn't you smile?" asked David.

"Sh! Her father is watching us."

And thus the two faint hearts walked back and forth, absolutely without jealousy of each other, for neither had as much as spoken to the girl, and the day wore on and little Isidore Haimovitz, the five-year-old angel, toiled and struggled manfully, with his tin pan, to sink the ship. That evening, however, Sindel displayed his superiority to David by resorting to strategy. He seated himself in a deserted corner with his Hebrew prayer-book on his lap and waited patiently until he espied Barron walking slowly up and down the deck with his daughter. Then rising, as if in sudden determination, he approached them, made a profound bow, and addressed Barron.

"Worthy sir, would you be so good as to explain to me the meaning and significance of this passage?" he asked, and in an attitude of utmost deference to the older man pointed to a line in the liturgy, never, for an instant, casting a glance at Leah, who had suddenly averted her head to conceal a smile. Barron, completely disarmed, gazed intently at the difficult passage and began to translate it.

"I thank you, sir," replied Sindel, bowing again. "The moment I laid eyes upon you I knew you, sir, to be a Hebrew scholar."

Barron beamed, but with proper deprecation replied:

"Not so bad! Yet I was a better scholar when I was young. But we forget those things. Would you believe it, when I was your age, I could recite almost the whole Mishna?"

"You don't say!" exclaimed Sindel, quite excitedly. He even glanced at Leah.

"Isn't that remarkable!" he said to her. She turned her eyes upon him and he ob-

served that they were brimful of laughter.

"Papa is very smart," she said.

"Leah," said her father, "it is time for you to go to bed. This young man and I will discuss the Talmud, which does not interest you."

With a merry laugh Leah went below, and after that, for two hours, her father expounded for the benefit of the luckless Sindel all the intricacies of the Talmud that he could think of. When a Talmudic scholar begins to unburden himself upon the subject of the Talmud he is launched upon a boundless sea where neither time nor man exists. A veteran of a war, reciting the exploits of his regiment, is taciturn compared with the hair-splitting devotee of Talmudic lore. Barron told Sindel all that he had ever read in the Talmud. Then he told him what he thought of the portions that he had read. Then he told him what he had told Rabbi Zeb Aarons about what he had read in the Talmud, and repeated, as nearly as he could remember, what Rabbi Zeb Aarons had said to him. Which, naturally, reminded him of what Rabbi Zadok Levitzky had said upon the same subject, etc., etc., etc., etc. Once Sindel tried to slip away, but Barron thrust a long finger through his buttonhole and held him more firmly than the Ancient Mariner held his hearer. Once Sindel tried to change the subject of discussion to Leah, but he might as well have tried to divert the current of Niagara. It was not until a huge wave, dashing against the side of the ship, showered them with spray that Barron released the young man, and Sindel fled. He found his friend wide awake.

"Where have you been?" asked David.

"I have spoken to her and she spoke to me," replied Sindel airily. "She smiled at me, too."

David sat bolt upright in his bunk. "What did she say?"

Sindel grinned. "Conversation between lover and sweetheart must never be repeated. Ouch!"

David had thrown a shoe at him.

When the sun caught up with the ship again Isidore Haimovitz experienced a change of heart. Never again would he attempt to sink the ship with a tin pan, for not only had the ship's steel side resisted every blow, but one of the stewards had taken the pan from him. How much better

it would be, thought the little darling, to leave the ship to its fate and turn his attention to the passengers! So, upon this day, little Isidore decided to become a general pest, and succeeded quite admirably. His mother, who meant well but was very seasick, reprimanded him severely each time complaint was made and administered two or three feeble spankings. But Isidore was healthy and in high spirits and not to be daunted by either scolding or corporal punishment. It was not until Leah Barron discovered him with a pair of scissors cutting the ropes that bound most of the trunks that were piled in a big heap on the deck, that the little darling became penitent. Leah gently explained to him that she was going to tell the captain and that the customary punishment for that particular offense was to be thrown overboard.

"Don't tell!" whispered Isidore. "No do it no more!"

After that Leah kept him prisoner upon her lap during most of the day, and it was with this little cherub nestling in her arms and stroking her pretty cheek that Sindel found her.

"Ah! Good morning!" was his debonair greeting. Leah gazed at him in amazement, and Sindel's countenance changed to a deep red.

"You do not remember me? I spoke to your father last night. We discussed the Talmud. Don't you remember? You said he was very smart." In his heart he was deeply grateful that David was not there to witness his discomfiture. But Leah's face showed no signs of recognition—nothing save icy indifference, and Sindel, crushed and drooping, turned sadly away. And then Leah, hiding her face in the long tresses of little Isidore, burst into laughter.

When David appeared upon the scene Leah still sat with the little imp upon her lap, presenting as fresh and pretty a picture as his eye had ever beheld. Little Isidore, attracted by David's friendly appearance, presently abandoned Leah and came to him.

"I good boy," he explained. "No throw me in water if I be good boy?"

David smiled at him. "No. Not if you're very good. Only naughty boys are thrown into the water." He looked at Leah and found that she was smiling, and his heart gave a joyful leap. Then, emboldened by this great concession, he took the lad in his arms and seated himself beside her.

"Come," he said. "If you'll promise to be a good boy I'll tell you a nice story."

Isidore's eyes sparkled. "Me good boy!" he promised.

"Once upon a time," began David, "there was a young man who was poor — oh! very poor. And he fell suddenly in love with a beautiful princess." David felt his cheeks reddening at his own temerity and being afraid to look at Leah failed to observe how her eyes sparkled and how her lips trembled upon the verge of laughter.

"I got red choo-choo car," interrupted Isidore very gravely. "Mama say when I get big I get horsey."

"You're a fine listener," said David, and he turned, with his most winning smile, to

Leah just in time to see the edge of her skirt disappear around a corner of the deck. He bit his lip. Then Isidore clutched him tightly and, in penitent mood, said:

"Me listen. Tell nice story."

And, just then, catching sight of his mother, he hailed her vociferously:

"Mama, nice man tell nice story. Come, listen." Whereupon Mrs. Haimovitz seated herself in Leah's place and turned an expectant face upon David. Inwardly cursing his luck, David launched upon as incoherent and wandering a fairy-tale as mortal mind had ever conceived and, for a whole hour, had to submit to the badgering of Isidore, who insisted upon his reconciling the inconsistent points of an unreconcilable story. The arrival of Isaac Melinsky filled him with joyful relief.

"Run away, little boy," he said. "Run



HE TOOK THE LAD IN HIS ARMS AND SEATED HIMSELF BESIDE HER

to nice lady. I want to speak with man."

Isidore ran all over the ship in search of Leah, to whom he repeated a most wonderful version of David's weird fairy-tale.

Meanwhile Isaac Melinsky had found David a willing listener to the wonderful tale of the dark people who were "ge-lynched" in Georgia, as his son wrote. Not that David heard but he stood perfectly still and gazed out to sea while Melinsky talked. It was only when he heard Barron's name mentioned that he listened.

"He wouldn't listen to me," said Melinsky, holding tightly to David's arm as they paced up and down the deck. "He said he had troubles of his own. He is taking over his daughter to marry a rich party that he never saw. But I said to him: 'Supposing he is one of the black ones my

son writes about? What then?' You see, we can't tell how many of them there are. All black, my son says, from head to foot."

But David heard no more. "I might have expected it," he thought. "Pearls like that are not to be picked up by beggars. Ah, me! But she is beautiful!"

It happened at that moment that little Isidore escaped from Leah's lap and started off on some errand of mischief at full speed. Quick as a flash Leah was up and after him. Isidore turned the corner of a cabin and came into swift collision with the knees of David, who was approaching from the opposite direction, and who was bent almost double by the force of the contact. And Leah, turning the same corner swiftly after Isidore and being considerably taller, bumped her stubborn little chin upon the crown of David's hard head with such force that both promptly sat down upon the deck. It was Leah who first found her tongue.

"Stupid!" she exclaimed, after they had picked themselves up. "Couldn't you see where you were going?" And then, realizing that it was she who had been running, she turned red and fled from the scene. The long and short of it all being that, during the rest of the voyage, whenever she met either Sindel or David upon deck, she tossed her dainty little head at an angle of contempt which galled them both exceedingly.

Many a time, during the remainder of the voyage, did David stand, half hidden in some secluded corner of the ship where he could see Leah as she strolled back and forth and feast his hungry eyes upon her pretty features, while his friend scowled at him for his lack of sociability.

"Are you a fool?" Sindel would ask. "Don't you see that she doesn't even know we are alive? Why do you waste time think-

ing about her? Do as I do. When I pass her I don't notice her. I look right through her as if she didn't exist. That is the real way to attract her attention. Believe me, for I know all about girls."

"Go away! Go away!" was David's only reply to all this. And Sindel would walk off sulkily.

As a matter of fact there were far more important things for these two young men to think of than a pair of sparkling eyes. After several years of struggling against tremendous odds in their studies in one of the Russian universities, the pressure of poverty in conjunction with the strong anti-Semitic prejudices and petty tyrannies of the institution of learning had forced them to abandon their course. They had scraped together barely enough money to carry them across the sea to the Golden Land of Opportunity, and had left their native land without the barest idea of what they would do once they arrived in New York. It



"STUPID!" SHE EXCLAIMED, AFTER THEY HAD PICKED THEMSELVES UP. "COULDN'T YOU SEE WHERE YOU WERE GOING?"

would have been far wiser, therefore, had David concentrated his wits upon his future career instead of allowing a pretty girl to absorb all his thoughts. Yet such is the amazing way of the world—and of thoughts—and of pretty girls!

The Talmud, in the profundity of its wisdom, says, "All things must end." In consequence of which law and in spite of the ship's burden of troubles the voyage finally came to an end. Solomon Barron was still sighing over the possibility of his daughter refusing to accept the rich suitor who awaited her in Chicago; Moische Aaronowsky was still worrying lest he might find his daughter married to a poor man, in ignorance of the good fortune that had descended upon the house of Aaronowsky; Isaac Melinsky was still puzzled over the existence of people who were black and who sometimes were ge-lynched; and David Mandel was still in a sort of daze over the beauty of Leah Barron, when the ship passed under the torch of Liberty's statue, and the panorama of the great harbor of the metropolis unfolded itself before their eyes. A few hours later the steerage-passengers were landed on Ellis Island, the clearing-house of the New World, to be inspected and examined and questioned and cross-questioned and distributed to their destinations. And there this entire episode would have ended, and none of us, probably, would ever have known the first thing about it, had it not been for Isidore Haimovitz, male cherub, *about* 5. Wherefore,

Sing ho for Isidore Haimovitz!

There is but little time wasted on Ellis Island. There are thousands upon thousands of immigrants who must be recorded, checked off, and disposed of within a given time, and the thing has to be done with despatch and precision. Each immigrant, as his pedigree is taken, receives a card or tag, bearing, in conspicuous letters, the name of his destination, after which he practically loses all personal identity and becomes, to all intents and purposes, an article of freight or baggage properly labeled. Some immigrants pin or tie these cards upon their

coats, some stick them into their hat-bands, and some hold them in their hands in such a way that every passing inspector can see them. And, as each boat is ready to take the immigrants to the various railroad stations, the inspectors hurry through the throng and collect the various holders of Philadelphia or Chicago or Oshkosh labels—as the case may be—and gently hustle them on board their respective boats. The immigrant rarely protests or explains. The label means nothing to him. He follows the inspector's beck and call. It is a wonderful country. So quick!

Mama Haimovitz was patiently waiting her turn and keeping an apprehensive eye on Isidore, who was wiggling in and out of a throng of immigrants, when the young hopeful, with a cry of glee, ran toward her, flourishing a handful of labels that he had gathered.

"See, mama!" he cried. "Look what I got!"

Mama Haimovitz looked at them. Some bore the name of Chicago, some the name of Albany, some Savannah, some St. Louis, and some New Orleans.

"Where did Baby get them?" she asked.

"Oo-o-o! I got some from the mans's hats and from the ladies' coats and from nice mans's pocket," replied Isidore in his Yiddish prattle.

"That's nice," remarked mama, "and now go and put them all right back or mama will give you a good spanking and send' you back on the ship."

The threat of being sent across that wide stretch of water again impressed Isidore profoundly, and with meekness of spirit and humbleness of heart, he returned each label to the place where he had found it—as *nearly as he could remember!*

And just then the chief inspector yelled to all the assistant inspectors: "Boats for the southern and western trains all ready. Lively, now! Hustle 'em aboard!"

And the inspectors, darting hither and thither through the crowded room, collected the labeled immigrants and gently shoed them toward the boats.

Sing ho for Isidore Haimovitz!

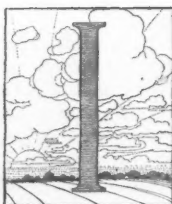
The conclusion of this story will appear in the next issue.



The Sad Case of the Society Play

HOW THE SELFISHNESS AND FOLLY OF THE ACTOR-MANAGERS
OF LONDON ARE PERVERTING THE ART OF THE PLAYWRIGHT
AND REVOLUTIONIZING ALL IDEAS OF DRAMATIC CHIVALRY

By Alan Dale



In a stifling atmosphere of patchouli and musk, the London dramatic season is, at this moment of writing, gasping out a last, distressing breath. It is on the verge of passing out, and one says of it, in the condolent spirit usually offered in cases of incurable disease, "'Tis better thus, for who could have longed for life amidst perpetual suffering?" This is conventional sympathy, of course—the sort you write when you hear of the demise of somebody you don't care a hang about, and can think of nothing better to say—but it is exceedingly appropriate and sufficient.

The London season, like Queen Anne, is dying of shortness of breath, but the event has been assuredly hastened by fatty degeneration of the decencies. I have been vividly impressed by its complete lack of health, its utter absence of honesty and purpose, its futility, its frivolity, and—its decadence. Its drama is that of the degenerate drawing-room; its sex interest is that of illicit intrigue and third-rate Paris; its humor is that of "double meaning" and vapid cynicism; its successful playwrights are those who immolate their own graceful sentiments upon the shrine of the senseless thing called "society."

The London drama is the slave of the evening-garbed nincompoops of both genders. It is entirely subservient to the tepid languor of the alcove; it is wanting in the saving grace of fresh air; it is horribly afraid of simplicity and primitive motive; it has reached the atrocious stage where its "love interest" is pathological—always one of the most dangerous signs of disease; and it is lost in a billowy sea of expense, of absurdly costly production, and of effeminate luxury.

This sounds very sweeping and dismal, doesn't it? Yet it is not one whit exaggerated, and it is the first impression, the second impression, and the third impression of the newly arrived. The London public is famished for the one breath of life that the drama needs, and for which, just at present, it must look to U. S. A. Few believed that such a play as, for instance, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," had even a fighting chance in London. Although I liked the play immensely and was intensely amused at its simplicity I had little faith in its London possibilities. It is a great success. Watching the season from my present English grand stand, I can now understand why. It is a complete relief from the drama of intrigue; it is an utter change from the devastating unmorality of the drawing-room play. The curse of the swallow-tail coat and the ignoble influence of the décolleté siren have nothing to do with this cosy pastoral bit of non-complex humor. Moreover, it has the excuse of being typically American. Perhaps if its simplicity were typically English, London would be ashamed to accept it, for Mrs. Wiggs wears no court dress, utters no platitudes, and there is no single act that has the atmosphere of Grosvenor Square. One needs an excuse in London to accept anything else!

The successful drama in London is that which displays society, in full rig, pivoting around a fatigued sexuality, in a drawing-room full of gold chairs and tête-à-tête ottomans. The heroine is generally the "bad egg," and, I take it, when a playwright has to vent his dramatic spleen upon the feminine interest he is in an extremely anemic dramatic way. She is usually wedded to a husband whom she does not love, and tempted by the inevitable lover, who appeals to her decadent humor. Sometimes she is on the verge of going astray;

occasionally she topples over the verge. The playwright no longer bothers about a purposeful ending. In his frenzy for "a slice of life," or what he is pleased to consider as such, he sends his heroine relentlessly to perdition or uses the unsatisfactory interrogation mark.

These heroines usually wear sumptuous evening gowns in the very midst of their pictorial woe, and their human aspirations are bounded by the game of bridge. Bridge is a boon in London. It is no longer a game; it is a religion. If you play a good game, you are devout; if a bad one, you are an infidel. This anomalous condition is reflected in the drama. Whether the pit and gallery understand it, I do not know. No effort is made to cater to the drama-hungry working classes.

While the heroine is portrayed as weak and unstable, the hero usually gets the better of it—a most unflattering and ungallant arrangement. The hero is generally morally superior to the heroine. He sees through the emptiness of her life; sometimes in long speeches he deplores the complete absence of honest simplicity; he is not addicted to bridge; often he has been in America inhaling the atmospheric tonic of the far West. This somewhat brutal manipulation of the feminine factor seems to have come in a direct line from the days of Shakespeare who was not afraid to alter the humors of Katherine and Petruchio.

I say it "seems." As a matter of fact it comes from nothing of the sort. It is due to the monstrous fact that the London producers are actor-managers and want sympathetic rôles for themselves. They will not pose as decadent, as unmoral, as lax, and as relentlessly cynical. And so these burdens are shifted upon the woman. The actor-manager in London is such a dire menace that he has actually revolutionized all ideas of dramatic chivalry. The woman tempted him, and he fell! It is always the woman who errs in the London playhouses, while the man escapes without a blot upon his well-starched shirt-front.

Mr. George Alexander's "success" this year has been achieved in an alcove drama called "John Gayde's Honor." It is the work of Mr. Sutro, who has written various plays around the moods and humors of women, and who appears temporarily to have usurped the position of the silent though prosperous Pinero. In "John

Gayde's Honor" Mr. Alexander poses as a very money-making husband who returns from America to England to discover that his wife is consoling herself with the attentions of a rising young artist. It is a play that may be set down as "outspoken," and when London speaks out you can anticipate the worst. Mr. Gayde, who has neglected his wife, in his fervid business life, is anxious to resume relations with her. It appears that he loves her in a recklessly honest way! Mr. Sutro takes vivid and unnecessary pains to make the case perfectly clear, and to assure us beyond the peradventure of a doubt that Mrs. G—— will have none of her hubby. In the meantime, he learns the truth, and the play rushes on to a squalid climax.

The woman lies to him. She is afraid that he will kill her lover, for he is a good shot. Anything to keep him quiet until she can effect an elopement in a friend's automobile! She gives him a Judas kiss, and he believes that she is his once more. There is no Ibsen-like psychology in this. One is treated to a nasty, out-and-out lie in all its ugliness. Gayde's suspicions are aroused, however, and he follows her to the lover's house—in much agony and "manly" distress.

There she tells him that she belongs to the artist, body and soul—with an accent on the body, for souls are out of fashion just now. There is absolutely no problem, and that is why I resent the intrusion of such a piece as "John Gayde's Honor." It is cold-blooded nastiness, with no redeeming sentiment, or pictorial pretext. Mr. Gayde emits long speeches, and says everything that an actor-manager posing as a hero should say. He simply hands his recalcitrant wife over to her paramour, announces his amiable intention of divorcing her, and as the curtain falls slinks away with the remark, "Take her, and teach her to lie no more."

And there you are. You've been sitting all evening, waiting for—just that! You have assisted at the degradation of a woman, because the man-producer had to be sympathetic. It would have been better had Miss Eva Moore, the "heroine" of the piece, been the manager of the St. James's Theater. Then we might have had the interest of the play where, in our benighted manner, we should have preferred to see it. The London drama, made almost exclusive-

ly for the London actor-manager, sacrifices the woman to the greed and non-chivalry of the man. It is quite a perversion of the conventional decrees, but it has got to be.

I have no intention of declaring that nothing but the drawing-room play is produced in London. London is a very big place, and you can find something of everything in its midst. But I insist that the plays which "go" in the West End, the plays to which critics give most space and critical attention, are the swallow-tailed plays of society interest. London seems old and worn out dramatically. It is on the keen quest of new sensations. It fears the direct and the simple. It likes the tangled and the intricate. And the great pity is that with such a condition the drama should be written around men, while the women are of secondary importance and of unsympathetic caliber. Were it otherwise, we might hope for something better and more enduring, something more honest and satisfying.

One wonders at first at the terrific vogue of musical comedy, which the actor-managers loathe and are invariably preaching against. Much as I am irritated at the persistence of this form of entertainment, I look upon it in London as one of the symptoms of an incurable dramatic disease, and I try to endure it. There is an excuse for it. It is harmless, stupid, banal, but generally comparatively healthy. No actor-manager has a hand in it. It is produced by men who at least have a belief in the physical charm of woman. Its leading factor of course is woman, and one is almost thankful for that. Although nothing but the physical side of femininity is offered in musical comedy, one is at least spared the indignity of watching the actor-manager, in his masculine integrity, posing as the only righteous thing in an evil world. Nor is the world evil in musical comedy. It is just foolish. The musical show has just as much or as little purpose as such plays as "John Gayde's Honor," but it is at least good-natured and affable about it, and its pretty women and singing girls are in the ascendent.

Far be it from me to champion the cause of musical comedy. I have sat through a round half-dozen of 'em since I have been in England, and I have frequently been bored to extinction. But that is all. I have been nothing more than bored. It is restful to be bored. The drawing-room drama has made me yearn to get up and

throw bricks. It is a somewhat tiring sensation. I don't like it. I have reached a period of life when shocks are unpleasant, and I prefer to float lethargically down the stream. The drama should not shock. The best and most enduring plays are those that you quit with a sense of delighted warmth—the plays that leave you with a cheerful feeling of elevation, not those that you view in degradation of spirit. The drama should exhilarate. It *must* exhilarate or it cannot live. The plays that reflect the empty, cynical, fagged outside of life are the ephemeral plays that add nothing to the gaiety of life.

Why waste hours upon these overdressed drawing-room dummies rushing headlong into the abysmal depths of degeneration? They may be types, the occasional use of which for purposes of contrast is not only beneficial but necessary; but to dish them up as a staple diet, to attempt to ring changes upon their eternal changelessness, to get them with new clothes and new names, yet with unvarying ignominy, is disastrous, painful, and overwhelmingly depressing.

What annoys me most about the London drama of intrigue is its sordidness. In Paris it is so different. There, if I may be allowed to say so, immorality is almost moral, it is so lightly painted, so deftly touched, so superficially offered. It does not sink with a dull thud into the consciousness. It glances off and evaporates. In London it is heavy and ingrained. It clubs itself upon you. You feel that it is there to hurt and oppress and shock you. You know that the playwright has deliberately reasoned out its effect upon you, that he has labored to produce that effect, that he wants it to be noticed, and that if it did happen to glance off he would be the most disappointed man in the dramatic world.

Give me the drawing-room play of naughty Paris any day rather than the similar offering of piety-oppressed London, which (like the little girl who had a little curl) when it is bad is horrid. Paris tries light-heartedly to entertain without the use of the shock; London relies upon its shock and must have it. New York has more of the Parisian spirit, for have we not grimly vetoed a dozen of these London drawing-room pictures, and shall we not veto more? Let us do it, and be young while we may. The drama of fatigue shall not set in for us.



BILLIE BURKE

WHO WILL PLAY THE LEADING RÔLE IN THE FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION OF "MY WIFE"



ALLA NAZIMOVA

THE FAMOUS RUSSIAN ACTRESS WHO WILL APPEAR IN SEVERAL AMERICAN PLAYS
THIS SEASON



Copyright, 1905, by Franz Hanfstaeugl

GERALDINE FARRAR

THE YOUNG AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA WHO HAS JUST BEEN ENGAGED FOR THE
GRAND OPERA, PARIS. PAINTED BY F. A. VON KAULBACH

Courtesy of Franz Hanfstaeugl Fine Art Publishing House, New York. Munich, London



WHO IS REPEATING HER SUCCESS IN "THE HYPOCRITES" IN LONDON



JOSEPHINE VICTOR

LEADING WOMAN OF THE HUNTER BRADFORD STOCK COMPANY



HELEN HALE

AS BLANCHE BAILEY IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "A YANKEE TOURIST"



JULIA DEAN

AS POLLY HOPE IN THE SUCCESSFUL NEW WESTERN PLAY, "THE ROUND-UP"



HE SEARCHED HER FACE FOR A PERPLEXED INSTANT. "JEAN," HE COMMANDED,
"LOOK AT ME!"

(*"The Crucible"*)

The Crucible

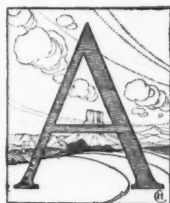
By Mark Lee Luther

Author of "The Henchman," "The Mastery," etc.

Illustrated by Hermann C. Wall

SYNOPSIS: When seventeen years old, Jean Fanshaw had been committed to the House of Refuge for a provoked attack upon her mother and sister. The girl was wholly out of sympathy with her relatives, having been brought up by her father, now dead, to prefer men's sports and pursuits. At the refuge she made one friend, Amy Jeffries, and incurred the ill will of Stella Wilkes, who had borne an evil reputation in Jean's town, Shawnee Springs. Jean escaped from the institution and found her way to a lakeside camp occupied by a solitary young man, who persuaded her, for the sake of her future, to return. Jean left the refuge at the end of three years, with a new conception of womanhood, and her masculine traits had quite disappeared. She felt that she could not return home, and followed her friend Amy to New York. After an arduous week in a sweat-shop cloak-factory, she obtained a position as clerk in a department store. At the boarding-house where Jean and Amy shared a room lived a likable young dentist, Paul Bartlett, who began to be attracted to Jean. His visits to her at the store led to an insult from a floor-walker, whom Jean, with the skill acquired through her father's early training, promptly knocked down. An investigation of this episode by the firm led to the discovery of the girl's refuge experience and to her discharge. Paul Bartlett now found her a place as assistant at the office of his "Dental Company," where she was happy until a professional visit from Stella Wilkes filled her with dread of the disclosure of her reformatory experience. Bartlett soon after proposed marriage and was accepted, the engagement being kept secret. The young couple found an apartment in Harlem, and took much interest in furnishing it. All this time Jean was tortured by the thought that Bartlett was ignorant of the events of her past life, and she resolved to tell him at the first opportunity. Her confession was forced by an untimely visit of Stella Wilkes to the dental office. Paul not believing, and insulting her, their engagement was broken. Thrown again upon her own resources, Jean finally sought employment as a model. While posing tentatively in the studio of an artist named MacGregor, the young man of the lakeside camp entered and recognized her.

REMINISCENCES



ND Jean? It was as if she still dwelt in fancy in that unforgettable past. She had burst her bars; she had come, a fugitive, to the birch-edged shore of a lonely lake; her knight of the forest stood before her.

The astonished MacGregor, having waited a decent interval for some rational clue to the situation, recalled his own existence by the simple expedient of folding the screen.

"Step inside, won't you?" he invited with a dry grin. "You may take cold at the window."

Atwood turned an illumined face. "It's been years since we met," he explained. "I was not sure at first—the costume, the place."

MacGregor's eye lingered upon him in

humorous meditation. "Perhaps you'll see your way in time to introduce me," he suggested. "This has been a business session so far. We hadn't come to names."

The younger man floundered, glowing healthily, but Jean retained her wits. "Miss Fanshaw," she supplied promptly.

She vanished into the alcove, questioned her unfamiliar image in the little mirror, and began to resume her street-dress with fingers not under perfect control. From the studio there came an indistinct murmur of talk in which MacGregor's incisive tones predominated. When she reentered, Atwood stood waiting by the outer door.

"At nine, then," reminded MacGregor.

"So-long, Craig, if you must go."

"So-long," answered the other absently.

On the stair they faced each other with the wonder of their meeting still upon them.

"You are not a professional model," he said; "I should have come across you before if you were."

"You have seen me get my first engagement."

"And with MacGregor! Was it chance?"

"Just chance."

"Jove!" he ejaculated. "It might have been myself. Yet it's strange enough as it is. MacGregor in there was the chap I was to camp with, you remember? The man whose grandmother——"

"Great-grandmother, wasn't it?"

"You do remember!"

A silence fell upon them for a moment and they assayed each other shyly, he keenly aware of the fuller curves which had made a woman of her, she searching rather for reminders of the youth whose image had gone back with her through the gatehouse into bondage. He was more grave, as became a man now looking back upon his golden twenties, with thoughtful lines about the eyes, and a clearer demarcation of the jaw, which was, as of old, shaven, and pale with the pallor of a dweller in cities. The mouth was the mouth of the youth, sensitive, unspoiled; and the direct eyes had lost nothing of their friendliness though she divined that he weighed her, questioning what manner of woman she had become.

"You went back," he broke the pause, "you went back to that inferno because of what I said. You saw it through. Plucky Jack!"

"Jean," she corrected.

"Why?"

"Jack was another girl, a girl I hope I've outgrown."

"Don't say that," he protested. "I knew her. But this Jean of the staircase——"

"Well?" she challenged, avid for his mature opinion.

"Makes me wonder," he completed, "whether I've not been outgrown, too."

It was not a satisfying answer. She remembered that growth may be other than benign. "You!" she said.

"Why not? I was young, preposterously young. Had I been older I should never have dared to meddle with your life."

"Meddle!" she repeated, his self-reproach rang so true; "you gave me the wisest advice such a girl could receive. That girl could not appreciate how wise it was, but this one does and thanks you from the bottom of her heart."

Atwood drew a long breath. "You can say that!" he exclaimed. "You knew

what it meant to return; I did not. Since I have realized the truth, the thought of my folly has given me no peace. I imagined—God knows what I haven't imagined! To see you here, as you are, to have you thank me, when I thought I deserved your undying hate, is like a reprieve."

Jean's face went radiant. "Yet you say you knew her!"

Their eyes met an instant; then they laughed together happily.

"You're right," he acknowledged. "It seems I don't know either of you. But we can't talk here, can we? We need——" He paused, then, "Give me this day," he entreated. "We're not strangers. Say you will!"

As they issued upon the pavement the driver of a passing cab raised an interrogative whip. Atwood nodded, and a moment afterward they had edged into the traffic of one of the avenues and were rolling northward. To Jean, reveling silently in her first hansom, it seemed that they had scarcely started before they turned in at one of the entrances of Central Park, and for a time followed perforce the flashing afternoon parade before striking into a less frequented roadway where they alighted. Atwood, too, had said nothing amidst the jingling ostentation of the avenue and main-traveled drives, and he was silent now as they forsook the asphalt walks for quiet paths where their feet trod the good earth, and the odor of leaf mold rose pungently.

Presently he halted. "Will you shut your eyes for a little way?" he asked. "It's my whim."

She assented, and they went forward slowly, her hand upon his sleeve. She felt the path drop, by gentle slopes at first, then with sharp turns past jutting rocks, where there seemed no path at all. Her sense of direction failed her and with it went her realization of the city's nearness. The immediate sounds were all sylvan. She heard the call of a catbird, the bark of a squirrel, the laughing whimper of a brook among stones, which she guessed, if her ear had not lost its woodcraft, merged its peevish identity in some neighboring lake or pool.

"Now," said her guide, pausing.

She looked, started, and rounded swiftly upon Atwood to find him beaming at her instant comprehension. "It might be the very same!" she exclaimed.

"Mightn't it? The birches, the shoreline—"

"And the stream, even the little stream! Could I find watercress there, I wonder?"

The man laughed. "Ah, it is real to you! I, too, forgot New York when I first stumbled on it. I even *looked* for watercress. But it knows no such purity, poor little brook! I've had to pretend with it, as I've pretended with the lake. The landscape-gardener was a clever fellow. Sometimes he has almost persuaded me to cast a clumsy line into that thicket yonder."

Jean's look returned to him quickly. He was smiling, but with an undercurrent of gravity.

"You know it well," she said.

"I ought. It was here, the summer after we met, that I came to realize something of what I had asked you to do. I began to study refuges. I went to such as I could, boys' places, mainly; I even tried to get sight or word of you. Somehow, though, I never came at the right official, and it seemed that men weren't welcome. I learned a few things, however. I grubbed among reports; I found out what your daily life was like, what your companions must be, and once I saw a newspaper account of a riot. But of you I heard nothing. How could I? I did not even know your name—I, your judge!"

The girl moved toward the border of the lake and for a space stood looking dreamily into its tranquil counterfeit of changing foliage and September sky. To the miracle of their meeting was added the revelation that even as he had filled her thoughts in the dark days, so had she possessed his.

"Will you sit here?" he asked, again beside her. "I want to hear the whole story—the story which began back among the other birches."

"It began farther back than there."

"Not for me."

"But it should. If you thought about me at all, you must have wondered how I came to be in a refuge uniform."

"I wondered, yes, but I never really cared. I could see with my own eyes what you were."

She searched his face with the skepticism which the world had taught, then, with a swift intake of breath, looked believing away. "We must begin at the beginning," she said.

She told him her story as she had told it to

the dentist that hideous night of explanations at the Lorna Doone, but where Paul's black silence had stifled her, lamed her speech, made her almost doubt herself, this listener's faith leaped before her words, bridged the difficult places where she faltered, spread the cloak of chivalry in the miry way. Yet, with all his sympathy, it hurt her, so senseless always seemed the reckoning for her follies, so poignant were her regrets, and once, when she began to speak of Stella and the riot, he stopped her.

"Don't go on," he begged. "I see what it costs you."

"I'd rather you heard it all," she replied. "It's your due."

Nevertheless she did not tell him all. She could speak of Stella, of Amy, of young Meyer, of the floor-walker, but no word of Paul passed her lips. She let Atwood infer that the stigma of the refuge had driven her from Grimes's employ, as it had thrust her from the department store. The whole chain of circumstance which the dentist's name connoted had become suddenly as inexplicable to her as to this transcendent hero of a perfect day.

The sun was low when she made an end, and the long-drawn shadows of the birches in the lake turned their thoughts again to that other sundown.

"You were a lonely little figure as I looked back," he said. "I took that picture with me through the hills and it remained my sharpest memory. It was a sad memory, a mute reproach, like the poor things I bought for you to wear."

"Then you did get them!" she cried. "What were they like?"

"I will show them to you some day."

"You've kept them? I must pay my debt."

He shook his head. "They're not for sale. You shall see them when you come to my studio."

"You are an artist, too?"

"I paint," he replied simply. "When you are not busy with MacGregor you will find work with me. We'll arrange that among us. Old Mac little dreams our secret."

"It is a secret?"

"With me, at any rate. I've never told. You see"—he looked away with a sudden almost boyish diffidence, then back again with a temerity that was boyish, too—"you see, I was jealous of my memories. I

wanted to keep them wholly to myself. Our meeting was—how shall I say it?—a kind of idyl. And you—have you told?”

“Never.”

“Was it partly for my reason?”

“Yes,” she answered.

“But those clothes,” he said, after a moment, “you’ll smile when you see them. I’ve tried many a time to imagine you wearing them, braving the world as you planned so stoutly. Perhaps it would have been no harder than the other way. Perhaps—but that’s over with, thank heaven! You’ve earned your freedom and have a brighter lot than a fugitive’s to face. I don’t mean a model’s life. That will be temporary. There’s something in you, something fine that only needs its chance. I can’t tell you how I know this any more than I can tell you what it is, but I believe in it as I believe in my own existence. I know it’s true, as true as the fact that we stand here face to face.”

By some necromancy of the mind he mirrored back her own vague hopes. “But I am a woman,” she said, eager for more.

“So much the better. You live in woman’s day. But don’t forget that you have given me a part of it,” he added, as she rose. “My own particular solar day isn’t ended yet. When we first met you had me to luncheon, or was it breakfast? I’m going to return the courtesy.”

“But—”

“You couldn’t be more appropriately dressed for a park restaurant,” he interrupted, pursuing her glance. “They’ll serve us under an arbor where the wistaria blooms in May. We’ll have to pretend about the wistaria, but it ought to be easy. The great pretense has come true.”

A NEW TALENT

SHE learned from MacGregor what Atwood’s modest “I paint” signified. “He is an illustrator who illustrates,” he told her their first day, while they worked. “I mean—left arm a trifle higher, please; you’ve shifted the pose—I mean he gets into the skin of a writer’s characters, when they have any. If they’re mere abstractions, he creates blood, bones, and epidermis for them outright. Rarer thing than you imagine, I dare say, in spite of the newspaper jokes. You can count the men on one hand who do it here in New York, and

to my mind Craig deserves the index finger. He’d find a soul for a rag doll. But I’m only telling you what any top-notch magazine you pick up says more forcibly.”

Jean cloaked her ignorance in silence and put her trust in MacGregor’s enthusiasm for further light. After an industrious interval it came.

“But that isn’t all,” he added, tilting back to study his canvas through half-shut eyes. “The public doesn’t know Atwood’s true metier. He’s bigger than they think. I’ll show you something in a minute. It’s time for rest.”

He lingered for a brush stroke which at one sweep filled a languid fold of drapery with action, and then crossed the studio to the stack of unfinished work beside the wall.

“Wait,” he warned, placing a canvas in the trial frame and wheeling an easel tentatively. “It’s in the rough, but we can give it light and a setting. Now look. That’s what I call portraiture.”

Even her unschooled eye perceived its strength. It was MacGregor who looked out at her, MacGregor as she herself had twice seen him that day with his working fit upon him, New York forgotten, Africa filling every thought.

“And Mr. Atwood did it?”

“Nobody else. He sat over there in that corner, while I worked in mine, and painted what he saw.”

“It’s a wonderful likeness.”

“Likeness!” MacGregor shook the poor word contemptuously. “Likeness! Child, it’s divination!”

He dismissed her early in the afternoon, for it was raining fitfully and the light was uncertain, and on leaving she turned her steps toward the Astor Library, intent on a purpose inspired by MacGregor’s talk. She had some acquaintance with the lending libraries, but none with this sedate edifice whose size and gloom oppressed her as she looked vainly about for her elderly fellow-boarder who spent his life somewhere amidst its dinginess. In this quandary, she was spied by a mannered attendant who led her into a large reading-room where he assured her ladies were welcome, despite the frowns of the predominant sex whose peace they ruffled, and found her the two or three illustrated periodicals she named.

Without exception these contained Atwood’s work, a fact which impressed her tremendously, and without exception

they bore testimony to his superiority as emphatically as MacGregor. She pored over these drawings one by one, weighing them much as she weighed his spoken thought, and judging them, no less than his speech, most candid mirrors of his personality. In what this personality's appeal consisted she had neither the detachment nor the wish to define; she could only uncritically feel its sincerity, its romance, and its power.

She craved a fuller knowledge, however, than these mute witnesses could give, and the desire presently drew her back into the high-vaulted chamber where the library's activities seemed to focus; and here, bewildered by the riches of the card catalogue, she was luckily seen by the quiet old man who lent his dignity to the head of Mrs. St. Aubyn's table. He smiled gently upon her over his spectacles, pondering the motive behind her request as he had speculated about the motives of thousands before her, and instantly, out of a head whose store she felt that she had scantily appreciated, produced half a dozen likely references which he straightway bade a precocious small boy track to their fastnesses in some mysterious region he called the "stacks"; himself, meanwhile, with a faded gallantry, escorting her to a desk in a scholarly retreat.

So ensconced, she came upon the facts she sought in a bound volume of a journal devoted chiefly to the fine arts. She learned here that her knight errant's full name was Francis Craig Atwood, that New York claimed the honor of his birthplace, and that he was a trifle less than ten years older than herself. There followed a list of his schools, which ended with Julien's academy in Paris, where it appeared he had gone the autumn after their meeting, and had exhibited canvases at the Salons of two successive years. His return to America and his instant recognition coincided closely with her own coming to New York. The concluding analysis of his work bristled with technicalities, but she read into it the qualities which she perceived or imagined in the man, and, staring into the dusty alcove over against her seat, lost herself in a brown study of what such success as this probably meant to him. It rather daunted her to find him a celebrity, and at this time nothing could have so routed her self-possession as to discover that a man, of whose nearness at

an adjacent bookcase she had been vaguely aware, was no other than Atwood himself.

"Thank you," he laughed, with a wave of the hand toward the telltale page. "But there's better reading in the Lenox."

Jean clapped to the offending volume and blushed her guiltiest. "You must think me very silly," she stammered. "Mr. MacGregor praised your work, showed me the portrait——"

"Of course he did. You have discovered Mac's weakness and his dangerous charm. He believes all his friends are geniuses. You'll grow as conceited as the rest of us in time."

"And have the other conceited friends done work like yours and said nothing about it?" she asked.

"A thousand times better. You've no idea what a clever lot of men and women Mac knows." He rapidly instanced several artists, sculptors, and writers of prominence, adding: "But you will see them all at The Oasis sooner or later. You've probably noticed that Mac is one of those rarities that can talk while they work. What would hinder most people, only stimulates him. And it stimulates the other fellow, too. I always drop in on him for a tonic when my own stuff lags. I was there this afternoon, in fact, though for another reason. I wanted to see you. It must have been telepathy that brought me down here; I thought it was 'The Gadzooks.'"

"'The Gadzooks'?" she puzzled.

"Merely my slang for the Revolutionary romance," he explained. "I'm illustrating still another one, and ran in here to resolve my doubts about bag wigs. My novelist seems to have invented a new variety. But about you; if you don't mind the weather, and have nothing better to do, I should like to take you over to a Fifth Avenue picture-dealer's to see a so-called Velasquez that's come into the market."

Jean absorbed more than the true rank and value of Velasquez's portraiture. Wet or dry, the weather was irreproachable. Did it rain, there were yet other picture-dealers' secluded galleries where one might loiter luxuriously; while for the intervals of sunshine the no less fascinating shop-windows awaited, each a glimpse into the wonderland of Europe, which her guide seemed to know so well. They even discussed going on to the Metropolitan Museum to see a Frans Hals and a Rembrandt which

the talk of Velasquez suggested, but Atwood's absurd watch, corroborated by several equally ridiculous clocks of the neighborhood, said plainly that it was well past closing time at the museum and indeed quite the day's end here among the shops.

He was loath to let her go. "It's been like a too short trip abroad," he said. "I hate to book for home just yet. Why can't we dine somewhere as we did last night?"

She shook her head. "Yesterday was an occasion."

"Say Italy?" he persisted. "We've skimmed England, France, the Low Countries; why not Italy? I know a little place that's as Italian as Naples. You could never guess its existence. It looks like every other brownstone horror outside, with not a hint of its real business, for they say old Gaetano Sanfratello has no license. He looks you over through the basement grating and, if you're found worthy, leads you through a tunnel of a hallway into the most wonderful kitchen you ever saw. It's as clean as clean, and is a regular treasure-house of shining copper. Then you'll find yourself out in what prosaic New York calls a back yard, but which in fact is a trattoria in the kingdom of Victor Emmanuel, whose lithograph you will see above the door. There are clusters of ripening grapes in the trellis overhead, and Chianti or Capri antico—real Capri—on the cloth below; and they'll serve you such artichoke soups, cheese soufflés, and reincarnations of the chestnut as the gods eat! And Gaetano's pretty daughter will wait upon us and sing 'La Bella Napoli,' and perhaps, if we're in great luck, she'll let us have a peep at her bambino which she keeps swaddled precisely like the one in that copy of Luca della Robbia you are staring at this minute. Aren't you tempted?"

She was, but resisted successfully; and when he saw that she was inflexible he walked with her to her own street, planning other holidays of a future which should know no shadows.

"You must forget that gray time you've left behind you," he declared. "Call this your real beginning—your rebirth, your renaissance."

So in truth it was. The weeks following were weeks of rapid growth and ripening, which, Atwood's influence admitted, yet found their compelling force in the girl's own will. The ambition to do her utmost

for MacGregor, to learn what books could teach of the life he knew by living, took her back repeatedly to the library; then other suggestions of the studio, which, even at its narrowest, was a school of curious knowledge about common things that few save the artist seemed to see as they were. Who but he, for instance, stopped to consider that sunlight filtering through leaves fell in circles; that shadows were violet, not black; that tobacco smoke from the mouth was of another color than the graceful spiral which rose from the tip of a cigarette? But this field opened into innumerable others in the wide domain where her two friends plied their differing talents; while these, in turn, marched with the boundaries of others still whose only limits were humanity's. Life itself set the true horizon to MacGregor's Oasis.

Among MacGregor's intimates who shared the secret of a knock which admitted them at all hours, but who, busy men themselves, came oftenest after the north light failed, was a sculptor named Karl Richter. This man's specialty was the American Indian, but he also had known the Arab at first hand, and Africa in one or another of its myriad phases was ever the topic when he and MacGregor foregathered. Listening to their talk, Jean came to visualize the bronze-skinned folk, the vivid market-places, the wild music of hautboys and tom-toms, the gardens of fig and olive and orange and palm, the waysides thicketed with bamboo, tamarisk, or scarlet geranium, and the desert—above all, the mysterious, terrible, beautiful desert—as things which her own senses had known. It chanced one day that they spoke of camels and, as often, began to argue, and Richter, to prove his point, whipped from his pocket a lump of modeling-wax which, under his wonderful fingers, became in a twinkling a striking counterfeit of the beast itself. It could not have been more than an inch in height, but it was a very camel, stubborn, complaining, alive. MacGregor confuted, the sculptor annihilated the little animal with a careless pinch, tossed the wax aside, and soon after went his way.

Dissatisfied with his work, MacGregor presently caught his canvas from the easel and, laying it prone upon the floor, began by shifting strips of cardboard to hunt the truer composition. Jean, left to herself, took up the discarded wax, tried vainly to coax back

the vanished camel, and then amused herself with a conception of her own. So absorbed did she become that MacGregor finished his experiments unheeded, and, receiving no answer to a question, still unregarded came and peered over her shoulder.

"Great Jupiter Pluvius!" he exclaimed.

Jean whirled about. "How you startled me!" she said.

"It's nothing to the way you've startled me. Where did you see that head you've modeled?"

"Oh, this? It's nothing—only a baby in our block."

MacGregor pounced upon the model and bore it to the light. "Nothing! Merely a study from life, that's all! Just a trifle thrown off in your odd moments!" He turned the little head round and round, showering exclamations. "Who taught you?" he demanded, striding back. "Somebody had a finger in it besides you. There are lines here that can't be purely intuitive."

"I used to watch my father."

"Was he a sculptor?"

"He might have been if he'd had the chance. But he had to work at other things, and he married——"

"I know, I know," MacGregor groaned. "Love in a cottage and good-bye to art! But he couldn't keep his thoughts or his hands from it. He modeled when he could?"

Jean nodded dreamily. "Sundays, mainly," she answered. "We used to go into the country together. He found a bed of good clay near a creek where the mint grew. I can never smell mint without remembering. I couldn't go back there after he went."

MacGregor gave her a sidelong glance, hemmed, made an unnecessary trip across the studio and kicked a fallen burnoose violently. "But you went on modeling?" he asked, returning.

"Yes—by and by. Then, later, I stopped."

"Why?"

"I—I hadn't the clay?" she evaded.

MacGregor brooded over her handiwork a moment longer, then squared his jaw. "You'll have the clay hereafter," he said.

IN THE STUDIO

AT THE outset she was rather skeptical of his faith in her. Had not Atwood said that

MacGregor saw genius in all his friends? But the younger man now hailed him a most discerning judge.

"It's the something I divined," he declared jubilantly, "the gold-bearing vein I believed in, but hadn't the luck to unearth. Now to develop it! What does Mac advise?"

"One of the art schools," said Jean. "I can go evenings, it seems."

"And work days! It's a stiff program you plan."

"But the school won't mean work," she declared. "Then, too, the posing comes far easier than it did. Mr. MacGregor says my muscles are almost as steady as a professional's."

"So he tells me. I'm going to insist on sharing your time. He has monopolized you long enough."

MacGregor's monopoly did not cease at once, however. His first step on discovering Jean's talent was to enlist Richter's expert criticism and counsel with the practical outcome that the sculptor's door swung open to her in the daylight hours when MacGregor worked with male models. The clay-modeling room at the art school was a wonderful place. Its casts, its tools, its methods were a revelation after the crude shifts with which her father had had to content himself, but Richter's studio transcended it as a university transcends a kindergarten.

About this time Jean left Mrs. St. Aubyn's, whose neighborhood Paul, after dejected silence, had again begun to haunt. She had thus far eluded him, but meet they must, she felt, if she remained; and with Amy's abrupt departure, which now came to pass, she changed to a boarding-house of Atwood's recommending in Irving Place.

"There are no signs of the trade about it, fashionable or unfashionable," he said.

"It's just a homelike place, neither too large nor too small, where you will see mainly art students. Many of them, like you, are making their own way, and all of them are dead in earnest. All the illustrators know Mrs. Saunders. Half of us have lived under her roof some time or other."

"You, too!"

He smiled at her tone. "I wasn't born with a silver spoon, you know. Some New Yorkers aren't. I inherited a little money, but I'm not a plutocrat yet, even if

editors do smile upon me. Julie and I thoroughly mastered the gentle art of scrimping at one time. Have I ever mentioned my sister, Mrs. Van Ostade?"

"You spoke of her the day I saw you first."

"At the birches?" he returned, surprised.

"You said she would not understand."

His eyes sobered. "I remember," he said. "And it was true. Neither would she understand now, I fear. She has been both wedded and widowed since. You'll see her at the studio yet, if MacGregor ever lets us begin work together. She surprises me there when she thinks I am neglecting my duties as a social being. Julie has all the zeal of a proselyte in her missionary labors for society," he added laughingly. "She married into one of the old Dutch families."

Jean found that a tradition of Mrs. Van Ostade's residence in Irving Place still lingered there. She was spoken of as Craig Atwood's sister, the clever girl who had jockeyed for position, on nothing a year, by cultivating fashionable charities. Settlement work, it appeared, had been the fulcrum for her lever. No one here, however, had known her personally, save Mrs. Saunders, who was a paragon of reticence when gossip was afield. Indeed, a dearth of gossip, in the invidious sense of the word, was a negative virtue to which her whole establishment might lay claim.

Illustrating, painting, sculpture, architecture, decorative design, whatever their individual choice, life for each had its center in the particular school of his or her adhesion. Art—always Art—was the beginning and end of their table-talk. To this community of interest was added the discovery that all derived from country stock. Half a dozen states had their nominal allegiance, and not even Mrs. Saunders, who seemed as metropolitan as the City Hall, could boast New York as her birthplace. They brimmed with a fine youthful confidence in their ability to wrest success from this alien land of promise, which charged their atmosphere electrically and spurred Jean's already abundant energy to tireless endeavor. Her days were all too short, and Atwood, whose invitations she repeatedly refused for her art's sake, began to caution her against overwork.

"Philosophic frivolity, as my sister calls

it, has its uses," he said. "I usually agree with her social preachments, even if I don't observe them very faithfully. You must know Julie. I'll ask her to call."

Whether he did so or not, Jean was unaware. At all events, Mrs. Van Ostade did not renew her acquaintance with Irving Place, nor did Atwood broach the subject again. If the social columns might be believed, the lady was amply preoccupied with "philosophic frivolity." MacGregor presently turned a searching light upon her personality.

"Notice that bit of impertinent detail, the unnecessary jewel?" he queried, stabbing with his pipe-stem at one of Atwood's drawings reproduced in color in a premature Christmas magazine. "Craig never did it."

"Then who did?" Jean asked.

"His sister."

"Does she draw?"

"By proxy. I mean she suggested this as she has suggested every false, vitiating note that's crept into his work. Left to himself, Craig never paints the lily. But he defers to her as a younger brother often will to a sister who has mothered or step-mothered him. It was probably a good thing once—I admit she has brains and push; but now it's time the coddling stopped. It did let up for a while when she went over to the Dutch—she was too busy to bother with him; but with her husband under ground and Craig coming on, it has begun again. Artistically she's his evil genius. Of course he can't see it, or won't. I've done my level best to beat it into him."

"You have told him!"

"Certainly; and her too. I have known them both for years. What are you grinning at?"

"Your candor. What did he say?"

MacGregor scowled. "Same old rot I'm always hearing," he grumbled. "Called me a woman-hater. What do you think?" he challenged her abruptly. "You've seen me at close quarters for some time. Do I strike you as that sort of a man? I want your unvarnished opinion."

Jean answered him with his own frankness. "A woman-hater?" she repeated. "Never. I think you are"—she searched for the word—"a woman-idolator."

MacGregor grimly assured himself that no sarcasm was intended. "Expound," he directed.

"I mean it seems to me you rate Woman

so high that mere women can't realize your ideal."

"Hmph!" he commented ungraciously. "Where did you learn to turn cheap epigrams? Probably it's an echo of something you've read."

He addressed her variously as Miss Epigrams, Lady Blessington, and Madame de Staël as the work went forward, always with profound gravity, until finally, when he saw her color rise to his teasing, he gave his full-lunged laugh and confessed:

"All the same you're right, Miss Epigrams. That's one reason why I'm still unattached. It's also why I haven't cared to see Craig take the only sure cure. A wife would teach his sister her place, if she had the right metal." He chuckled at the vision his words conjured up. "But it would be a battle royal."

It was spring before Jean herself saw Mrs. Van Ostade. She had posed for Atwood frequently after Christmas, but had chanced always to be either with MacGregor or Richter when his sister visited the studio until the April afternoon when Julie's knock interrupted an overdue illustration which Atwood was toiling mightily to finish. He frowned at the summons and answered it without putting down the maulstick, palette, and brushes with which his hands were cumbered, but his "You, Julie!" at the door hinted no impatience, nor his returning step aught but infinite leisure as he issued with his dark-eyed, dark-haired, dark-skinned caller from behind the screen.

"Those stairs!" sighed the lady. Then, observing Jean, she subjected her to a drastic ordeal by lorgnon, which, raking her from face to gown—where the inquisition lingered—returned with added intensity upon her face. Hot plowshares could have been no more fiery for poor Jean, who, sufficiently aglow with the knowledge that the dress upon her back was a piece of Mrs. Van Ostade's evening finery abandoned to the uses of the studio, found herself tormented by the certainty that somewhere in her vulnerable past she and this sister of Craig Atwood's had met before.

A sympathetic reflection of her embarrassment lit the man's face. "This is Miss Fanshaw," he interposed; "herself an artist. You have heard me speak of her, Julie."

The lorgnon dropped and the two women exchanged a bow perceptible to the naked eye.

"I know the face," stated Mrs. Van Ostade, with an impersonal air of classifying scientific phenomena. "Where did I see it?"

Jean now recalled this elusive detail most vividly, but she kept her head. "Probably in Mr. Atwood's work," she suggested coldly.

"Of course," seconded Atwood, keen to end the incident. "You will find Miss Fanshaw in half my recent stuff."

"The living face has no pictorial associations whatever," retorted his sister with decision. "I shall remember in time. But go on with your work, Craig. I did not come to disturb you—merely to bring a piece of good news which I'll tell you as soon as I get my breath."

Atwood placed a chair and, returning to his easel, made a show of work which Jean's trained eye knew for his usual polite pretense with visitors who assumed themselves no hindrance; while Mrs. Van Ostade, throwing back her furs, relegated the model to the ranks of the inanimate studio properties of which her leisured survey now took stock.

"Those stairs!" she said again, pursuing her breath by the unique method of lavishing more. "Really, Craig, you couldn't have pitched on a more inconvenient rookery."

"We thought it a miracle for the money once," he reminded. "I dare say I could find a more convenient workshop in one of the new office-buildings, but then I shouldn't have my open fire."

"You could have it at the Copley Studios, and modern comforts, too."

"Up there!" he scoffed. "I don't belong in the pink-tea circle, Julie."

Mrs. Van Ostade refused to smile with him. "The location counts," she insisted.

"With some people."

"With the helpful people. I've thought it over carefully; I've used my eyes and ears. The studio unquestionably carries weight. It ought to be something more than a workshop, as you call it. It should have atmosphere. Even your friend down the street has achieved that. Barbaric as it is, MacGregor's studio has a distinct artistic unity."

"Mac's place reflects his work. So does mine."

"Yours! It's a jumble of everything—a junk-shop."

"Of course it is," he laughed. "I've

ransacked the Ghetto for two-thirds of these treasures. But even junk-shops have atmosphere—a musty one—and so, it logically follows, must my studio.”

She indulged his trifling with a divine patience. “Could you receive Mrs. Joyce-Reeves in such a place?” she queried sweetly.

“Certainly, if any possible errand could bring that high and mighty personage over the door-sill.”

“There is a possible reason.”

Her tone drew him round. Jean, forgotten by both, discerned that he also attached a significance to the hypothetical visit. She was at a loss to account for this, Mrs. Joyce-Reeves’s prominence in the social world of New York notwithstanding.

“Is this your news, Julie?” he demanded.

His sister savored his quickened interest a moment. “Part of it,” she replied. “She saw your dry-point of me at Mrs. Quentin Van Ostade’s the other day.”

“The dry-point!” he deprecated. “It was only an experiment.”

“So I told her. She asked if you do anything in the way of portraiture in oils, and of course I answered yes.”

“I say!”

“Well, haven’t you?”

“Trash, yes; cart-loads of it.”

“Perhaps you call your portrait of Malcolm MacGregor trash? Mrs. Joyce-Reeves did not.”

“She saw it!”

“I dropped casually that it had been hung with the Fifth Avenue exhibition of MacGregor’s African studies, and she took the address. That was day before yesterday. This afternoon I met her again—met her leaving the gallery.”

“Well?” jogged Atwood impatiently.

“She told me she had bought two of MacGregor’s things,” continued Mrs. Van Ostade, not to be hurried. “She took a desert nocturne and that queer veiled woman at a window—you remember?”

“Do I!” Hespun about. “You heard that, Jean? Mrs. Joyce-Reeves has bought ‘The Lattice’! Miss Fanshaw posed for it, Julie.”

“Indeed!” The lorgnon, again unsheathed at the intimate “Jean,” once more took cognizance of that young person’s existence. “I don’t care for it. But, what is more important, Mrs. Joyce-Reeves mentioned your portrait.”

“Yes!”

“And this time asked for your address.”

“Jove! You think——”

“I’m positive she’ll give you a commission.”

“Jove!” he exclaimed again. “What a chance!” and paced the studio. “Yet she may. It’s her whim to pose as a discoverer. What a chance! What a colossal chance! It would mean—what wouldn’t it mean?” He stopped excitedly before the *escritoire* where Jean sat waiting to resume her interrupted impersonation of a note-writing débutante. “It would take nerve, no end of it. She’s been painted by Sargent, Chartran, Zorn—all the big guns. A fellow would have to find a phase they’d missed. But if he could! You can’t conceive her influence, Jean. If she buys a man’s pictures all the little fish in her pond tumble over one another to buy them, too. That’s not the main issue, however, though I don’t blink its importance. The opportunity to paint *her*, to search out the woman behind—that’s the big thing.”

Jean scarcely heard. Sympathize with him as she might, Julie Van Ostade’s face, from the moment Atwood’s talk ceased to be hers exclusively, absorbed her more.

“Craig,” broke in his sister crisply, “my furs.”

He touched earth blankly. “Not going, Julie?”

“My furs,” she repeated.

“But I haven’t begun to thank you,” he said, obeying.

“Is not that also premature?” She rustled majestically toward the door which he sprang before her to open. The girl was but a lay figure in her path.

Then the door closed and Atwood, wearing a look of bewilderment, came slowly up the studio to meet still another problem in feminine psychology in the now thoroughly outraged Jean.

“Why did you introduce me?” she demanded bitterly. “Why couldn’t you let me remain a common model to her? I am a common model in her eyes—common in every sense. I remember well enough where she saw me, and she’ll remember, too, never fear.”

“Jean! Jean!” He came to her in distress.

“It was a drinking-place, and the girl with me had drunk too much. We amused your sister’s theater-party immensely. They were probably slumming—seeing low life!”

He drew a calmer account from her presently. "I know the place," he said. "It's perfectly respectable. You went with some gentleman, of course?"

Jean's passion for confession flagged. "With a friend of Amy's from the boarding-house," she answered briefly.

Atwood gave a relieved laugh. "You have made a mountain of a mole-hill," he told her, "but I'm glad you mentioned the circumstances. I'll explain to Julie if she ever thinks of it again. Don't misjudge her, Jean. I admit she's unsympathetic at first sight, even brusque; but there's another side, believe me. You saw how devoted she is to my interests."

She had indeed seen and the knowledge rankled. "You should not have introduced me, made me share your talk," she said. "You meant a kindness, but it was no kindness; it was a humiliation, a——" Then the tension snapped and her head went down between her arms.

"Kindness!" He swept her stormily to himself. "Kindness, Jean! Can't you see why I wanted you to share it with me? Can't you see that I want you to share everything? I love you, Jean."

For a long moment she yielded; the next she had slipped from him and the *escritoire* was between them. "Don't," she forbade. "You must not say these things to me."

"Must not?"

"I can't marry you."

"Can't! Yet a moment ago——"

"I can't marry you," she repeated breathlessly.

"But your kiss——"

"Was a lie—pity—what you like. I was unstrung. I—I don't love you."

He searched her face for a perplexed instant. "Jean," he commanded, "look at me!"

She faced him.

"Now tell me that again—straight in the eyes."

"Don't," she entreated.

"Say it!"

"You heard me."

"I want to hear it again—on your honor!" He waited.

"I—I refuse."

He strode toward her in triumph. "You can't," he cried. "The kiss was no lie. It was the truth, the sacred truth! What unselfish madness made you try to deceive me?"

"Remember your career," she protested;

"your sister's world, which is your world, too."

But the time for reasoning was past.

THE PENITENT

WHAT passed forthwith between brother and sister Jean neither heard nor particularly conjectured. Ways, means, and motives were for the time being eclipsed by the tremendous fact that Julie called. That she acquitted herself of this formality at an hour when the slightest possible knowledge of the girl's habits would argue her absence from Irving Place, roused in Jean only a vast relief. The mute pasteboard was itself sufficiently formidable. She was even more relieved that through some mischance, for which Atwood, who went with her, taxed himself, her return call found Julie out. Visiting-cards she had none, their urgent need having hitherto never presented itself, but Atwood helped her pretend before the rather overpowering servant that she had forgotten them, and, scribbling her name upon one of his own, bore her off for an evening at the play.

Here, for the space of a week, matters rested, only to hatch a fresh embarrassment in the end beside which calls were trivialities. This was no less than an invitation to dine, and to dine, not with Mrs. Van Ostade and Atwood merely, but as one of a more or less formal company—so Craig enlightened her—of the clever or socially significant.

Jean heard these depressing explanations with a sick face. "I can't go," she protested quickly. "Don't ask me."

"Can't!" he repeated. "Why not?"

"You know why. They're different, these people—as different from me as if I were Chinese."

"What rubbish!"

"It's the truth. Perhaps later, when I've studied more, seen more, I can meet them and not shame you."

"Shame me, Jean! If you realized how proud I am——"

"Then don't put me in a position where you may feel anything but proud. Don't make me go."

He reasoned with her laughingly but without real understanding of her reluctance. "Besides," he concluded, "you can't decline. The dinner is really for you."

Her cup of misery brimmed over. "For me!"

"In a way. It's in honor of our engagement even though it isn't known."

"Your sister wrote nothing of this."

"But she told me. She said she wanted you to meet some of our friends. Don't be afraid of them, Jean. You're as clever as any of them, while in looks not a woman Julie knows can hold a candle to you."

"But their clothes! Don't you see it's impossible? I've absolutely nothing to wear."

The man flicked this thistle-down airily away. "Dowds, half of 'em, Julie's crowd," he declared. "You don't need anything elaborate. Just wear some simple gown that doesn't hide your neck. Simple things tell."

"And cost," she added, smiling ruefully at his nebulous solution. "I have never owned a dinner-gown in my life."

Atwood had an inspiration. "Why, the studio is full of them," he cried.

"Your sister's—every one. Could I wear one of her dresses to her dinner?"

"Hardly. What inferior intellects men have! But is there any objection to your wearing one of *my* gowns? None of the properties fit the scheme of illustrations I've planned for that last novel, and I've decided to have one or two things made. Now, if you'll choose the material and bother with the fittings——"

Jean's laugh riddled this improvisation. "I'll go if I must," she promised, "but I'll wear my own clothes. After all, I know something about dressmaking."

Nevertheless the dress problem was serious when she came to marshal her resources, and she still vacillated in a choice of evils when Amy happened in with a fresh point of view and an authoritative knowledge of the latest mode, which cleared the muddle magically.

"Put those away," she ordered, dismissing with a glance the alternatives arrayed despairingly on the bed. "Wear white or a color and you'll have every old cat there rubbering to see how it's made. Where's your black net?"

"Here," said Jean, producing it without enthusiasm. "It's hopeless."

"It is a sight by daylight," agreed Amy candidly. "That cheap quality always gets brown and rusty. But under gas it will never show. Cut those sleeves off at the elbow and edge them with lace. The forty-nine-cent kind will do, and you'll only need two yards."

Jean's spirits rebounded under this practical encouragement. "I might turn in the neck about so much," she suggested, indicating an angle by no means extravagant.

Amy snatched the garment away. "Scissors!" she commanded decisively. "This yoke is coming out altogether. Can't you see, Jean Fanshaw, that if you give your shoulders a chance, people won't think twice about your dress? I'd just give millions for your shoulders. The black will set them off as nothing else could. If you want a dash of color, I don't know anything smarter than a spray of pink-satin roses. Fred thinks I twist them up almost like real."

Jean evaded the artificial flowers with tact, but otherwise let herself be guided by Amy, under whose fingers the transformation of the black net went forward rapidly.

"It's a treat to have something to do," Amy avowed, declining aid. "I get awful lonesome over at our boarding-place. You never have time any more to run in, and, excepting Saturday afternoon and Sunday, I don't see anything of Fred. This is his busiest time, he says. Fred's a cracker-jack salesman. Last month he sent in more orders than any man the firm ever put on the road. He just seems to hypnotize customers, same as he did me. I know you would like him, too, Jean, if you would ever come over while he's home. He spoke about that very thing the other day. He said it looked as if you were trying to dodge him. He wanted me to ask you to go down to the Coney Island opening last Saturday, but I was afraid you'd say no and hurt his feelings, so I told him you were sure to be at your art school. I was glad afterward you didn't come, for we met Stella Wilkes."

The name failed to stir Jean as of old. "I don't fear Stella now," she said.

"I do," Amy rejoined. "It gives me the creeps to be anywhere near her. Fred says he can't see why. Men are queer that way. She came up to us on the Iron Pier, where we were having beer and sandwiches, and in spite of all my hints Fred asked her to have something, too. She told us she was singing in one of the music-halls down there, and nothing would do Fred but we must go that night and see what her voice was like. She spotted us down in the crowd and waved her hand at us as bold as you please. I was so mad! Fred didn't care. He thought she had a bully voice. It did

sound first rate in 'coon songs,' and I really had to laugh myself at some of her antics when she danced a cake-walk. Wouldn't it be a queer thing if she got to be well known? Fred says there's no reason why she shouldn't earn big money, and he's a dandy judge of acting. You ought to hear him spout some of the speeches from 'Monte Cristo.' We always go to a show Saturday nights, when he's home, and generally Sundays to sacred concerts and actors' benefits. I wouldn't go Sundays if the rest of the week wasn't so dull. If I only had a flat it would help pass the time away. I tease Fred for one all the time. Maybe I can pretty soon. He's to have Long Island and north Jersey for his territory and that will bring him home oftener nights. Haven't you a better drop-skirt than this?"

"Drop-skirt?" The transition caught Jean day-dreaming over a contrast between Amy's drummer and an illustrator not unknown to fame.

"This one is so scant it spoils the whole dress," explained the critic. "I always said so."

"I know; but it's the best I have. Does it matter so much?"

"Matter!" Amy mourned over the offending detail with artistic concern. "There's nothing I'm so particular about. A drop-skirt like this would spoil a Paris gown, let alone a—a—"

"Rusty black net?" Jean prompted. "Aren't you forgetting my wonderful shoulders? Nobody is to see anything else, you know!"

Amy ignored the implication. "It won't be so funny if they do," she reproved. "I do wish I had something to lend you, but since I left the store I never wear black. Fred likes lively colors. Isn't there anything at the studio you could borrow?"

There was, though Jean forbore to mention it. As certain as her need was the knowledge that from the third right-hand hook of the studio wardrobe depended its easy satisfaction. She had told Atwood with almost rebuking emphasis that she must wear her own clothes, but in the befogging nervousness which the bugaboo of the dinner wrought, the temptation to make use of this discarded trifle from Mrs. Van Ostade's plenty assailed her with waxing strength, till success or failure seemed to hang on her decision. The garment had its individuality, like most things be-

longing to Julie, who, Atwood said, had her own notions of design; but Jean told herself that it need not be flaunted.

To assure herself whether, after all, she might not be overrating its importance, she wore the silken lure home under her street-dress the evening of the dinner. This candid course was most efficacious. In the light of the miracle it worked, consistency troubled her no more than it did Amy. Its influence transcended the material; it fortified her courage; and when at last the admiring maid brought word that a gentleman waited below, she gave a final glance mirrorward, which was almost optimistic, and went down for Craig's verdict with starry eyes.

No faintest premonition prepared her to confront in the dim-lit room, not Craig, but Paul.

The dentist took an uncertain step toward her. "I had to come, Jean," he said defensively. "There hasn't been a more miserable cuss in the city. I——" Then, seeing her clearly under the flare of the gas-burner nearest the door, which her hand sought instantly, he stood a moment, wide-eyed and mute, in fascinated survey of her unwonted garb. No tribute to its effectiveness could have been more sincere. As if it spoke for her like a symbol, answering a question he could no longer put, he made a simple gesture of renunciation, the pathos and dignity of which sounded the very well-springs of her pity. "Excuse me for butting in," he added. "I can see now it was no use."

Jean put out her hand. The mystery of her dead affection—she could not call it love—for this man was never more baffling. The woman she was seemed as far removed from her who pledged herself to Paul as that girl in turn was remote from the mutinous rebel of Cottage No. 6; but the dentist's gesture, his words, his shabbiness—so different from the half-dandified neatness of old—touched her where a direct appeal to their common past would have found her flint.

"It was no use in the way you mean, Paul," she said gently. "But sit down. I am sorry if you have been unhappy."

Whereupon an inconceivably subdued Paul Bartlett sat down beside her and with a gush of mingled self-pity and remorse poured the tale of his manifold sorrows into an absorbed and—her wrongs, her sex

considered—sympathetic ear. Life had fared ill with him. He had not been able, he said, to swing the enterprise of the new office quite as he had hoped. The location was all right, the equipment was all right, but for some reason, perhaps the election-time flurry, perhaps because he himself may not have pushed things as he did when feeling quite up to par, patients had not flocked his way.

The discouragement he had been through! To know there wasn't a more up-to-date office in Harlem, nor one that paid a stiffer rent, and yet, for a month, six weeks, two months, to see almost nobody drift in except "shoppers"—Jean would remember their sort!—who haggled over dinky little jobs such as amalgam fillings, or beat him down on a cheap plate to a figure that hardly paid a man to fire up his vulcanizer—well, he'd sooner handle a pick and shovel than go through that again.

"But it's better now?" she asked with interest.

"Shouldn't have showed my face here if it wasn't," Paul retorted with a flicker of his old spirit. "The luck changed just when I'd about decided to go back to Grimes. Yes, I'm doing so-so. Nothing record-breaking, but I'm out of debt."

"I'm very glad."

"Thanks," he said gratefully. "You've no call to be, God knows! When I think—but what's the good? I've thought till I'm half dotty. Just to look into the little place at the Lorna Doone queers a whole week for me. It stands about as it did, Jean. All the time the pinch was hardest I had to carry the flat, too—empty. I couldn't live there, and nobody else wanted it. I missed my chance to clear out when the building changed hands—I tumbled just too late, not being on the spot. The new owners would make trouble, and I've had trouble enough. I just *can't* sell the things—leastways some of them—and I thought perhaps you—they're really yours, you know—perhaps you— No? Well, I don't blame you. If folks were only living there, I guess I'd feel different. I would sublet for a song," he finished desperately.

Amy's consuming desire flashed into Jean's mind to relieve a situation too tense for long endurance, and Paul thankfully made note of the drummer's address. This

mechanical act seemed to put a period to their meeting and both rose; but although they shook hands again, and exchanged commonplaces concerning neither knew what, the man continued to imprison her fingers in an awkward solemnity which, more sharply than words, conveyed his sense of a bitter, yet just, finality.

So occupied, Atwood's hurried entrance found them. "I'm late, very late," he said from the hall, at first glimpsing only Jean; "but the cab-horse looks promising, and the driver says—I beg your pardon!"

Acutely conscious of a burning flush, which Paul's red-hot confusion answered like an afterglow, Jean made the presentation.

"Bartlett—not Barclay," Paul corrected Atwood's murmured greeting, with the footless particularity of the embarrassed.

"I beg your pardon," said Atwood again.

"Often mixed, those two names, Bartlett and Barclay," babbled the dentist, with desperate stage laughter. "Half the people who come to my office call me Barclay. Feel sometimes as if it must be Barclay after all. Dare say Barclay is as good a name—that is—"

Jean stilled the parrot cry with an apology for running off, and the trio passed down the steps together.

Atwood glanced back curiously as they whipped away.

"Who is Mr. Bartlett—not Barclay?" he asked.

"A dentist I knew when I worked for the Acme Company," she answered; and then, with a generous impulse added, "He was very kind to me once when I needed kindness."

"So?" Atwood's interest livened. "Then I have double reason not to forget his name. I don't dare picture what Julie's thinking," he went on, peering at a jeweler's street-clock. "We're undeniably late. But I have the best excuse in the world. Guess!"

Jean tried but found her wits distraught between the scene just past and the trial to come.

"No; tell me," she entreated.

He drew a full exultant breath. "It's the Joyce-Reeves commission," he said. "I received the order to-night."

The eighth instalment of "*The Crucible*" will appear in the October issue.



A WINE OF WIZARDRY

BY GEORGE STERLING
DECORATIONS BY F. I. BENNETT.

Mr. James Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth," and British ambassador to the United States, in a widely quoted interview recently implied that this country lacked poets. The Cosmopolitan offers the following remarkable



JAMES BRYCE

poem as proof that there is at least one poet in America. Mr. Ambrose Bierce discusses the verses in another part of this issue. Obviously Mr. Bryce had not read Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox's splendid poem, "Abelard and Heloise."

WITHOUT, the battlements of sunset shine,
Mid domes the sea-winds rear and overwhelm.
Into a crystal cup the dusky wine
I pour, and, musing at so rich a shrine,
I watch the star that haunts its ruddy gloom.
Now Fancy, empress of a purpled realm,
Awakes with brow caressed by poppy-bloom,
And wings in sudden dalliance her flight
To strands where opals of the shattered light
Gleam in the wind-strewn foam, and maidens flee
A little past the striving billows' reach,
Or seek the russet mosses of the sea,
And wrinkled shells that lure along the beach,

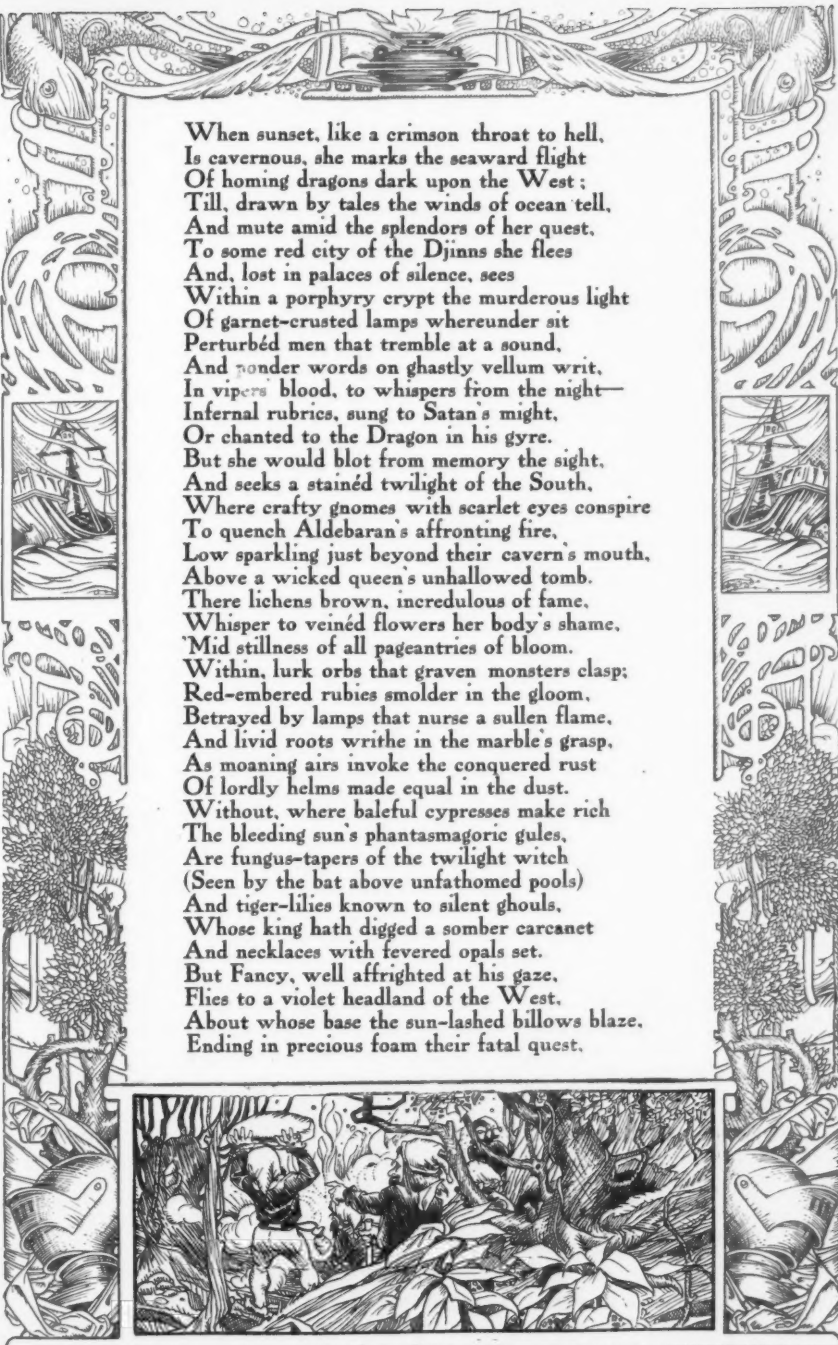


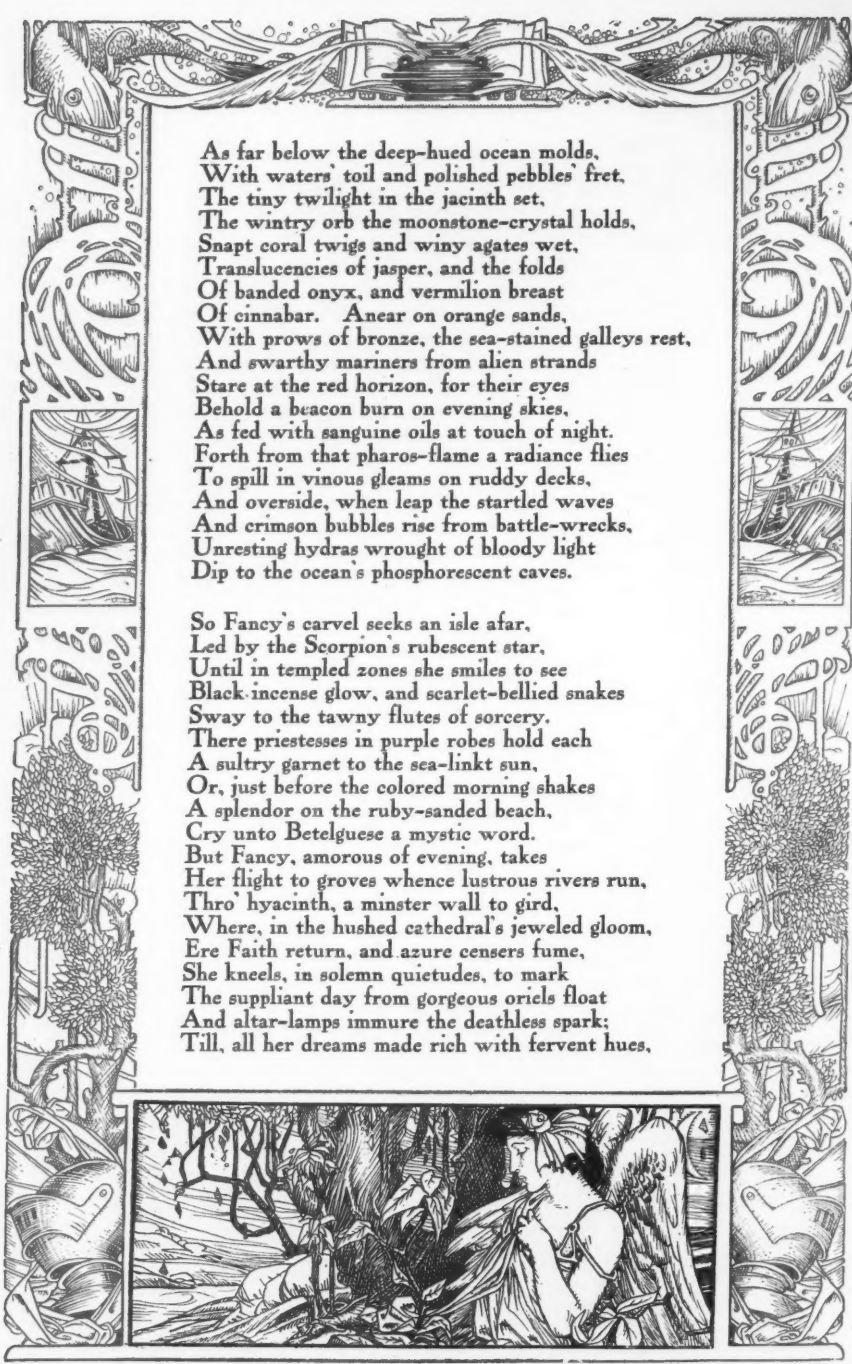
And please the heart of Fancy : yet she turns,
 Tho' trembling, to a grotto rosy-sparred,
 Where wattled monsters redly gape, that guard
 A cowled magician peering on the damned
 Thro' vials wherein a splendid poison burns,
 Sifting Satanic gules athwart his brow.
 So Fancy will not gaze with him, and now
 She wanders to an iceberg oriflammed
 With rayed, auroral guidons of the North—
 Wherein hath winter hidden ardent gems
 And treasures of frozen anadems,
 Alight with timid sapphires of the snow.
 But she would dream of warmer gems, and so
 Erelong her eyes in fastnesses look forth
 O'er blue profounds mysterious whence glow
 The coals of Tartarus on the moonless air,
 As Titans plan to storm Olympus' throne,
 'Mid pulse of dungeoned forges down the stunned,
 Undominated firmament, and glare
 Of Cyclopean furnaces unsunned.

Then hastens she in refuge to a lone,
 Immortal garden of the eastern hours,
 Where Dawn upon a pansy's breast hath laid
 A single tear, and whence the wind hath flown
 And left a silence. Far on shadowy tow'rs
 Droop blazoned banners, and the woodland shade,
 With leafy flames and dyes autumnal hung,
 Makes beautiful the twilight of the year.
 For this the fays will dance, for elfin cheer,
 Within a dell where some mad girl hath flung
 A bracelet that the painted lizards fear—
 Red pyres of muffled light! Yet Fancy spurns
 The revel, and to eastern hazard turns,
 And glaring beacons of the Soldan's shores,
 When in a Syrian treasure-house she pours,
 From caskets rich and amethystine urns,
 Dull fires of dusty jewels that have bound
 The brows of naked Ashtaroth around;
 Or hushed, at fall of some disastrous night,



When sunset, like a crimson throat to hell,
 Is cavernous, she marks the seaward flight
 Of homing dragons dark upon the West;
 Till, drawn by tales the winds of ocean tell,
 And mute amid the splendors of her quest,
 To some red city of the Djinns she flees
 And, lost in palaces of silence, sees
 Within a porphyry crypt the murderous light
 Of garnet-crusted lamps whereunder sit
 Perturbed men that tremble at a sound,
 And ponder words on ghastly vellum writ,
 In vipers' blood, to whispers from the night—
 Infernal rubrics, sung to Satan's might,
 Or chanted to the Dragon in his gyre.
 But she would blot from memory the sight,
 And seeks a stained twilight of the South,
 Where crafty gnomes with scarlet eyes conspire
 To quench Aldebaran's affronting fire,
 Low sparkling just beyond their cavern's mouth,
 Above a wicked queen's unhallowed tomb.
 There lichens brown, incredulous of fame,
 Whisper to veined flowers her body's shame,
 'Mid stillness of all pageantries of bloom.
 Within, lurk orbs that graven monsters clasp;
 Red-embered rubies smolder in the gloom,
 Betrayed by lamps that nurse a sullen flame,
 And livid roots writhe in the marble's grasp,
 As moaning airs invoke the conquered rust
 Of lordly helms made equal in the dust.
 Without, where baleful cypresses make rich
 The bleeding sun's phantasmagoric gules,
 Are fungus-tapers of the twilight witch
 (Seen by the bat above unfathomed pools)
 And tiger-lilies known to silent ghouls,
 Whose king hath digged a somber carcanet
 And necklaces with fevered opals set.
 But Fancy, well affrighted at his gaze,
 Flies to a violet headland of the West,
 About whose base the sun-lashed billows blaze,
 Ending in precious foam their fatal quest.





As far below the deep-hued ocean molds,
 With waters' toil and polished pebbles' fret,
 The tiny twilight in the jacinth set,
 The wintry orb the moonstone-crystal holds,
 Snapt coral twigs and winy agates wet,
 Translucencies of jasper, and the folds
 Of banded onyx, and vermillion breast
 Of cinnabar. Anear on orange sands,
 With prows of bronze, the sea-stained galleys rest,
 And swarthy mariners from alien strands
 Stare at the red horizon, for their eyes
 Behold a beacon burn on evening skies,
 As fed with sanguine oils at touch of night.
 Forth from that pharos-flame a radiance flies
 To spill in vinous gleams on ruddy decks,
 And overside, when leap the startled waves
 And crimson bubbles rise from battle-wrecks,
 Unresting hydras wrought of bloody light
 Dip to the ocean's phosphorescent caves.

So Fancy's carvel seeks an isle afar,
 Led by the Scorpion's rubescent star,
 Until in templed zones she smiles to see
 Black-incense glow, and scarlet-bellied snakes
 Sway to the tawny flutes of sorcery.
 There priestesses in purple robes hold each
 A sultry garnet to the sea-linkt sun,
 Or, just before the colored morning shakes
 A splendor on the ruby-sanded beach,
 Cry unto Betelguese a mystic word.
 But Fancy, amorous of evening, takes
 Her flight to groves whence lustrous rivers run,
 Thro' hyacinth, a minster wall to gird,
 Where, in the hushed cathedral's jeweled gloom,
 Ere Faith return, and azure censers fume,
 She kneels, in solemn quietudes, to mark
 The suppliant day from gorgeous oriels float
 And altar-lamps immure the deathless spark;
 Till, all her dreams made rich with fervent hues,



She goes to watch, beside a lurid moat,
 The kingdoms of the afterglow suffuse
 A sentinel mountain stationed toward the night—
 Whose broken tombs betray their ghastly trust,
 Till bloodshot gems stare up like eyes of lust.
 And now she knows, at agate portals bright,
 How Circe and her poisons have a home,
 Carved in one ruby that a Titan lost,
 Where icy philters brim with scarlet foam,
 'Mid hiss of oils in burnished caldrons tossed,
 While thickly from her prey his life-tide drips,
 In turbid dyes that tinge her torture-dome
 As craftily she gleans her deadly dew,
 With gyving spells not Pluto's queen can use,
 Or listens to her victim's moan, and sips
 Her darkest wine, and smiles with wicked lips.
 Nor comes a god with any power to break
 The red alembics whence her gleaming broths
 Obscenely fume, as asp or adder froths,
 To lethal mists whose writhing vapors make
 Dim augury, till shapes of men that were
 Point, weeping, at tremendous dooms to be,
 When pillared pomps and thrones supreme shall stir,
 Unstable as the foam-dreams of the sea.

But Fancy still is fugitive, and turns
 To caverns where a demon altar burns,
 And Satan, yawning on his brazen seat,
 Fondles a screaming thing his fiends have flayed,
 Ere Lilith come his indolence to greet,
 Who leads from hell his whitest queens, arrayed
 In chains so heated at their master's fire
 That one new-damned had thought their bright attire
 Indeed were coral, till the dazzling dance
 So terribly that brilliance shall enhance.
 But Fancy is unsatisfied, and soon
 She seeks the silence of a vaster night,
 Where powers of wizardry, with faltering sight
 (Whenas the hours creep farthest from the noon)
 Seek by the glow-worm's lantern cold and dull



A crimson spider hidden in a skull,
 Or search for mottled vines with berries white,
 Where waters mutter to the gibbous moon.
 There, clothed in cerements of malignant light,
 A sick enchantress scans the dark to curse,
 Beside a caldron vext with harlots' blood,
 The stars of that red Sign which spells her doom.

Then Fancy cleaves the palmy skies adverse
 To sunset barriers. By the Ganges' flood
 She sees, in her dim temple, Siva loom
 And, visioned with a monstrous ruby, glare
 On distant twilight where the burning-ghaut
 Is lit with glowering pyres that seem the eyes
 Of her abhorrent dragon-worms that bear
 The pestilence by Death in darkness wrought.
 So Fancy's wings forsake the Asian skies,
 And now her heart is curious of halls
 In which dead Merlin's prowling ape hath spilt
 A vial squat whose scarlet venom crawls
 To ciphers bright and terrible, that tell
 The sins of demons and the encharneled guilt
 That breathes a phantom at whose cry the owl,
 Malignly mute above the midnight well,
 Is dolorous, and Hecate lifts her cowl
 To mutter swift a minatory rune;
 And, ere the tomb-thrown echoings have ceased,
 The blue-eyed vampire, sated at her feast,
 Smiles bloodily against the leprous moon.

But evening now is come, and Fancy folds
 Her splendid plumes, nor any longer holds
 Adventurous quest o'er stained lands and seas—
 Fled to a star above the sunset lees,
 O'er onyx waters stilled by gorgeous oils
 That toward the twilight reach emblazoned coils.
 And I, albeit Merlin-sage hath said,
 "A vyper lurketh in ye wine-cuppe redde,"
 Gaze pensively upon the way she went,
 Drink at her font, and smile as one content.





Bernard Shaw on American Women

THE FAMOUS IRISH WIT TALKS BRILLIANTLY ON THIS WEIGHTY SUBJECT TO AN AMERICAN WOMAN, AND ALSO HAS SOMETHING TO SAY ABOUT SEVERAL OF OUR OTHER GREAT INSTITUTIONS

Illustrated by Gordon Ross



It was just eleven o'clock in the morning when the cabman landed me on the steps that led up to the apartments of George Bernard Shaw at 10 Adelphi Terrace, London. I was punctual, for Mr. Shaw had written me that I could have just ten minutes of his time at that hour and that if I stayed longer he would throw me out the window. He did not attempt any such athletic feat, but kept me long after my luncheon hour.

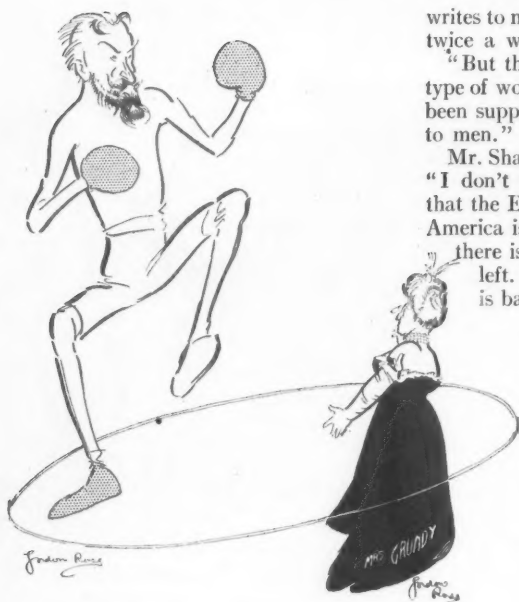
Physically the Irish dramatist is unimpressive. He is thin and pale, due perhaps to the fact that he is a vegetarian as well as a genius. Nevertheless he is an athlete with muscles of steel. His manner belied the rather appalling threat in his note, and when he came forward to greet me as I entered the library in his apartments overlooking the Thames above the Embankment, his face lighted up with a most agreeable smile, and his blue Irish eyes twinkled humorously when I told him I had just

made a mental calculation of how high his windows were from the ground.

The room might have been the abode of a painter, so delightfully artistic and harmonious were its furnishings. Upon a tall bookcase stood a huge bronze bust of the writer of plays done by no less an artist than Rodin. Noticing my interest in this masterpiece, Mr. Shaw seemed immensely pleased and with his usual candor admitted that he thought it one of the greatest works of modern times.

"How lifelike I am! Isn't it remarkable?" he asked; "but then that work was done, not as most of those things are done, in one or two sittings, but it took months before the artist had gained complete mastery of the clay. I was like a professional model and posed when it pleased Rodin to see me, not when it suited me to go to him. In that way the sculptor was always up to his best, and that living, breathing thing you see is the result. I glory in it."

The red whiskers of the play-writer are fast fading into a tawny gray, and his formerly red hair is thin and almost colorless, but his eyes are as youthful and blue as those



HE IS AN ATHLETE WITH MUSCLES OF STEEL.

of a boy of twenty, and they are his most distinctive, most agreeable, feature. They are kindly, sympathetic, mirthful, domineering, ironic, stubborn in expression by turns yet always keenly perceptive and thoughtful. His alert, nervous, agile expression of body and hands is feline in quality—one could not call it leonine, for Shaw does not give the impression of great physical strength. His voice is most pleasing though at times somewhat shrill and penetrating: in it one recognizes heart and kindness.

"And so you are from that awful country, that uncivilized place called the United States, and you want me to talk," was his brisk way of greeting me.

"Yes, and I want you to talk of women," I added quickly.

"Well, there's a question," said he with a smile. "I don't know anything about women."

"As if any could think that who sees your plays! But I want you to talk about the real lady, not the stage-lady."

"The stage-lady is the real lady."

"But we in America haven't any such type as the woman in 'Man and Superman,'" I objected.

"Indeed, yes," was Shaw's reply; "she

writes to me from her American home about twice a week."

"But that type is essentially the English type of woman. Your Englishwomen have been suppressed and made too subordinate to men."

Mr. Shaw thought a moment and replied: "I don't think so. I think the secret is that the Englishwoman is much more free. America is the one country on earth where there is absolutely no liberty of any kind left. I admit that the case of Russia is bad, but the things that are happening in America don't happen here. You don't have people driven out of their hotels and dragged into prison."

"But the Gorky incident—"

"I refer to the experience of Mr. Moses Harmon. That is the reason I don't go to America. My wife would probably be arrested for marrying me. Why, if you were in America you would not be allowed to wear that hat!"

"But I got it there."

"I don't know how they came to let you off. Any person who can possibly cause a gentleman to admire a lady is immediately put in prison under your law. But you Americans are beautifully unconcerned about that. You have all been talking about yourselves as possessing the land of freedom, which is a true sign that there is no freedom, because there is no doubt that people who are free never talk about it. The difference is that the Englishwoman is very much bolder and very much more practical."

"It is possible. The woman in 'Man and Superman'—no American woman dares to talk like that," I said.

"She allows herself to be permanently emancipated, and when she is emancipated she talks most dreadfully conventional things—the sort of things that used to be said by George Eliot and people like that forty years ago."

"You haven't seen America lately, Mr. Shaw."

"My life is full of America. America writes me letters. Every American who comes to England has only one idea—of coming to see me. I am the only thing that exists on this side of the Atlantic for the ordinary American, and the American woman—a charming person."

"But that is not necessarily the real American woman. I think it is only to the well-educated women that you appeal."

"Every American woman explains that she is an absolute exception and is not like any other American woman. But they are all exactly the same. The only thing to be said for them is they are usually very well dressed and extraordinarily good looking. As a rule they speak better English; their pronunciation is better."

"Don't you think the Englishwomen are much prettier but don't dress so well?" I asked.

"I don't know. The American woman really dresses very well, perhaps better than any other woman I know. You have the Frenchwoman, whose dressing is worse than anybody else's because she never looks like a human being. The Englishwoman dresses better than the French, and the American better than the English."

"Russians dress very well, don't they?" I suggested.

"I don't know. My acquaintance with Russian women has been very largely confined to nihilistic students about to assassinate the Czar, and they don't study the fashions. I don't profess to be an authority on dress."

"Do you know, I could not consider that woman in 'Man and Superman' an American woman: She is too subtle," I said.

"In the same sense you may say perhaps that she is too subtle to be any sort of woman."

"I think she is an Englishwoman."

"Englishwomen are not more subtle than American women."

"Don't you think so?" I asked.

"They are much more occupied with other ideas. You see, what is the matter with the American at the present time is that he or she is always loaded up with whole cart-loads of stale ideas of Europe and England. Americans come over to see me: they are extremely charming people, but they carry with them a dreadful sort of

thing that they call intellectual equipment, but really they have only a cart-load of reading. They come and reel out to me the sort of things I used to write thirty years ago when I was a young man, and they have their minds so full of these things that it is very hard to get at anything original. It is only because they stuff their minds with other people's ideas. The Englishwoman never reads anything. She is not capable of playing with ideas. She amuses herself sometimes with things that are very frivolous, and sometimes with things that belong to herself and her children. Her tastes and consequently anything she has to say are her own. But the American woman comes along and immediately has a whole heap of second-hand goods in her head which she piles up on top of you. You want to say: 'These are the things I sold you second-hand ever so long ago. Do let me find out what the American is like.' What will the American be like when the race is completely realized! One notices among the men a return to the Indian type. The climate is producing the type natural to it. I don't know whether it's actually true that when several Americans go out in a party they walk in single file instead of abreast as they do in this country. It is quite interesting to see the type. You don't see the American woman returning to the type of the squaw."

I agreed with Mr. Shaw and said: "But the women are far ahead of the men. I think they are the brains of the country. The men are making money——"

"But that doesn't take any brains," Mr. Shaw interrupted. "The secret of making money is a very simple one."

Charles Dickens pointed out long ago that if you want to make money you simply have to do nothing but go for money. You Americans have an idea that your great capitalists, and I believe also your millionaires, must be very able men because they have made a great deal of money. That is not the case. You might as well suppose that, for in-



I POSED WHEN IT PLEASED RODIN TO SEE ME

stance, a fox-hunting hound must have an extraordinary knowledge of the country and of geography and an extraordinary knowledge of English character because he is always going across country and always finding his way in a marvelous manner, and is always associated with masters of hounds and ladies of society—countesses and so on. The wonderful success of the fox-hound in always making its way through all its social obligations straight to its object is simply that the dog never thinks of anything else. It smells the fox, and devotes its whole life to catching the fox. If it really were an intelligent animal it would not bother about the fox, but would let it alone. It would have a much better life if it let the fox alone.

"In the same way we see that the man who makes money is like the hound running after the fox. He must be, not a man of extraordinary knowledge, but of extraordinary narrowness to think that money is worth getting, because when your millionaires get their money they don't know what to do with it. They come to this country and fling money about and build free libraries and do all manner of weak-minded things, and really they might turn the world upside down if they had some imagination. But the man who has an imagination and a faculty has never thought about money at all. It is the last thing; it is a nuisance to him. He recognizes that only the fear of starvation makes him try to get money. He makes as little as he requires to get necessary things. That is the result of your civilization. You have now a plutocratic civilization in America which is the worst and cruelest and most abominable that has ever existed. If you could only revive Nebuchadnezzar from the dead and make him absolute monarch of America he would improve it enormously. I don't know what on earth is to become of you. What is? Of course things are coming to a point. You had much better face the whole social problem—nationalize and socialize all your trusts, take the whole of your land and capital. But then you have not political faculty enough to do that. You show the most extraordinary lack of it. You don't seem to have a decent municipal body in America, and all the people who call themselves intelligent despise politics. They use the term as one of reproach. It shows that the educated and cultured classes are not unlike a man who tells you that political econ-

omy is a dry subject, whereas it is absolutely the most fascinating and religious subject. One of the reasons why I am so successful in my writing is that practically I am an economist; that is the basis of my education. As to putting plays on the stage, any baby can do that, but if you want to do it on a nice scale you must be an economist and a prophet."

"The woman is intellectually 'the better man' in our country," I suggested.

"There are interesting things about the American woman. She does really believe in enjoying herself. She has no conscience."

"None at all?" I inquired.

"No. She comes over here and deliberately sets out having what you call 'a good time,' and in that she has a very considerable vitality. There is a very curious movement here. For a long time we have had complaints of the American woman. If you read our novels which profess to deal with society, and our social articles, or listen to the conversation of men about the American woman, you will find there are two complaints always recurring. One is that she has no conscience, which makes her a very hopeful social phenomenon, and the other is that she has no sex. I don't profess to know why other people say this. I think of course the American woman will probably get rid of all this intellectual discursiveness and this power of interesting herself in all manner of things when she gets educated by living in a really civilized country instead of that hopeless, provincial, colonial place on the other side of the Atlantic. But as she throws off all that intellectual discursiveness and that second-hand stuff she gets out of books, and centers herself more and more on herself and her immediate feelings, she will probably get a conscience, and she will also get what English people call sex. That, of course, is a very doubtful advantage, because the tendency of the Englishwoman is to have too much sex. It is because she eats too much. I don't know what the American woman eats," added Mr. Shaw interrogatively.

"We have much better food over there than you do here—more vegetables and a great deal of fruit," I explained.

"Well, the Englishwomen, of course, say that you don't know what eating is, and that you have bad complexions, but that appears to me to be a libel," said Mr. Shaw gallantly. "You certainly know how to take

care of yourselves, but, of course, we are now talking about American women who command money. The actual mass of the millions of American women are simply slaves. The exploitation of women in America is a horror; it is hideous."

Switching to the subject of popular education I asked Mr. Shaw if he did not consider our public-school system an excellent thing.

"That is the greatest possible mistake," said he. "It is one of those things that you get into the habit of saying. You have more illiterates in America than we have here. At any rate, mere schooling has little to do with it. Schools have got nothing to do with education. A child is a nuisance, and you want to shove it somewhere out of the way. So you send it to school."

"What would you have the children do? How can you get them educated?" I asked.

"I don't know that I want them to be educated, particularly in the ordinary school sense," he replied.

"But you would want them to learn to read and write?" I suggested.

"You send them to school, where, by the way, they don't learn to read and write; that is the mischief. A child is a dangerous animal, a noisy nuisance. Grown-up people's nerves cannot stand children, and the consequence is that the moment poor people have to put up with their children they shove them out of the way into the street. To solve the problem the richer people take care that they will see as little of their children as possible."

"That is England?" I ventured.

"That is America. There is one good thing about American children: some of them have more freedom and are more spoiled. Therefore you have the evil in-

fluence of the home, the narrowness of the home. You may be kind and indulgent to children, and you may treat them as if they were grown-up people, not because they are grown-up people, but because all the grown-up people are merely children. If you really want to bring up children, you must put them out into the world, and give them some kind of responsibility. American children ought to be put into Yellowstone Park, and you ought to have an intelligent police force to see that they don't do much mischief."

"But the bears?" I suggested.

"Bears will develop their faculties very considerably. When children go picking out things and wanting to learn things, there is some use teaching them. Of all the things that I was taught at school, I do not know a single one of them. The things which I was not taught at school, but which I wanted to know, I know as well as anybody. They taught me nothing at school. My whole experience of school was that it narrowed me and degraded me and destroyed my mind, but fortunately I was not in school all day. It is the most highly educated people who are most hopeless."

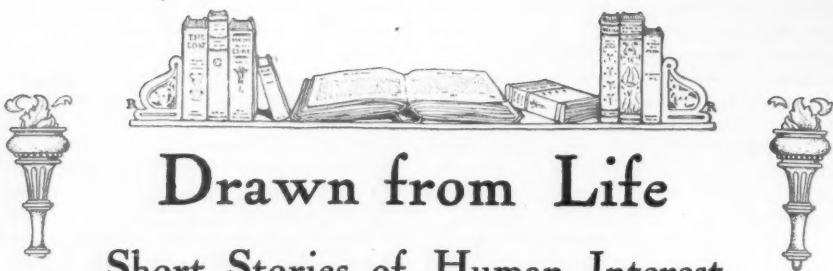
"They are sometimes prigs," I said.

"There is no objection to a man being a prig—all really able people are prigs necessarily. You call a man an abusive name because he knows something more than you do. It is simply a term of abuse, so that really the more prigs there are in the world the better the world will be."

"You will come over and see us soon, Mr. Shaw?" I said.

"Well, perhaps I will if you civilize the place a little bit. At present it is not up to my mark," he replied with a smile.





Drawn from Life

Short Stories of Human Interest
Romantic, Tragic, Fanciful

How They Met Themselves

By Virginia Berkley Bowie

MESSIRE GUI DE ROHAN went quickly up the flower-scattered hillside toward the forest. He had thrust a rose in his dark curls, and the blood of twenty bounded in his veins; for whose blood would not glow warmer that hastened to tryst with Yolande La Bel?

Ever and anon fragments of song burst from his amorous lips; but for the most part he stayed silent, his eyes already set on a vision of the fair girl waiting for his coming, within the forest. At such times he would quicken his steps, as if he were fain to keep pace with his impatient heart.

Entering the wood, his eyes darted hither and thither, now on this side, now on that, that he might soonest win a glimpse of the damsel; but it was some little space before he spied the glint of her robe, at the end of a dim forest aisle. Instantly the heart leaped within him, and his breath came in quick gasps.

"Yolande!" he cried, with the voice of one mate that calls the other; and then, "My beautiful!"

He was beside her in little time, his ardent eyes drinking in the perfection of her pallid beauty. A tall girl was Yolande, and slender; lithe as a young willow, and with a wondrous scarlet mouth. The amber gold of her hair fell loose upon her shoulders from under her hood, and her two eyes shone like mysterious stars, though whether black or violet beneath her lashes no man might say. But in her mouth dwelt all the marvel of her rich blood and throbbing love; so that a

man might look upon her and hold himself happy to die upon her kiss.

For a little while Gui held her from him, a hand on either shoulder and his eyes bent on the upturned loveliness of her face. Then, in an instant, his arms had her fast, and he knew only that his love was the fairest damsel in God's world.

Thereafter, they loved much within the forest, and sought only to depart when the night came. Twice they strove to tear themselves away, only to return for fresh kisses and lovers' babble, and now, for the third time, their farewells were spoken.

Said Gui: "Yolande, my beautiful, how can I go from her I love so well? My sweet lady, bid me not leave thee!"

And she: "Nay, certes, the dark comes, and we must e'en go our separate ways. But bide a little. Two come toward us along the forest path."

Now, even as she spake, they heard a sound as if two approached gently along the overgrown way. The night was close upon them, so that they might not clearly see at a distance; but enough light yet remained to behold plainly the face of one another, and they drew aside, thinking to let the strangers pass.

Through the branches above them the first stars looked down, set in a bed of sky still touched with afterglow; and, presently, their gaze grew dimly to discern two shapes that came toward them in the gathering dusk. Man and woman they were, and lovers, for they walked with arms entwined and eyes set upon the face of one another; though not as some might walk, intent upon the body's loveliness. Rather they communed soul to soul, even as those might walk who are no longer flesh.

Very silent they were, uttering no word; nor were their faces clearly visible until, abreast of the other twain, they turned on a sudden and, still with arms entwined, stood face to face with them.

Then a very terrible thing was seen. Countenance for countenance, body for body, Gui and Yolande gazed upon themselves, even as if they looked on their own reflections, or had, on a sudden, met their twin semblances, born at the same birth, of the same mother!

For a little space they stared, immovable, incapable of word or cry, a great horror gnawing their hearts; and then, with a low moan, Yolande sank swooning into her lover's arms. He, with eyes wild and voice grown terrible, cried: "What shapes are ye that seek to cross our path? Are ye of heaven or hell?" For still the other twain gazed on him, calm, intent, immovable, the shadow of a smile on their parted lips.

"We are the Other-Selves," they answered, with voices as faint and far away as the voices of a dream. "Born at a man's birth, we walk beside him along the path of destiny, through all his life. Ours are the shadows that follow his childhood, that sit beside him at marriage-feast and council-board; ours the shapes that are with him in his hours of tempest, and that desert not his gray hairs, going down with him, at length, into the grave itself. Nor are we often visible, save only to the eyes of souls. Yet, perchance, one wandering in that dim moment 'twixt dusk and dark may, on a sudden, meet us face to face and gaze, a little time, on the man he might have been."

For a moment Gui strove to speak, but his dry throat held him silent, his wild eyes burning amid the waste of his white face.

Then once more the Other-Selves took up their tale. "Look on us, Gui de Rohan, and see the love that might once have been thine. For, behold, love is gone from thee!"

Gui said, "Nay, ye speak not sooth, for what man could love a damsel more greatly than I love Yolande, my sweet lady?"

And they: "Nay, damoiseau, thou knowest not love; the fire of youth hath ravished it from thee. Bethink thee! When thou and the maid Yolande were but newly met, thou wert happy only in sitting at her feet, and knelt to her as at a shrine, seeing in her the mother of thy fair sons. Yea, often ye spake together of the time when thou shouldst have her to wife, and when joy

shouldst crown thy youth, and honor thine age, with Yolande, thy sweet lady and comrade, set beside thy hearth. At her feet thou wert to lay the spoils of battle and all the people's praise, thy sole guerdon the love in her wise, sweet glance and the laughter of thy fair children clustered about her knees."

"Aye, I mind me," Gui spake, his voice dry and strange; and still the tale went on.

"Thereafter, the rose-red flame of youth sprang up within thee, and the vision passed. With it departed the love that endureth for all time, though thou knewest it not, having only joy of thy damsel's beauty and the ripe redness of her mouth. Thy world grew to hold naught but the richness of her amber hair and the glory of two eyes looking out from a fair face; and, drunken with youth and spring, thou hast now no thought save of the moment that passes thee. The way of death, O damoiseau, the way of death!"

"How may that be sooth?" Gui asked, thrilled by their faint, sweet voices.

"'Tis sooth, indeed," the twain answered him; "for lo, the flame is lit within thee that will blaze high a while, but afterward must sink to darkness, leaving naught but the ashes of a dead desire. Thou, who hast thought to be constant for all time, must presently turn away from the lady Yolande, having no longer any joy of her, to seek another Yolande, and afterward another and another, and so on through all thy life. For after brief pleasure must come the restless pain of thy soul, unsatisfied, ever seeking that which it missed in love's beginning—not the pulse of hot blood, but the peace of mated hearts."

Then Gui spake with heavy spirit, "I ask but this: Has that peace gone from me, never to be more regained?"

They answered: "Not so. But an' thou wouldst learn the way of love that may not be defiled, look well upon us, even as though we were the mirror of thy better soul."

Now, even as they spake thus, Gui saw a radiance grow about them, the faint and ghostly glimmer of another sphere, transfiguring face and body so that there was naught earthly in them, and they seemed true spirit. Turning, they gazed into the eyes of one another, and on the face that was the mirrored semblance of his own Gui read strong manhood, the purity of purpose, and a heart's firm constancy. And in the

gaze of her who was as Yolande shone forth all love, all tenderness, all motherhood—sweetheart, yet mate. No word was said between them; yet within Gui's brain it was even as if that Other-Self had spoken, "My beautiful one, fair body, fair spirit, love is born of both, yet he who would know that which cannot change must first and deepest love the fair soul within thee."

For a space they stood there, mated hearts knitted together indissolubly, evil fortune or good, the clear fulfilment of a man's best dream. And then, still with arms entwined, they turned slowly away down the forest aisle, the lambent light about them ever fainter and fainter until lost in distance, leaving Gui alone with his fear.

Presently the maid Yolande wakened again to life, her eyes still wild with the horror which her last conscious glance had held. "Gui," she cried, "Gui, the phantasms! 'Tis the sign of death!"

"Nay, love," he answered, "nay; say rather the sign of life!"

And with arms entwined, even as that other twain had walked, they passed through the forest ways and down the hillside to where the castle beacons starred the night.

Pie

By Walter Hackett

THERE is little doubt but that for the appetizing and enticing aroma of an apple-pie Jim Graves, the sheriff of Warhoe County, would still be a bachelor. Not that a life of single blessedness was his ambition. Indeed, the contrary was true, for the pies of the Widow Cummins (The sheriff was a hardened and unrepentant victim of the pie habit. His first action upon arising in the morning was to plunge upon a piece of that succulent morsel, and his last upon retiring was to dispose of as large a quantity as circumstances would permit. He was a slave to the tempting delicacy as some men are slaves to liquor.) had for a long time made him desire her for a helpmate.

Unfortunately, however, he was possessed of a painful shyness. The only thing that emboldened him ever to enter the widow's presence was the thought of her pies, and once these were destroyed, or his capacity to destroy them was destroyed, he found

himself utterly unable to screw his courage up to the point of proposing. Not that this would have required any great degree of bravery. The whole county could have told him—the whole county, of course, was thoroughly versed in the condition of Jim's heart, though he, with the customary fatuity of lovers, imagined it a very great secret—that the widow would help him all she could. Indeed, the local humorists had it that if the sheriff would only open his mouth the widow would do the rest. But he never opened his mouth in the widow's presence—except for the reception of pie.

Then it happened that one day, in pursuit of a bandit, the sheriff rode by the widow's home. Only a few moments before he had struck the man's trail and now rode after him in hot pursuit. But just as he passed the gate of his adored one's neat little place a sudden breeze struck his cheeks and his nostrils told him that the widow was baking a pie—an apple-pie and so far as he could judge a masterpiece of its kind.

Instantly his whole being craved it poignantly. Never before, it seemed, had he desired a piece of pie so fervently as he did at that instant. He smacked his lips as he thought of it. But his duty bade him leave behind the tempting dish and continue his pursuit. The thought of this steeled him and he drove his spurs into his horse's flank. The beast sprang forward carrying the sheriff into further strata of air more thickly imbued with the spiced aroma than that which had first tempted him.

This proved more than he could bear. Silencing his conscience by arguing that the man was on foot and therefore could not possibly escape him—the desert lay in the direction he had taken—no matter how long he delayed, he reined in his horse and dismounted. Then fastening the steed to the fence he made his way toward the house.

Behind its spotless curtains his hesitation and yielding to temptation had been followed with breathless interest. For the first time since she had known him the widow saw him halt before her home with dismay. The reason was a simple enough one. She was concealing the bandit the sheriff was pursuing.

Her soft heart had taken pity on him when, a few moments before, he had knocked at her kitchen door and asked for a glass of water and then, before she could

fetch it to him, fallen over in a faint; and quite heedless as to who he might be or what he had done, she had restored him and forced him to stay while she prepared a meal for him, for she saw that the man was starving. The apple-pie which had attracted the sheriff's attention was to form an important part of this repast.

While it was still baking, the bandit and the widow had heard the galloping of the sheriff's horse and side by side had stood behind the curtains of the front windows, hoping that he would pass.

When the sheriff had decided not to do so, the desperado turned to the widow with a light laugh. "That's my finish I guess," he said. "I could shoot him easy enough from here, but it wouldn't seem square, seein' as he's your guest."

The chivalry of the man touched her deeply. With a quick look of gratitude she turned toward him. "No," she said, "it ain't your finish, neither. You can hide in there—no man will cross that threshold."

As she spoke she jerked her head quickly toward her bedroom. The man raised his head quickly and stared at her; then with a singularly graceful gesture he caught hold of her plump hand and pressed it to his lips. The next instant he had hidden himself in the room beyond.

The blush which the stranger's salutation had brought to the widow's face still lingered there when she threw open the door to welcome the sheriff. Oddly enough, he noticed it, and for one startled and supremely happy moment he thought that it was his arrival that had summoned it. The thought gave him a sudden courage—a courage which sent his long-delayed proposal to his lips. But it vanished as quickly as it had come, for all at once he remembered that she had been cooking and recalled how that exercise was wont to bring a flush to even the palest cheeks.

This sudden extinguishing of his joy demoralized him utterly. For the life of him he could think of nothing to say and stood bashfully first on one foot and then on the other, gazing mutely at his hat.

The widow stood regarding him in solemn silence—she was longing for him to go—until at last she saw upon his face such an expression as almost caused her to cry aloud. It was a look of the most complete and intense suffering. Torture was written every-

where upon it. She stared at the man bewildered.

"What is it?" she gasped; "what is wrong?"

He did not answer. Indeed, there was no need of his doing so, for suddenly she realized what it was that was tormenting him. Her pie was burning. He could smell the blackening crust, and the pain of it was almost more than he could bear. With a cry she turned.

"My pie!" she ejaculated, and started for the kitchen.

She had expected—and hoped perhaps—that he would follow her thither, but in this she was disappointed. Though she banged the stove door and rattled plates temptingly, he did not appear. She was forced, therefore, to return to the room where she had left him. Arrived there, a strange sight greeted her. The sheriff, a foolish grin upon his face, his hands high above his head, was leaning weakly against the wall, while before him with pointed pistol stood the bandit she had befriended.

Before she could voice the protest that swelled to her lips at this outrage against all hospitality the bandit spoke up.

"Just a moment, marm," he said, "and you will see that I mean no harm to him. All I want to do is to make you some return for your kindness. Now the only thing I can give you is him"—he waved his pistol lightly toward the luckless sheriff—"and I guess unless everybody in Warhoe County is followin' the wrong trail he won't be so unwelcome." Once again the widow blushed deeply, but the bandit did not see it. He had once more turned toward the sheriff.

"Now," he said, "you waltz right over there and ask her to marry you and be mighty quick about it."

For an instant the sheriff hesitated; then he caught sight of the gleam in the other's eyes and quickly crossed the room. "Maria," he said thickly, "will ye take me for better or worse?"

The widow threw her arms about him. "I'm yours, Jim," she said, and closing her eyes gave herself up to the bliss of the moment.

The voice of the bandit recalled her. "I beg pardon, marm," he said, "for intrudin' at so sacred a time, but I'd like to know if that hug you are givin' him will last

long enough for me to get to his horse and get out of range."

Once again the widow closed her eyes. "Yes," she sighed blissfully.

The Wedding-Journey of Mrs. Hastings

By Anne Story Allen

EVA HASTINGS was starting on her wedding-journey. It was all just as she had planned it. She had with her a big trunk of beautiful clothes, a smaller trunk of simple ones, a suit-case with enough for a couple of days, and a little satchel with her vanity things, and a few jewels. She was going up into the country, to a little shooting-box of Stephen's; then on to the mountains for a week or more, then out to the Golden State, where wonderful good times were being planned by friends.

And Stephen was going, too. That was what made it a wedding-journey. For she had married Stephen that very day and had promised to stick to him for better or for worse. She felt sure it would be for better, for Stephen was dear and good and so easy to get on with; and besides all that he loved her.

She waved her handkerchief to Van Norden through the window of the car. Van Norden had been Stephen's best man. There was Polly, too, near Van Norden—little sister Polly who had cut such a figure at the wedding, such a beautiful figure. How suddenly the child had grown up. Well, she could have it all her own way now.

Soon Van Norden disappeared, and so did Polly. Eva waved her handkerchief again, but it was not at Van Norden, as she thought, but at some one she did not know some one who waved back. How disgusting! She would tell Stephen. So she turned.

Eva was used to turning and finding Stephen at her elbow, so it may be pardoned her that she received an unpleasant shock when she said, "Did you see him?" and found herself speaking to a colored porter.

"Yes, miss," he replied, with unexpected promptness, "and he gave me this for you."

Eva took the note mechanically. She was annoyed that Stephen was not in the chair behind hers—or at any rate, if not in his

own chair, then leaning over hers, asking whether everything was just as she liked it.

The train had started, the station was left behind—no Stephen. Had Stephen been hurt? Had he slipped in getting on the train? Yes, he had run to jump on the train, she was sure. Had he slipped? To her amazement she was conscious of quite a sick feeling creeping over her. It had never seemed within the range of possibilities that anything could happen to Stephen. He was always going to be at her elbow—"to cherish and protect." It had been written in her scheme of things that Stephen was always to be a becoming, reliable, harmonious background to Mrs. Hastings, whose beauty none had ever disputed, whose selfishness none would have disputed save those most nearly connected with it, namely, Eva and Stephen.

Something rustled in her hand, and the note fell to the floor. She was going to call some one to look for Stephen. He was being dragged under the car; he was dead, he was—and then the porter, seeing the note, picked it up and put it into her hand again. Then she caught the sense of the porter's words, "Miss Calvert, the gentleman said."

She opened the note. In black and white the words stared at her scrawled on the back of an envelope with a lead-pencil. The envelope had been addressed to Stephen by her, bearing a last trifling request before their wedding.

The porter came slowly down the car, the colored maid leaned near solicitously. Everything looked strange and queer, but the Eternal Feminine rose to the occasion, took its hat-pins from its hat, patted its fluffy hair into shape, nodded toward a foot-stool, and then sank gracefully back in its chair.

Without, the sunny June landscape flitted by in smiling mockery. Within the car the quiet passengers read their magazines, or composed themselves for naps. Behind her an empty chair yawned diabolically, and all within herself was chaos.

What had happened? How had it happened? What had she done? How had she done it? What would people say?

Her teeth shut down on her lower lip, and a shrinking, almost physical, held her for a moment. Then scorn, scorn of Stephen, of all he had been to her, of all he had promised to be, swept her like a wave. Then, though she scarcely recognized it,

loneliness, a dreadful frightening loneliness, came.

Finally, she faced the situation. Pride must have no place here; that is, pride so far as Stephen was concerned. He must come to her, and together they would plan some less drastic measure to free him. Her people and his must not be made the butt of ridicule, or of scandal. She would telegraph him, she would get off and 'phone him from the next station, she would—and then all thought ceased and only the hurt remained. Her heart cried out and called for Stephen; it weakened still more and cried louder. And then quite fiercely it called: "Stephen, I would have loved you, I thought I—I meant—oh, Stephen, I do love you. Come back!"

A sense of justice was what Eva Calvert had always prided herself on possessing. So now she reviewed her attitude and bearing toward Stephen. She began from the time they had first met. She silenced this new cry of her heart and shut a new-born longing from her consciousness. She remembered first that she had been secretly flattered that Stephen had preferred her to a certain fascinating young widow, who, as everyone could see, was not at all indifferent to him. Flattered! Well, that was not such an ignoble attitude; perhaps not the most womanly, but Stephen *was* considered a good match.

Then, she had *liked* Stephen. After the very first, when she got used to seeing him around and began to be certain that he was really fond of her, she had truly liked him. Then, when he asked her to marry him, she had been quite moved. She told herself honestly, here, that it had probably been Stephen's passion that had moved her, her wonder at his white earnest face, at the low unfamiliar tones of his voice, at his hand's coldness. But she *had* been moved, and it was not until late, very late, that night that she had even thought of her bridesmaids' gowns—anyway, she had more than half decided on yellow and white long before she had ever heard of Stephen.

The day they set for their marriage had been the longest one in the year, the twenty-first of June. "It will be a long, happy day, my darling," Stephen had said. "And we'll start away together and make believe we're going to the end of the world, just you and I alone."

She remembered that she had kissed him

then, of her own accord, and said, "Yes, dear." It had occurred to her that it would be an awfully long journey to California, and she hated traveling, and there had been no vision of that mythical love journey they were to make, "over the world together." That perhaps was against her (the first count against her, her sense of justice told her), that she had never been with Stephen in these imaginings of his.

"Let's take a trip," he would say, and then would weave a fantastic tale, wherein he and she would take the principal parts and roam here and there, from desert island to aerial flights—always landing back "right on the door-step of our own little house, sweetheart."

She would likely be thinking of more practical things, the trousseau, the wedding-invitations, the number the drawing-room would hold for the reception, whether she would wear a short veil over her face, or the long veil in that new and becoming fashion. But she always managed to slip into his fancy on its homeward stretch and to drop with him "on the very door-step of our own little house, sweetheart," and he had never seemed to notice her absence.

And then, last of all, she remembered the week before the wedding. How, one night, he had held her suddenly to him, had looked deep into her eyes, so deep that she lowered her lids in sudden fear, and asked her:

"Do you love me, Eva? Are you sure?"

For one awful moment it had seemed to her that she was *not* sure, then her eyes had opened and she had seen the well-known room, Stephen's broad shoulders close, close, and had felt reassured and kissed him silently. But she had not dared look again with unveiled eyes into his, though she did not quite know what she had feared.

Then the rush of the last few days, with little time for Stephen, few words with Stephen, a hasty acceptance of his wedding-gift, the rehearsal of the ceremony, the late parting from Stephen last night—was it only last night?—a strange look on his face and he was gone!

The church to-day, her house afterward, her husband's kiss on her lips, the drive with him to the station, and—and then this!

Her tightly clenched fingers relaxed, and once more she read the note she held.

There was no thought now of what people would say—she only knew that the end of everything had come, the end of being engaged, the end of the wedding-preparations, and the end of the wedding itself—and what a horrible ending! Stephen, she wanted; Stephen, whose love had been what mattered; Stephen, whose wife she was to have been.

All her selfishness rose up and mocked her. She grew frightened as she saw it. Get, get, get had been its cry. And now she longed to give, give—herself—her love.

Stephen had known her better than she knew herself; that was what he had meant the night he had asked her, "Are you sure?" She had not been sure. He had felt it.

The fields were past, the outskirts of a town flashed by, the train was going more slowly. She looked about her, reached for her hat. This was the place to get off, the place to hide herself. She didn't know what station it was, but it was the place she wanted. In a quiet room at a hotel she could think things out, could plan what to do.

"He isn't to blame," she whispered to herself, "he isn't to blame. No one shall blame him. I shall say it was I." And she lifted to her willing shoulders the very first burden of her life as she stepped off the train, with a white face and dark, tear-stained, veil-hidden eyes.

The station seemed singularly deserted. She looked about her, ready to signal a cab. A touring-car was flying down the road parallel with the tracks. It rounded a curve and swept up to the platform. A voice called her name, a figure jumped from the front seat, and ran toward her.

"I didn't think you'd do it." Stephen's voice was hoarse, and he breathed as though he had been running. "There was a short way here; Van Norden thought we could make it."

Van Norden came up. "It's too bad, Mrs. Hastings."

"Never mind," she found herself saying, "Stephen will explain."

"Look at her, Van," interrupted Stephen. "Most women would be in hysterics."

"I didn't see any fun in going on alone," laughed Eva, under her veil. She opened her little bag and tucked something from her other hand inside. "I'm a fright,"

she said. "I put on my hat without a single look in the glass."

"What did Polly say?" asked Van Norden.

"Polly?"

"She wouldn't see Polly," interposed Stephen. "Your seats were in the next car."

"No," said Eva, "I didn't see Polly." Her knees were trembling, she wished they would all sit down somewhere.

"We'd planned to go to the Burgesses on your train, Polly and I, and I had to say no the last minute," said Van Norden.

"Let's sit down," suggested Mrs. Hastings.

"Get into the car," said her husband.

She climbed in slowly.

"You're tired to death," said Stephen as he stepped in beside her. "And I believe you were worried, after all."

"Well," said Mrs. Hastings, "I *did* wonder, of course."

Stephen felt for her hand. It clung to his and lingered there, even when Van Norden on the front seat turned and saw them.

"Let's go around the blooming town a bit," he offered.

"Shall we?" asked Stephen.

Eva nodded.

The car started. Stephen moved a bit nearer. Eva looked up at him and smiled.

"How did it happen?" she asked.

"Why," said Stephen, "it's too ridiculous. I started off without a cent. Honest. Left it all on the dresser in your father's room. I got Van to give me what he had, and like a fool I started to fill out a check for him, saw the train start, but thought it was the local."

Eva laughed, a happy little laugh. "Never mind," she said. "We'll make Billy Van Norden keep it to himself, and we'll start all over again."

"You're a brick!" whispered Stephen.

The car was whizzing now.

"Do you suppose Polly got my note?" called Van Norden from the front seat.

"Sure," called back Stephen. "I gave it to a porter."

"Hope he didn't make any mistake," called Van Norden again.

"Hang his old note," answered Stephen in his wife's ear.

"What a *perfect* day," sighed Mrs. Hastings.

And neither of them saw anything to laugh at.



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THE NEW WAY TO THE YOSEMITE—THE ROUTE THROUGH PLEASANT VALLEY

The New Yosemite Railroad

By Edward H. Hamilton

EDITOR'S NOTE.—The main centers of population are not, as a usual thing, situated within easy access of the great wonders and sights of nature, whose beauties consequently are monopolized by those fortunate beings in whom physical prowess is combined with the additional advantages of abundant time and money. This limited class has attempted to spread a belief that any attempt to overcome the difficulties in reaching God's greatest creations is sacrilege. No idea could be more foolish. Such facilities as the Mount Washington and Pike's Peak railways in this country, the Rigi, Jungfrau, and other mountain roads in Switzerland, have proved a genuine source of happiness to thousands of people who, without them, must have been denied some of the most thrilling emotions that the human soul can experience. Hundreds of yearly visitors to California have been compelled to leave without a sight of its greatest marvel because neither time nor means would permit of the long expensive trip into the Yosemite Valley. The iron horse now makes its way to the very gates of the National Park. This means quick, cheap transit into one of the most favored spots of earth, and from which increasing numbers of people will bring noble, inspired ideals and memories that will be a pleasure as long as life remains.



THEY have built a railroad into the Yosemite. That sounds very much as if the Black Cavalry of Commerce had been sent out to trample down the fairy rings. In California and the far West already there are people who insist that hereafter the great valley is to be a mere picnic-ground with dancing-platforms, beery choruses, and couples contorting in the two-step.

There has been a sort of worship of the Yosemite, and the worshippers have held to

the old idea that nothing is worshipful but that which is difficult and far away. Gods and shrines must be understood only by the priesthood. The religion of nature, like the other religions, must not be cheapened and brought within the compass of the troubled many. Adoration of the Yosemite should be for the stout pilgrims with long purses and no ailments. The surpassing exemplification of nature's greatness must be reserved for the athletic rich.

So argue the "nature cranks," as they have been dubbed by advocates of the other idea. These others want equal rights in scenery as well as in the Constitution. They

The New Yosemite Railroad

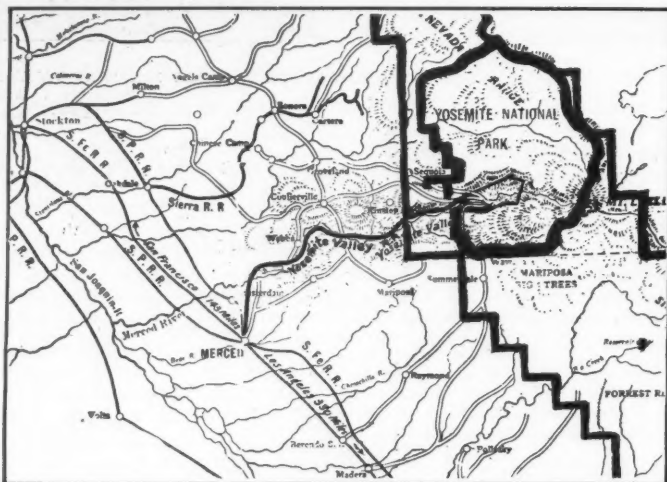
argue that if Yosemite "proves the existence of God," as one devotee has put it, the consecration and conviction caused by the mingling of grandeur and beauty should be open to all mankind. They declare that the more people that can be brought to see Yosemite the better will the world become. They insist that they hold an equal measure of reverence and appreciation with their opponents, and they are very stout in sneering at selfishness and snobbery in the aristocracy of travel.

Shall you be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease
While others toil to win the prize
And sail through bloody seas?

So misquote those who would have every-

find it entirely incompatible with his ideas of worship and veneration to leave San Francisco in the morning and sleep at the hotel in the Yosemite that night. Once there he will be a toughened soul indeed who can "gape joylessly in the home land of the beautiful," even though there are ten people at worship where there was but one before.

In the grand old uncomfortable days very rugged men got glimpses of Yosemite by riding many miles on horseback, and then scrambling afoot. If salvation depended upon a visit to the great shrine by that means, the bright beyond would have been populated entirely by athletes. The first white men straggled in along an Indian trail in



MAP OF YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD AND CONNECTIONS
SCALE: 1 INCH=30 MILES

thing grand and beautiful in nature as remote and inaccessible as the poles; while their opponents retort that there is no reason why a man in a clean shirt cannot appreciate nature as deeply as the chap with his lungs full of dust, a crimp in his collar, and an ache in his back.

But while the argument goes on and grows fiercer as it goes, there is the railroad into Yosemite, and all the arguments since Adam and Eve will not put it away. A very substantial railroad it is, too, with seventy-pound rails and steel bridges, and a road-bed that was in large part hewn through the solid rock. It is a twentieth-century fact, and even the "nature crank" may not

March, 1851. When one of the party was advised to move out rapidly else, should he be left behind, he would lose his hair, the reply was,

"If my hair is now required I can depart in peace, for I have seen the power and glory of a Supreme Being."

It was the throb and inspiration reported by the pioneers of the Mariposa battalion that sent other pilgrims forward on the uncertain trails to brave the grizzly and the Indian. The adventurous men of the "Southern Mines" got into the way of glimpsing the wondrous valley when they had pouched their gold-dust and worked out their bench or bar. The first tourists entered

the valley in June, 1855, led by J. M. Hutchings, who had heard of a waterfall a thousand feet high and wished to see for himself. The place so fascinated Hutchings that he became a part of it, and his body now lies in the valley's little cemetery.

From this on the tourists multiplied, and the trails were cut to fit their demands. But it was "a hard road to travel," and it still required a good stomach, stout muscles, and a venturesome soul to secure the uplift and the glory of "seeing Yosemite." In time came a road, but at best there were over two hundred miles of hard going in and out, and the tolls were high. Then other roads were built, and at last the railroads crept up so there were only sixty miles of staging each way. But sixty miles of climbing and plunging and the eating of dust does not tend to convince the average man or woman that he or she is on the road to happiness. So many visitors swore through their dirt that they never would undergo that penance again.

The number of pilgrims, however, had grown to about five thousand yearly in 1902 and last year ran up to seventy-five hundred or thereabout. The mighty scenic magnet drew people from all the world—people who stood the fatigue and the discomfort just to be able to say in the face of the world, "I have seen Yosemite." Still the journey was, as one writer aptly said, "The pilgrim who approaches this mighty shrine, like the faithful who seek Mecca, must endure somewhat."

At last this is changed. Man's money



MERCED RIVER CANYON

and man's ingenuity have made the path easy and the burden light. The non-athletic certainly will rejoice at this, even though those of heroic pose insist that the railroad is poking an impudent nose into nature's holy of holies. Already those who keep to the natural law of following the line of least resistance are patronizing the railroad, leaving those of the harder legs and idyllic fancies to follow the old stage-roads or the older trails.

There is nothing scenically banal about this railroading toward the stupendous gorge. If it did not have so unusual a terminus—if it were not a mere curtain-raiser—its own peculiar beauties would soon have a generously heralded fame. For that railroad for the most part winds along the rushing, tumbling, kicking Merced River—fifty-four miles of white water. It is carved out of the rock, and the explosion of its blasts startled many old romances that



BAGBY'S, ON THE YOSEMITE VALLEY RAILROAD

The New Yosemite Railroad

have slept along the River of Mercy since the miners rocked their cradles there in the brave days of gold.

They tell you that it took 2,800,900 pounds of black powder and dynamite to force that road through the scenery. One tale is that it cost sixty-five dollars in wages to transport a light push-cart less than a mile. A great gang of men worked ten months in hewing two miles of railroad way through "The Broadhead," where the river wallows through a precipitous box canyon. So the intending traveler may know that he is not to pass through a dull state and unprofitable land when he jumps out of the San Joaquin Valley into the mountains.

with orchards and vineyards and a general exhalation of bounty. But not until Merced Falls is reached will there be any great necessity of craning necks from the observation-car. From that point on, however, things are worth the story-teller's attention.

Above Merced Falls the Past and the Present shake hands. Modern methods of storing and utilizing water-power and modern methods of mining are seen beside the broken flumes and the piled cobbles that tell of feverish excitements, swift fortunes, and the "petulant pop of the pistol" in the times when water-power was wasted and only the richest ground was panned.

Tumbled in a hollow will be seen the



BRIDGE OVER MERCED RIVER AT BAGBY'S

To those who look for guide-book information it may here be told that both the Southern Pacific and Santa Fé railroads meet the Yosemite Valley Railroad at Merced, county seat of a county that took its name from El Rio de la Merced—the River of the Mercy. Then this new, impudent, and irreverent road pushes right eastward across the flat lands toward the Sierras.

At first there is little to see save the irrigating-ditches, wheat-fields, and pastures of a country destined to become more populous. There are fat lands about Snelling,

rusted remains of an old arrastre. Four roofless walls of stone with iron shutters still rattling on guard at paneless windows mark what was once a bank, where the gold-dust was weighed carelessly, but always for the benefit of the banker. Just over the hills in one direction was Mt. Ophir, where the fifty-dollar "slugs" were minted at a private coinage plant—the largest gold pieces ever coined.

On one bench a few seared stone chimneys are all that sorrow over what was a roaring camp of over five thousand people. Farther up the river was Hell's Hollow—a name to

start the imagination. This was on the Mariposa Grant property of "The Pathfinder" Frémont. He put a quartz-mill there and called the place Benton's Mills after his wife, Jessie Benton, daughter of the great senator.

Hell's Hollow has now become "Bagby's," named for a thorough adventurer who set up a shack saloon and bunk-house where the Mariposa Road crosses the river and where modern miners have put in a dam. That dam backs up the water to the place where, in Solomon's Gulch, the miners of an earlier day panned and cradled over two millions of "the good red gold." But all the life of that generous day has gone.

Up the South Fork a few miles is a mine found by an Indian woman named Lucy,

in the wilderness without stopping to ask whether God would say that it was good.

There is even a flare of the old life at

who gave it and its fat fortune to John Hite, who became her husband. His efforts to disclaim the daughter of the forest constituted one of the picturesque litigations of California's early years. There are other rich mines along the road, with now and again a mill or a dam, but should the traveler desire a glimpse of the picturesque past all he has to do is to watch the inflowing streams from the gulches, and whenever he sees a spout of yellow water pouring into the white and green he will know that some man is taking a chance with pick and pan in just the way men took chances when they made California



A ROCK CUT ON LINE OF RAILROAD



ARCH ROCK ON STAGE-ROAD FROM TERMINUS OF RAILROAD INTO THE VALLEY



VERNAL FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY

Bagby's, with the Oakhursts and Jack Hamlin at the gaming-tables, and M'liss and Piney and the rest just as human as they always were even before the master hand scraped away the paint and showed the soul. It is quite in keeping with the romance of the river that power for a rock-crusher is to come from the "nameless dam," and that the rock to be crushed is jasper—there is a mountain of it—and it comes down to paint unusual reds and purples in the river's flood.

There is a great splurge of quartz below El Portal, end of the road and door of the valley. The prospectors passed this quartz by day and by night. It had no lure for them. There was too much of it. Such an outburst could mean nothing in the way of

fortune. It was one of nature's jokes. But at last a man named Eigenhoff sat down and hammered away at some of the rock. As a result a company backed by many millions of dollars is putting a big stamp-mill on that long neglected lode. It is just the mining investment that capital seeks—an enormous quantity of low-grade ore.

And then with the stopping of the train at El Portal the Yosemite really begins. To be sure, there are still fourteen miles of staging to the Sentinel Hotel, and there is a good climb to "the floor of the valley." But the Chinquapin Falls are right above the terminus, tumbling fretfully, and the first of the glacial erosions on the tall granitic cliffs can be seen just up the river.

Then the road passes cataract after cata-

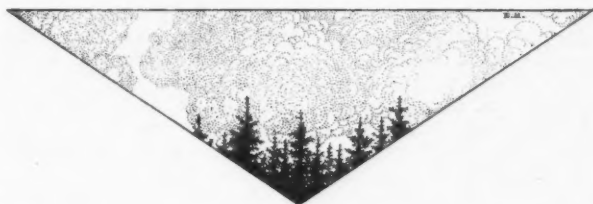
ract, fall after fall, cliff piled upon cliff. There is no moment when the eye does not command some exclamation of approval or delight. At one point the stage-road has been blasted right through a granite boulder, and this is called the O'Brien Arch, in honor of the contractor whose push and persistence carried the railroad through where it had been said no railroad could go.

The Cascades, one of the most impressive of Yosemite's greater waterfalls, pours in on the left of the road, and the horses drink of its flood. The old roads and trails tumble down from this side or that. And then El Capitan and The Place.

The best pens of half a century have tried

to tell the rest, and they have seemed scratchy and mean, for they tried to tell the untellable. But now it is comparatively easy for man to see and feel for himself, and in that presence to wonder why he could not believe; why he cheated and lied and roistered in drunken foolery; how he could have forgotten loves and broken friendships; why he had not always clung to the beliefs and ideals of childhood.

For whether you reach Yosemite afoot or in the saddle, by stage-coach or by train, you will find there an uplift and a benediction. And you will hear the voice of Faunus singing in the mountains; or it may be the voice of God.



A Poet and His Poem*

By Ambrose Bierce



WHATEVER length of days may be accorded to this magazine, it is not likely to do anything more notable in literature than it accomplishes in this issue by the publication of Mr. George Sterling's poem, "A Wine of Wizardry." Doubtless the full significance of this event will not be immediately apprehended by more than a select few, for understanding of poetry has at no time been a very general endowment of our countrymen. After a not inconsiderable acquaintance with American men of letters and men of affairs I find myself unable to name a dozen of whom I should be willing to affirm their possession of the

precious gift—for a gift it indubitably is; and of these not all would, in my judgment, be able to discern the light of genius in a poem not authenticated by a name already famous, or credentialed by a general assent already familiar. It is not commonly permitted to even the luckiest of poets to "set the Thames on fire" with his first match; and I venture to add that the Hudson is less combustible than the Thames. Anybody can see, or can think he sees, what has been pointed out, but original discovery is another matter. Carlyle, indeed, has noted that the first impression of a work of genius is disagreeable—which is unfortunate for its author if he is unknown, for upon editors and publishers a first impression is usually all that he is permitted to make.

From the discouraging operation of these

* See "A Wine of Wizardry," page 551.

uncongenial conditions Mr. Sterling is not exempt, as the biography of this poem would show; yet Mr. Sterling is not altogether unknown. His book, "The Testimony of the Suns, and Other Poems," published in 1903, brought him recognition in the literary Nazareth beyond the Rocky Mountains, whose passes are so vigilantly guarded by cismontane criticism. Indeed, some sense of the might and majesty of the book's title poem succeeded in crossing the dead-line while watch-worn sentinels slept "at their insuperable posts." Of that work I have the temerity to think that in both subject and art it nicks the rock as high as anything of the generation of Tennyson, and a good deal higher than anything of the generation of Kipling; and this despite its absolute destitution of what contemporary taste insists on having—the "human interest." Naturally, a dramatist of the heavens, who takes the suns for his characters, the deeps of space for his stage, and eternity for his "historic period," does not "look into his heart and write" emotionally; but there is room in literature for more than emotion. In the "Other Poems" of the book the lower need is supplied without extravagance and with no admixture of sentimentality. But what we are here concerned with is "A Wine of Wizardry."

In this remarkable poem the author proves his allegiance to the fundamental faith of the greatest of those "who claim the holy Muse as mate"—a faith which he has himself "confessed" thus:

Remiss the ministry they bear
Who serve her with divided heart;
She stands reluctant to impart
Her strength to purpose, end, or care.

Here, as in all his work, we shall look in vain for the "practical," the "helpful." The verses serve no cause, tell no story, point no moral. Their author has no "purpose, end, or care" other than the writing of poetry. His work is as devoid of motive as is the song of a skylark—it is merely poetry. No one knows what poetry is, but to the enlightened few who know what is poetry it is a rare and deep delight to find it in the form of virgin gold. "Gold," says the miner "vext with the odious subtlety" of the mineralogist with his theories of deposit, "gold is where you find it." It is no less precious whether you have crushed it from the rock, or washed it from the gravel, but some of us care to be spared the labor

of reduction, or sluicing. Mr. Sterling's reader needs no outfit of mill nor pan.

I am not of those who deem it a service to letters to "encourage" mediocrity—that is one of the many ways to starve genius. From the amiable judgment of the "friendly critic" with his heart in his head, otherwise unoccupied, and the *laudator literarum* who finds every month, or every week—according to his employment by magazine or newspaper—more great books than I have had the luck to find in a half-century, I dissent. My notion is that an age which produces a half-dozen good writers and twenty books worth reading is a memorable age. I think, too, that contemporary criticism is of small service, and popular acclaim of none at all, in enabling us to say who are the good authors and which the good books. Naturally, then, I am not overtrustful of my own judgment, nor hot in hope of its acceptance. Yet I steadfastly believe and hardily affirm that George Sterling is a very great poet—incomparably the greatest that we have on this side of the Atlantic. And of this particular poem I hold that not in a lifetime has our literature had any new thing of equal length containing so much poetry and so little else. It is as full of light and color and fire as any of the "ardent gems" that burn and sparkle in its lines. It has all the imagination of "Comus" and all the fancy of "The Faerie Queene." If Leigh Hunt should return to earth to part and catalogue the two precious qualities he would find them in so confusing abundance and so inextricably interlaced that he would fly in despair from the impossible task.

Great lines are not all that go to the making of great poetry, but a poem with many great lines is a great poem, even if it have—as usually it has, and as "A Wine of Wizardry" has not—prosaic lines as well. To quote all the striking passages in Mr. Sterling's poem would be to quote most of the poem, but I will ask the reader's attention to some of the most graphic and memorable.

A cowed magician peering on the damned
Thro' vials wherein a splendid poison burns.

'Mid pulse of dungeoned forges down the stunned,
Undominated firmament.

It is not for me to say what may be meant here by "undominated," any more than to explain what Shakespeare meant by



The Law

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox

THE sun may be clouded, yet ever the sun
Will sweep on its course till the cycle is run.
And when into chaos the systems are hurled,
Again shall the Builder reshape a new world.

Your path may be clouded, uncertain your goal;
Move on, for the orbit is fixed for your soul.
And though it may lead into darkness of night,
The torch of the Builder shall give it new light.

You were, and you will be; know this while you are.
Your spirit has traveled both long and afar.
It came from the Source, to the Source it returns;
The spark that was lighted, eternally burns.

It slept in the jewel, it leaped in the wave;
It roamed in the forest, it rose from the grave;
It took on strange garbs for long eons of years,
And now in the soul of yourself it appears.

From body to body your spirit speeds on;
It seeks a new form when the old one is gone;
And the form that it finds is the fabric you wrought,
On the loom of the mind, with the fiber of thought.

As dew is drawn upward, in rain to descend,
Your thoughts drift away and in destiny blend.
You cannot escape them; or petty, or great,
Or evil, or noble, they fashion your fate.

Somewhere on some planet, sometime and somehow,
Your life will reflect all the thoughts of your now.
The law is unerring; no blood can atone;
The structure you rear you must live in alone.

From cycle to cycle, through time, and through space,
Your lives with your longings will ever keep pace.
And all that you ask for, and all you desire,
Must come at your bidding, as flames out of fire.

You are your own devil, you are your own God.
You fashioned the paths that your footsteps have trod:
And no one can save you from error or sin,
Until you shall hark to the spirit within.

Once list to that voice and all tumult is done,
Your life is the life of the Infinite One;
In the hurrying race you are conscious of pause,
With love for the purpose and love for the cause.





Small Contributions

By Ambrose Bierce

The Writer Folk

"THE Autobiography of an Automobile" is the fruit of a mature opportunity long awaited. Now let us have "The Confessions of a Truck" and "The Love-Affairs of a Road-Roller." And let the President abstain from contemptuous disparagement of vehicle-fakers. What can a horse-rider really know about the sentiments and emotions of a wagon?

The author of "As Ye Have Sown" proves the vices of the British aristocracy by the convincing method of making all the aristocratic characters of the novel vicious. That may be called the demonstration feasible.

Mr. Joaquin Miller unveils his ambition to be a United States senator from Oregon, where he was once Registrar of Earmarks for Swine. Mr. Miller has a bright political prospect behind him.

An enthusiastic poet sees already "the Parliament of Man." Move we adjourn.

Not a single great novelist has risen since, two months ago, one of the "six best sellers" contained this discouraging passage:

"Profoundly affected, Leona retired to the conservatory and uttered a deep-drawn sigh, then, returning to the ballroom, flung herself into the waltz with an assumed ecstasy that elicited wide comment."

A writer in "The Academy" calls the modern novel a "vampire." Dear, dear; what a hard name for something that hasn't a tooth in its head!

From "The After Life," by Mr. Henry Buckle, one may get an instructive general knowledge of what all the peoples of the world have believed about immortality. But one will learn nothing about immortality.

It must be pretty generally understood now that all the "Americanisms" for which our English cousins ridicule us have the authority of the usage of the best English authors, dead and living. In a thousand books and magazines our own writers have shown that to be so by copious quotation; yet Senator Lodge thinks it worth while to reaffirm it and hammer it home into the indurated understandings of our critics beyond the water. The good work is now half done: they are convinced; it only remains to silence them. If Mr. Lodge can do that he will not have lived in vain. But in any case he ought to be a better grammarian than to say, "Sir Leslie Stephen, than whom there was no more careful writer." If for this use of "whom" Mr. Lodge plead a nearly universal usage one will have to confess that it is indeed open to that additional objection.

*If the red slanger think he slangs,
Or the slang that it is slung,
They little know the ancient gang
Of scholars who that song have sung.*

Wherefore, when the uptodaters and gee-whizzers chortle in their glee for having "called down" somebody or something they reckon ill in leaving out the illustrious author of "The Advancement of Learning." That volume of fairly good English says (2. 1. 3.), "If an untruth of nature be once

on foot, . . . what by reason of the use of the opinion in similitudes and ornaments of speech, it is never called down." When Mr. George Ade and Mr. W. J. Lampton leave this vale of tears (may it be weeks hence) and enter Elysium perhaps they will not disdain to proffer the hand of fellowship to the shade of Francis Bacon.

Jack London's navigator and crew deserted at the first port where they got shore leave. It was easy to ship a new crew, but he will look a long time before finding another navigator who knows that the earth is hollow and we live inside the shell.

We may perhaps be permitted to doubt the publishers' advertisement of a book called "Brown of Harvard" when it says that a "striking dénouement seizes the reader's attention at the start and holds it to the end."

If that Oxford degree is going to compel us to call him Doctor Clemens I'm for handing it back. We are all willing, I suppose, to face the exigencies of the situation in a spirit of concession and call him Doctor Twain, if that is acceptable to the fair, large ear of British propriety; or, if King Ed'ard will knight him we will compromise or Sir Mark and throw in the Monroe Doctrine to show our good will; but some part of that honored pseudonym we shall keep while we have a soldier or a ship. It designates one who has suffused our country with a peculiar glory by never trying to write a line of poetry.

We are told by an eminent observer that no fishmonger cries, "Stinking fish!" but Mr. William Farquhar comes within a measurable distance of that unattained candor by declaring that all his future stories are to be "psychological problems."

*Honest man!—he never traps
Any heedless reader-chaps:
He will warn them ere he rob them
With a psychologic problem.*

A distinguished Richmond editor with as much of the blood of Pocahontas in him as any man of his years is steadfast in the faith that Thomas Nelson Page's poem read on "Virginia day" at the Jamestown exposition, "will live as one of the greatest, if not the greatest, of Virginia's poetical classics."

As a poet, Deacon Page is one of Virginia's most respectable citizens.

"For summer reading," a literary contemporary mentions and describes "one hundred good books," all published in the first half of this year. That is more good books than have been published in my time, and I am no child: I have outlived several thousand of "immortal" works, mostly novels. It looks as if some envious malefactor were diligently unwriting all such.

One of its protagonists sees in slang "a sign of progress." Then the march of mind is a lock-step. The interesting situation is that progress has advanced an inch and this fellow an opinion.

Joel Chandler Harris is of the conviction that "the note of provinciality is one of the chief charms in English literature." Possibly that explains the primacy in charm (to the metropolitan understanding) of the literature made in New York; for provinciality is there the dominant note. No place is so truly provincial as that admirable and admiring city: it neither knows nor cares about anything written elsewhere in America. And nearly all that is good in its own product is made by writers from afar. If all but two or three of its native writers, ceasing to write, would till the soil literature would profit at the expense of agriculture.

We are promised by a New York publishing house an autobiography of Victor Hugo. The name of the author is not disclosed.

A London writer points out in the British public "a changed attitude toward George Bernard Shaw." True: the B. p., which has been dodging, is now ducking.

"Beethoven's sonatas for the piano," saith a writer in "The Nation," "are better than Schubert's, not so much for structure as because there are more good ideas in them." There are no ideas in music. It has no intellectual character, but is purely emotional. Music is good in the degree to which it forbids thought and compels feeling. An idea is expressible in words, and words may be "set to music," but the words are no part of the music. Fancy Beethoven as a thinker!

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